

The SPECTATOR

Revocate animos mæstumque timorem
Mittite
Virg.

Tuesday, April 1. 1712

HAVING, to oblige my Correspondent *Physbular*, Printed his Letter last Friday, in Relation to the New Epilogue, he cannot take it amiss, if I now publish another, which I have just received from a Gentleman, who does not agree with him in his Sentiments upon that matter.

S I R,

I Am amazed to find an Epilogue attacked in your last Friday's Paper, which has been so generally applauded by the Town, and received such Honours as were never before given to any in an English Theatre.

The Audience would not permit Mrs. *Oldfield* to go off the Stage the First Night, till she had repeated it twice. The Second Night the Noise of *Accoras* was as loud as before, and she was again obliged to speak it twice. The Third Night it was still called for a Second time; and, in short, contrary to all other Epilogues, which are dropp'd after the third Representation of the Play, this has already been repeated nine times.

I must own, I am the more surpris'd to find this Censure in Opposition to the whole Town, in a Paper which has hitherto been famous for the Candour of its Criticisms.

I can by no means allow your melancholy Correspondent, that the new Epilogue is unnatural, because it is gay. If I had a mind to be learned I could tell him, that the Prologue and Epilogue were real Parts of the ancient Tragedy; but every one knows that on the British Stage they are distinct Performances by themselves. Pieces intirely detached from the Play, and no way essential to it.

The Moment the Play ends, Mrs. *Oldfield* is no more *Andromache*, but Mrs. *Oldfield*; and tho' the Poet had left *Andromache* *Stone-dead upon the Stage*, as your ingenious Correspondent phrases it, Mrs. *Oldfield* might still have spoke a merry Epilogue. We have an Instance of this in a Tragedy, where there is not only a Death, but a Martyrdom. St. *Catherine* was there personated by *Nell Gwyn*, who lies *Stone-dead upon the Stage*, but upon those Gentlemen offering to remove her Body, whose business it is to carry off the Slain in our English Tragedies, she breaks out into that abrupt beginning, of what was a very ludicrous, but at the same time thought a very good Epilogue.

Hold, are you mad? you damn'd confounded Dog,
I am to rise and speak the Epilogue.

This diverting manner was always practis'd by Mr. *Dryden*, who, if he was not the best Writer of Tragedies in his Time, was allowed by every one to have the happiest Turn for a Prologue or an Epilogue. The Epilogues to *Cleopatra*, *Don Sebastian*, *The Duke of Guise*, *Aurange Zele*, and *Love Triumphant*, are all Prefidends of this nature.

I might further justify this Practice by that Excellent Epilogue which was spoken a few Years since, after the Tragedy of *Phœdra* and *Hippolytus*; with a great many others, in which the Authors have endeavour'd to make the Audience merry. If they have not all succeeded so well as the Writer of this, they have, however, shewn that it was not for want of Good-will.

I must further observe, that the Gayety of it may be still the more proper, as it is at the End of a French Play; since every one knows that Nation, who are generally esteem'd to have as polite a Taste as any in Europe, always close their Tragic Entertainments with what they call a *Petite Piece*, which is purposely design'd to raise Mirth, and send away the Audience well pleas'd. The same Person, who has supported the chief Character in the Tragedy, very often plays the Principal Part in the *Petite Piece*, so that I have my self seen at *Paris*, *Orestes* and *Labin* acted the same Night by the same Man.

Tragi-Comedy, indeed, you have your self in a former Speculation found fault with very justly, because it breaks the Tide of the Passions while they are yet flowing; but this is nothing at all to the present Case, where they have already had their full Course.

As the new Epilogue is written conformably to the Practice of our best Poets, so it is not such an one which, as the Duke of *Buckingham* says in his *Rehearsal*, might serve for any other Play, but wholly rises out of the Occurrences of the Piece it was Composed for.

The only Reason your Mournful Correspondent gives against this facetious Epilogue, as he calls it, is, that he has a mind to go home Melancholy. I wish the Gentleman may not be more Grave than Wife: For my own part, I must confess I think it very sufficient to have the Anguish of a fictitious Piece remain upon me while it is representing, but I love to be sent home to Bed in a good Humour. If *Physbular* is however resolv'd to be inconsolable, and not to have his Tears dried up, he need only continue his old Custom, and when he has had his half Crowns worth of Sorrow, sink out before the Epilogue begins.

It is pleasant enough to hear this Tragical Genius complaining of the great mischief *Andromache* had done him: What was that? Why, the made him laugh. The poor Gentleman's Sufferings put me in mind of *Harlequin's* Case, who was tickled to Death. He tells us soon after, thro' a small Mistake of Sorrow for Rage, that during the whole Action he was so very Sorry, that he thinks he could have attack'd half a Score of the fiercest Mobsters in the excess of his Grief. I cannot but look upon it as an happy Accident, that a Man who is so bloody-minded in his Affliction, was diverted from this Fit of outrageous Melancholy. The Valour of this Gentleman in his Distress, brings to ones Memory the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, who lays about him at such an unmerciful rate in an old Romance. I shall readily

grant him, that his Soul, as he himself says, *would have made a very ridiculous figure, had it quitted the Body, and descended to the Poetical Shades in such an Encounter.*

As to his Conceit of tackling a *Tragic Head* with a *Comic Tail*, in order to *refresh the Audience*, it is such a Piece of *Jargon*, that I don't know what to make of it.

The *Elegant Writer* makes a very sudden Transition from the *Play-house* to the *Church*, and from thence to the *Gallows*.

As for what relates to the *Church*, he is of Opinion that these *Epilogues* have given occasion to those *merry Jiggs*, from the *Organ-Loft*, which have dissipated those good *Thoughts* and *Dispositions* he has found in himself, and the rest of the *Pew*, upon the *singing of two Staves* cutt'd out by the *judicious and diligent Clerk*.

He fetches his next Thought from *Tyburn*; and seems very apprehensive lest there should happen any Innovations in the *Tragedies* of his Friend *Paul Lorrain*.

In the mean time, Sir, this gloomy Writer, who is so mightily scandalized at a gay Epilogue after a serious Play, speaking of the Fate of those unhappy Wretches who are Condemned to suffer an ignominious Death by the Justice of our Laws, endeavours to make the Reader merry on so improper an Occasion, by those poor Burlesque Expressions of *Tragical Drama's* and *Monthly Performances*.

I am, SIR,

with great Respect,

your most obedient,

most humble Servant,

Philomeides.

ADVERTISEMENT.

By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians,

At the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, this present Tuesday, the 1st Day of April, will be presented a Comedy call'd, *The Silent Woman*, Written by the Famous Mr. Johnfon. By Her Majesty's Command no Persons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

At the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, this present Tuesday, being the 1st of April, will be presented an Opera call'd *Rinaldo*. The Boxes 8 s. Pit 5 s. First Gallery 3 s. 6 d. Upper Gallery 2 s. 6 d. Boxes upon the Stage Half a Guinea. To begin exactly at six. By Her Majesty's Command no Persons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

A Voyage to the South Sea, and round the World, performed in the Ships Duke and Duchess of Brittain, in the Years 1768, 1769, 1770 and 1771. Containing a Journal of all memorable Transactions during the said Voyage; the Winds, Currents and Variations of the Compass; the taking of the Towns of Puna and Oahu, and several Prizes, one of which is a rich Acapulco Ship. A Description of the American Coast, from Tierra del Fuego in the South, to California in the North. (from the Coast of Peru, to Spanish Manilla &c.) An Historical Account of all those Countries from the best Authors. With a new Map and Description of the mighty River of the Amazon, wherein an Account is given of Mr. Alexander Selkirk, his Manner of living and sailing from wild Beasts during the four Years and four Months he lived upon the uninhabited Island of Juan Fernandez. Illustrated with Cuts and Maps: By Captain Edward Cooke, Prisoner for B. Linnæus and R. G. King in Fleets, &c. At first four sh. on London-bridge, and W. Lloyd in St. Paul's Church-yard.

This Day is Publish'd,

An Essay upon true Knowledge, and a Sound Judgment in Religion. By a Prebyster of the Church of England. Printed for, and sold by R. Smith in Exeter Exchange in the Strand, p. 5 s.

This Day is Publish'd,

The Second Part of the Nation vindicated from the Alperses Call on it, in a late Pamphlet, Entitled, A Representation of the Present State of Religion, with regard to the late excessive Growth of Infidelity, Heresies and Profaneness as it passed the Lower House of Convocation. With some Remarks on the Representation of the Irish Convocation. Printed for A. Baldwin at the

Oxford Arms in Warwick-lane, p. 6 d. Where may be had the 1st Part, price 6 d.

A Catalogue of part of the Library of that late eminent Surgeon, Thomas Hobbes, M. D. consisting a choice Collection of many valuable and rare Books in Physics, Surgery, Philosophy and Philology, in Greek, Latin, French and English, of the best Editions, (several large Papers, most of the Classics in unusual points, of the Paris Edition, and several Volumes for the most part curiously bound, filled, gilt or letter'd. Which, with many more not here mentioned, will begin to be sold at very reasonable Rates, (the Price being put in each Book) at the Rose Tavern without Temple-Bar, on the 3d Instant, at 8 o'Clock Morning till 4 o'Clock Evening (two Days, and no longer. Catalogues are to be had of Mr. Suckoe against the Mewgate; Mr. Brown at the Black Swan, and Mr. Meers at the Lamb without Temple-Bar; Mr. Lewis in Radcliffe-square, Covent Garden; Mr. Innes at the Prince's Arms in St. Paul's Church-yard; Mr. Strawn in Cornhill; Bookellers, and at the Place of Sale.

To be sold, the Manors of Southcave and Flaxfleet in Southcave, in the East-Riding of York, amounting to upwards of 4000, per Annum. Enquire of Mr. John Greenwood, Attorney in Wood-street, London, or Mr. Fran. Langley in York.

Mr. Van Nott's Collection of Plaster Figures and Models, of Flemings, Algard, John de Bolome, the old and young Quelli; abundance of Models of Monuments and Figures of Mr. Van Nott, and other Eminent Masters; it being a large and most extraordinary Collection, will be sold by Auction at his Lodg. Deuelling-house in Hyde-Park Road, near the Queen's Head House, where the Collection may be seen all this Week, and sold on Monday the 7th of April. The Sale will begin exactly at 4 in the Afternoon, and continue till all are sold, beginning to sell one Lot every Evening. After this Sale the fine Statuë Figures and Busts, cur'd up in Marble Tables, Brass and Latten Figures, very rich Yarns, &c. For Marble Tables, and Latten Figures, will be Catalogue presented, and a low Price set to every thing, that the Widow may not run to great a Risque in change of this Consequence. The Figures, Drawings, and Prints, will likewise be sold.

The most safe and profitable Sale of Numbers, Three Books were opened on Friday the 28th of March last, at the Golden Crown the upper end of New-Barr, Covent Garden, for the Advan. age of all Purchasers, who will receive Cent. per Cent. for all the Monies they advance; as by Prop. filed at his Lord's place the most safe will appear. Attendance is given from 10 in the Morning till 12, and from 2 to 8 at Night. Note, That Memorandums will be given out to make Payment in four Weeks.

At the Bell in Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, March the 30th, was opened an Office for the Sale of GLOVES, at three different Prices, viz. Childrens at 1 s. each pair; Women's at 1 s. 6 d. and Men's at 5 s. whereby any one may make Cent. per Cent. of their Money in 4 or 5 Weeks time and none will be longer than six Weeks before they receive the proposed Advantage. Note, March 25th, was open'd a Box of Mount Gales at 10 s. each Pair.

At the Sign of the Golden Head in Chancery-row in Westminster, on Wednesday the 30th of March last, was opened an Office for improving of Money; wherein the early Purchasers will receive great Advantage. Proposals at large may be had gratis the Office thereof.

Whereas Gilbert Lacy, Linnen-Draper at the Golden Arischook in Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, is leaving off his business, this is to give Notice that he will dispose of his Goods at a low Rate, and the House and Shop to be Let.

Dr. Byfield's Sal Oleosum Volatile; now publish'd by the Authority of her Majesty's most gracious Letters Patent under the Great Seal of Great Britain, is dispensed and sold by Wholesale and Retail at his House in Salisbury Court near Fleetstreet, where some Account of its Nature and Use in Diet, Medicine, and as to Wines and other Spirituous Liquors, may be had gratis, and Encouragement given to Exports and Retainers.

There are to give Notice, That at the Glass-Lane in Langbourn in Gray's Inn Lane, fill lives Salomon Kuleus, the D. u. a. her of that Emin. D. d. Dr. Kuleus, (who was a Sworn Physician to K. Charles II. &c.) who with his Limus Pills and Drink cures the Fever, Drops, and all Ulcers, Sores, Swellings, Kings Evil, Scabs, Lich, Scourges, & Leprosy, though never is cured, without hindering the Course of the Life of Man, which defrays many; and cures any who find their Grief and Age without feeling them, having had above 10 Years Experience in the Doctor's Life time. The Drink is 3 s. the Coughs the Pills 1 s. 6 d. Price. Shows his Advices in Diet, Surgery, in this written down to every grief, and sold with all Persons according to their Ability.

Mr. Paul Girard, at the 3 Flower de Lucas, at Charing-cross near Northumberland-house, has lately received from a Friend of his in Italy, a small Quantity of very rich Distilled Waters, made by Tristram Ribeiro, Doctor to his Royal Highness the Duke of Devon. Every Cl. is containing 12 Ounces (12 of which is a full Ounce) and costs only of the 4 sold Sells Six (1 s. 6 d.) Mill-leaves, Orange, Bergamot, and Perfumes, they are all of a double Spirit, and drawn off in the same manner as the Citron Waters of B. Badois, which they excel in every Quality, and may be had every Day at the House of the said Mr. Paul Girard, who are sold by him in order for a quick sale only 3 Guin. 1 s. p. Chest. N. B. There has been none of this in England, except in Prefecture, these 5 Years past.

LONDON: Printed for Sam. Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little-Britain; and Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane; where Advertisements are taken in, as also by Charles Lillie, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beauford-Buildings in the Strand.

The SPECTATOR.

*Ea animi elatio quæ cernitur in periculis, si Justitia vacat
pugnatque pro suis commodis, in vitio est. Tull.*

Friday, April 11. 1712.

Captain SENTRY was last Night at the Clubs, and produced a Letter from Ipswich, which his Correspondent desired him to communicate to his Friend the SPECTATOR. It contained an Account of an Engagement between a French Privateer Commanded by one *Dominick Portiers*, and a little Vessel of that Place laden with Corn; the Master whereof, as I remember, was one *Goodwin*. The English Man defended himself with incredible Bravery, and beat off the French, after having been boarded three or four Times. The Enemy still came on with greater Fury, and hoped by his Number of Men to carry the Prize; till at last the English Man finding himself sink a pace, and ready to Perish, struck: But the Effect of this singular Gallantry had upon the Captain of the Privateer, was no other than an unmanly Desire of Vengeance for the Loss he had sustained in his several Attacks. He told the Ipswich Man in a speaking Trumpet, that he would not take him aboard; and that he stay'd to see him sink. The English Man at the same Time observed a Disorder in the Vessel, which he rightly judged to proceed from the Disdain which the Ship's Crew had of their Captain's Inhumanity: With this hope he went into his Boat, and approached the Enemy. He was taken in by the Sailors in spite of their Commander, but tho' they received him against his Command, they treated him when he was in the Ship in the Manner he directed. *Portiers* caused his Men to hold *Goodwin* while he beat him with a Stick, till he fainted with Loss of Blood, and Rage of Heart; after which he ordered him into Irons, and without giving him any Food, but such as one or two of the Men Stole to him under Peril of the like Usage: After having kept him several Days overwhelmed with the Misery of Stench, Hunger and Soreness, brought him into Calice. The Governour of the Place was soon acquainted with all that had passed; dismiss'd *Portiers* from his Charge with Ignominy, and gave *Goodwin* all the Relief which a Man of Honour would bestow upon an Enemy Barbarously treated; to recover the Imputation of Cruelty upon his Prince and Country.

When Mr. SENTRY had read his Letter, full of many other Circumstances which aggravate the Barbarity, he fell into a sort of Criticism upon Magnanimity and Courage, and argued that they were inseparable; and that Courage, without Regard to Justice and Humanity, was no other than the Fierceness of a wild Beast. A good and truly bold Spirit, continued he, is ever actuated by Reason and a Sense of Honour and Duty: The Affectation of such a Spirit, exerts it self in an impudent Aspect, an overbearing Confidence, and a certain Negligence of giving Offence. 'Tis is visible in all the cocking Youths you see about this Town, who are noisy in Assemblies, unawed by the Presence of wise and virtuous Men; in a Word, insensible of all the Honours and Decencies of humane Life. A shameless Fellow takes Advantage of Merit clothed with Modesty and Magnanimity, and in the Eyes of little People appears sprightly and agreeable; while the Man of Resolution and true Gallantry is over-looked and disregarded, if not despised. There is a Propriety in all things; and I believe what you Scholars call just and sublime, in Opposition to Turgid and bombast Expression, may give you an Idea of what I mean, when I say Modesty is the certain Indication of a great Spirit, and Impudence the Affectation of it. He that writes with Judgment, and never rises into improper Warmths, manifests the true Force of Genius; in like Manner, he who is Quiet and Equal in all his Behaviour, is supported in that Deportment by what we may call true Courage. Alas, it is not so easy a thing to be a brave Man as the unthinking Part of Mankind imagine: To dare is not all that there is in it. The Privateer we were just now talking of, had Boldness enough to attack his Enemy, but not Greatness of Mind enough to admire the same Quality exerted by that Enemy in defending himself. Thus his base and little Mind was wholly taken up in the sordid Regard to the Prize, of which he failed, and the Damage done to his own Vessel; and therefore used an honest Man who defended his own from him, in the Manner as he would a Thief that should rob him.

He was equally disappointed, and had not Spirit enough to consider that one Case would be laudable, the

the other Criminal. Malice, Rancour, Hatred, Vengeance, are what tear the Breasts of mean Men in Fight; but Fame, Glory, Conquests, Desires of Opportunities to pardon and oblige their Opposers, are what glow in the Minds of the Gallant. The Captain ended his Discourse with a Specimen of his Book Learning; and gave us to understand that he had read a French Author on the Subject of Juifness in Point of Gallantry. I love, said Mr. SENTRY, a Critick who mixes the Rules of Life with Annotations upon Writers. My Author, added he, in his Discourse upon Epick Poem, takes Occasion to speak of the same Quality of Courage drawn in the two different Characters of *Turnus* and *Aeneas*: He makes Courage the chief and greatest Ornament of *Turnus*; but in *Aeneas* there are many others which out-shine it, among the rest that of Piety. *Turnus* is therefore all along painted by the Poet full of Ostentation, his Language haughty and vain-glorious, as placing his Honour in the Manifestation of his Valour; *Aeneas* speaks little, is slow to Action, and shews only a sort of defensive Courage. If Equipage and Address make *Turnus* appear more courageous than *Aeneas*; Conduct and Success prove *Aeneas* more valiant than *Turnus*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

There being a small Number left of the *LUCUBRATIONS* of ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq; printed upon Royal and Medium Paper, in 4 Vol. 8vo. they are now to be sold by J. Tonson, W. Taylor, J. Round, R. Knaplock, N. Cliff, R. Smith, G. Strahan, R. Parker, D. Midwinter, B. Tooke, J. Wyar, D. Browne, E. Sanger, H. Clements, O. Lloyd, C. Lillie, and J. Morphew.

N. B. Those who have the First and Second Volumes, may be furnished with the Third and fourth to compleat their Sets, by the Persons above.

At the Desire of several Persons of Quality. By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians.

At the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, To-morrow being Saturday the 11th of April, will be presented a Comedically called the Committee, or the Faithful Trillemant the Part of Tricque to be performed by Mr. Griffith Trillemant. By Her Majesty's Command no Persons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

This Play is sold by Jacob Tonson at Shakepear's Head, over against Katherine Creeks in the Strand.

Lost on Monday Night last, a Spaniel Bitch Liver Coloured and White, and with a little White in her Forehead: Whoever brings her to Mrs. Wilcox, at the Corner of Peter Notters Row, shall have 10s. Reward.

Part of a very good House very well furnish'd and pleasantly situated near the Water-side, 5 Miles W. of London, with a Garden, Stables and other Conveniences. To be Let, enqui at Mr. Dupes next Door to the Horse-shoe in St. James Street.

Brooke and Hellier having effectually discovered and prevented the Abuse in the Portugal Wine-Trade, by retailing the Wines of their own Importation, and being desirous to do the same in the Worcester Trade, in which the corrupt Practices affect the Wine for Importation as well as afterwards, hereby give Notice, That they have sent a Correspondence with one of the principal Proprietors of the best Chianti Vineyards, in order to be constantly supplied with true Florence Wine of the best Quality; as a Specimen whereof, they have just landed a Cargo of the said Wines, without any of the usual Mixtures commonly put into it at Leghorn; and which causes much more Wine to come higher under the Name of Florence, than is the natural Product of the Place. The above said Wine is sold at all the Taverns and Cellars, at 2s. 6d. per Quart, 9s. per single Gallon, and after the Rate of 8s. per Gallon for no less Quantity than 10 Gallons.

Noty, Their New-Ports, just landed, being the only New-Ports in Merchants Hands, and above one Half of all that is in London, will begin to be sold, at the old Price, the 12th Instant, at all the Taverns and Cellars, but their natural *Rosa Tent* is sold only under St. James's Market house at 2s. 6d. per Quart, without any Abatement for a larger Quantity.

At the Mountain Wine-Cellar under the Royal South-Sea Coffee-house in Broad-Street, is sold by Retail excellent Mountain Malaga Wine at 6s. 6d. per Bottle, or 4s. 9s. per Quart, and Red Viana Wine at 12d. per Bottle. Such Persons as take 3 Gallons shall pay but 12s. there being 15 Bottles, warranted all neat and pure from the G. and.

TO BE LETT.

At Dalstone in Hackney, one side of a large brick House, very convenient for a large Family, with Coach-houses and Stables, and a large Garden planted with choice Wall-Fruit. Inquire of Mr. Jones at Dalstone, or at Mr. Lloyd's Stationer near the Temple Church.

A Catalogue of part of the Library of a Learned Physician deceased, consisting of a good Collection of Books, several of them very scarce, and of the large Paper, in Physics, Surgery, History, Classical and other Learning, in Greek, Latin, French, and English, also many Vols. of old Tracts; with many more not therein mentioned, will begin to be sold at the Temple Church, (the Price being put in each Book) at the Rose Tavern without Temple-Bar, this Day the 11th Instant, at 8 in the Morning, the Sale to continue 2 Days and no longer. Catalogues are now to be had of Mr. Barker in Westminster-Hall, Mr. Stocker against Mr. Mews-Gate, Mr. Brown and Mr. Meers without Temple-Bar, Mr. Graves in St. James's-Street, Mr. Inny in St. Paul's Church-yard, Mr. Strahan in Cornhill, Book-sellers, and at the Place of Sale.

Lately published,

The History of the Revolutions in Portugal. Translated from the French Original published at Paris in the Year 1711, by the Abbot de Vertot of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Medals, (Author of the History of the Revolutions of Sweden): Being an Enlargement of an Account of the Revolution in Portugal in 1640 formerly published by the same Author, and now carefully reviewed by him, the History taken higher, more particularly related and deduced to the Year 1669. Printed by Sam. Buckley in Little-Britain: Sold by S. Croudace at B. Smith in Cornhill, B. Rogers in Fleetstreet, D. Browne without Temple-Bar, and J. Graves in St. James's-Street.

The Judgment of the Church of England in the Case of Lay Baptism and of Diffusers baptism. Sold by A. Baldwin near the Oxford-Arms in Warwick-Lane. Price 6d.

The History of Flanders, from its first Establishment as a Sovereignty in 611, to the Year 1701. To which is prefixed a general Survey of the Country, illustrated with the best, &c. never made off, done by Mr. Moll, exhibiting the Seat of the War in those Parts. Dedicated to his Grace the Duke of Ormond. Sold by J. Durbly in Bartholomew-Cloffe: Where may be had, the History, complete in 2 Vols. with Maps. De Witt's Interest of Holland. Sidney of Government. Heculian's Address from the Parliament. Good-bye History of the Reign of K. Henry V. Rushworth's Collection abridg'd in 6 Vols. State Tracts since the Revolution, 3 Vols. and Pryn's Pangrick on the Emperor Trujin.

An Infallible Cure for the Stone and Gravel whether in the Reins or Bladder, by an incomparable Chymical Liquor, which in the most Naching Cases, gives instant Relief, and frees the Patient from all Pains in the Back, and these Pains so much like the Cholick; dilates the Ureters, makes them slippery that small Stones and Gravel may pass from the Reins to be voided easily with Urine, without pain; dissolves the Kidneys, Bladder, and all the Urinary Passages from limy calculeous Matter, certainly taketh all Stones, Pain, and Stoppage of Urine, and absolutely breaks and dissolves all large Stones (supposible to be dissolv'd) whether in Kidneys or Bladder, so as entirely to Cure the Dissembler; affluently prevents the Stone in those that are troubled only with Gravel, and for all Disorders in the Reins and Bladder, is a stupendous Remedy, causing delightful Ease, pleasant Rest and perfect Health. Is sold only at Jacob's Coffee-house against the Angel and Crown Tavern in Threadneedle-Street behind the Royal Exchange, at 3s. 6d. a Bottle with Directions.

The Delightful Chymical Liquor, for the Breath, Teeth, and Gums, Which in a Moment taketh away the Breath-Smell, delicately Fines and Churns, and in very little time is fully Cured, for as an offensive Breath will not return; it certainly makes the Mouth and all moist Teeth perfectly White, Clean and beautiful to a Miracle, cures the Scanty in the Gums, tho' never so inveterate, making the Teeth grow again, when absolutely fallen out, infallibly, softens loose Teeth to Admiration, even in Old People, who too often fully think their Age to be the Occasion. In short, for delightfully Perfuming, and quickly Curing an Officious Breath, for perfectly making the Mouth Teeth well excellently White, certainly softening them who Loose, absolutely preventing the Fall from Decay, or Decaying, and effectually Curing the Scanty in the Gums, it has not its Equal in the Universe, as Abundance of the Nobility and Gentry throughout the Kingdom have Experienced. Is sold at Mr. Peny's a Top-side on the Angel and Crown Tavern, St. Paul's Church-Tard, near Cheap-side, at 2s. 6d. a Bottle with Directions.

The famous Spanish Blacking for Gentlemen's Shoes, that ever was invented or Used, in making them always as new, never Dulls the Hands in putting on, or Soils the Stockings in wearing; neither has it the ordinary Galls of German-Blacks, or the intolerable noisome smell of Size, but of is an agreeable scent. It indeed makes the Shoes look extremely Neat and mightily prevents the Leathering of the Leather. All that use it admire it, as it will never use any thing else. Sold for 1s. 6d. the Pot, with Directions, (which will last 3 or 4 Months) only at Mr. John Hanam's a Top-side, at the 3 Angels near Fetter-Lane in Cheap-side.

L O N D O N: Printed for Sam Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little-Britain; and Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane; where Advertisements are taken in; as also by Charles Lillie, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beauford-Buildings in the Strand.

The SPECTATOR.

—In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit. Virg.

Saturday, April 12. 1712.

IF we look into the three great Heroic Poems which have appeared in the World, we may observe that they are built upon very slight Foundations. *Homer* lived near 300 Years after the *Trojan* War, and as the Writing of History was not then in use among the *Greeks*, we may very well suppose, that the Tradition of *Achilles* and *Ulysses* had brought down but very few Particulars to his Knowledge, tho' there is no question but he has wrought into his two Poems such of their remarkable Adventures as were still talked of among his Contemporaries.

The Story of *Aeneas*, on which *Virgil* founded his Poem, was likewise very bare of Circumstances, and by that means afforded him an Opportunity of embellishing it with Fiction, and giving a full Range to his own Invention. We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the course of his Fable, the principal Particulars, which were generally believed among the *Romans*, of *Aeneas* his Voyage and Settlement in *Italy*.

The Reader may find an Abridgment of the whole Story as collected out of the Ancient Historians, and as it was received among the *Romans*, in *Dionysius Halicarnassensis*.

Since none of the Critics have considered *Virgil's* Fable, with relation to this History of *Aeneas*, it may not, perhaps, be amiss to examine it in this Light, so far as regards my present Purpose. Whoever looks into the Abridgment above-mentioned, will find that the Character of *Aeneas* is filled with Piety to the Gods, and a superstitious Observation of Prodiges, Oracles, and Predictions. *Virgil* has not only preserved this Character in the Person of *Aeneas*, but has given a place in his Poem to those particular Prophecies which he found recorded of him in History and Tradition. The Poet took the matters of Fact as they came down to him, and circumstanced them after his own manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable or surprising. I believe very many Readers have been shocked at that Invidious Prophecy, which one of the *Harpyes* pronounces to the *Trojans* in the Third Book, namely, that before they had built their Intended City, they should be reduced by Hunger to eat their very Tables. But, when they hear that this was one of the Circumstances that had been transmitted to the *Romans* in the History of *Aeneas*, they will think the Poet did very well in taking notice of it. The Historian above-mentioned, acquaints us that a Prophetess had foretold *Aeneas*, that he should take his Voyage Westward, till his Companions should eat their Tables, and that accordingly, upon his landing in *Italy*, as they were eating their Flesh upon Cakes of Bread, for want of other Conventiences, they afterwards fed on the Cakes themselves, upon which one of the Company said merrily, 'We are eating our Tables. They immediately took the Hint, says the Historian, and concluded the Prophecy to be fulfilled. As *Virgil* did not think it proper to omit so material a Particular in the History of *Aeneas*, it may be worth while to consider with how much Judgment he has qualified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper for a Passage in an Heroic Poem. The Prophetess who foretells it is a hungry *Harpy*, as the Person who discovers it is young *Africanus*.

Heus etiam mensas consumimus inquit Iulus!

Such an Observation, which is beautiful in the mouth of a Boy, would have been ridiculous from any other of the Company. I am apt to think that the changing of the *Trojan* Fleet into Water-Nymphs, which is the most violent Machine in the whole *Eneid*, and has given Offence to several Critics, only be accounted for the same way. *Virgil* himself, before he begins that Relation, premises that what he was going to tell appeared incredible, but that it was justified by Tradition. What further confirms me that this change of the Fleet was a celebrated Circumstance in the History of *Aeneas*, is, that *Ovid* has given a place to the same *Metamorphosis* in his account of the Heathen Mythology.

None of the Critics, I have met with, having considered the Fable of the *Eneid* in this Light, and taken notice how the Tradition, on which it was founded, authorizes those Parts in it which appear the most Exceptionable; I

hope the length of this Reflection will not make it unacceptable to the curious Part of my Readers.

The History, which was the Basis of *Milton's* Poem, is still shorter than either that of the *Iliad* or *Aeneid*. The Poet has likewise taken care to infer every Circumstance of it in the Body of his Fable. The Ninth Book, which we are here to consider, is raised upon that brief Account in Scripture, wherein we are told that the Serpent was more subtle than any Beast of the Field, that he tempted the Woman to eat of the Forbidden Fruit, that he was overcome by the Temptation, and that *Adam* followed her Example. From these few Particulars *Milton* has formed one of the most Entertaining Fables that Invention ever produced. He has disposed of these several Circumstances among so many beautiful and natural Fictions of his own, that his whole Story looks only like a Comment upon sacred Writ, or rather seems to be a full and complete Relation of what the other is only an Epitome. I have insisted the longer on this Consideration, as I look upon the Disposition and Contrivance of the Fable to be the Principal Beauty of the Ninth Book, which has more Story in it, and is fuller of Incidents, than any other in the whole Poem. *Satan's* travelling the Globe, and still keeping within the Shadow of the Night, as fearing to be discovered by the Angel of the Sun, who had before detected him, is one of those beautiful Imaginations with which he introduces this his second Series of Adventures. Having examined the Nature of every Creature, and found out one which was the most proper for his Purpose, he again returns to Paradise; and, to avoid Discovery, links by Night with a River that ran under the Garden, and rises up again through a Fountain that ran from it by the Tree of Life. The Poet, who, as we have before taken notice, speaks as little as possible in his own Person, and after the example of *Homer*, fills every Part of his Work with Manners and Characters, introduces a Soliloquy of this Infernal Agent, who was thus restless in the Destruction of Man. He is then describ'd as gliding through the Garden under the resemblance of a Milt, in order to find out that Creature in which he design'd to tempt our first Parents. This Description has something in it very Poetical and Surprising.

*So saying, through each thicket Dark or Dry
Like a black Mist, low creeping, he held on
His Midnight Search, where soonest he might find
The Serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
In Labyrinth of mazy a round self-erect
He head the mist, well stor'd with subtle wiles.*

The Author afterwards gives us a Description of the Morning, which is wonderfully suitable to a Divine Poem, and peculiar to that first Season of Nature; he represents the Earth before it was curst, as a great Altar breathing out its Incense from all parts, and sending up pleasant Savour to the Nostrils of its Creator; to which he adds a noble Idea of *Adam* and *Eve*, as offering their Morning Worship, and filling up the universal Comfort of Praise and Adoration.

*Now when as sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed
Their morning incense, when all things that breath
From th' Earth's great Altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair
And join'd their vocal worship to the Choir
Of Creatures waiting voice*

The Dispute which follows between our two first Parents is represented with great Art: It arises from a difference of Judgment, not of Passion, and is managed with Reason, not with Heat; it is such a Dispute as we may suppose might have happened in Paradise, had Man continued Happy and Innocent. There is a great Delicacy in the Moralities which are interpersed in *Adam's* Discourse, and which the most ordinary Reader cannot but take notice of. That force of Love which the Father of Mankind so finely describes in the Eighth Book, and which I inserted in my last

Saturday's Paper, it flows it self here in many beautiful Images: As in those fond Regards he call towards Eve at her parting from him.

Her long with ardor look his eye pursued
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated, she to him as if engaged
To be returned by noon amid the Grove.

In his impatience and amusement during her Absence.

— Adam the while
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flowers a Garland to adorn
Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As Rewards of her wont their Harvest Queen,
Great Joy he promised to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd;

But particularly in that passionate Speech, where seeing her irrecoverably lost, he resolves to perish with her, rather than to live without her.

— Some cursed fraud
Or enemy hath beguild thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die;
How can I live without thee, how forego
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet less of thee
Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel
The link of nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy State
Mine never shall be parted Bliss or Woe.

The beginning of this Speech, and the Preparation to it, are animated with the same Spirit as the Conclusion, which I have here quoted.

The several Wiles which are put in Practice by the Tempter, when he found Eve separated from her Husband, the many pleasing Images of Nature, which are intermixt in this part of the Story, with its gradual and regular Progress to the fatal Catastrophe, are in every remarkable, that it would be superfluous to point out their several Beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular Similitudes in my Remarks on this great Work, because I have given a general account of them in my Paper on the First Book. There is one, however, in this part of the Poem which I shall here quote, as it is not only very beautiful, but the closest of any in the whole Poem. I mean that where the Serpent is described as rolling forward in all his Pride, animated by the evil Spirit, and conducting Eve to her Destruction, while Adam was at too great a distance from her, to give her his Assistance. These several Particulars are all of them wrought into the following Similitude.

— Hope elevates, and Joy
Brighten's his Crest, as when a winding fire
Compact of molten vapour, which the night
Condenses, and the cold invours round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
(Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends)
Hovering and blazing with delirious light,
Mistakes th' amazed Night-wanderer for his way
To bogges and mires, and oft through pond and pool,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.

That secret Intoxication of Pleasure, with the poor transient flushings of Guilt and Joy which the Poet represents in their Parents upon their eating the forbidden Fruit, to that flagging of Spirit, damps of Sorrow and mutual Accusations which succeed it, are conceived with a wonderful Imagination, and described in very natural Sentiments.

When Dido in the Fourth Æneid yielded to that fatal Temptation which ruin'd her, Virgil tells us, the Earth trembled, the Heavens were filled with flashes of Lightning, and the Nymphs howl'd upon the Mountain Tops. Milton, in the same Poetical Spirit, has described all Nature as disturbed upon Eve's eating the forbidden Fruit.

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the Fruit, the pluck'd, she eat:
Earth felt the wound, and nature from her Seat
Sighing through all her works gave signs of Woe
That all was lost

Upon Adam's falling into the same Guilt, the whole Creation appears a second time in Convulsions.

— Yet scrup'd it not to eat
Against his better Judgment, not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with Eve's charm,
Earth trembled from her Entrails, as again
In pain, and nature gave a second groan,
Sky lowered, and muttering thunder some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal Sin

As all Nature suffer'd by the guilt of our first Parents, these Symptoms of Trouble and Conternation are wonderfully imagin'd, not only as Prodiges, but as Marks of her Sympathizing in the Fall of Man.

Adam's Converse with Eve, after having eaten the forbidden Fruit, is an exact Copy of that between Jupiter and Juno, in the Fourteenth Æneid. Juno there approaches Jupiter with the Girdle which she had received from Venus, upon which he tells her, that the appeared more charming and desirable than the ever had done before, even when their Loves were at the height. The Poet afterwards describes them as reposing on a Summit of Mount Ida, that produced under them a Bed of Flowers, the Lotus, the Crocus, and the Hyacinth, and concludes his Description with their falling asleep.

Let the Reader compare this with the following Passage in Milton, which begins with Adam's Speech to Eve.

For never did thy Beauty since the Day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all Perfections so engage my Sense
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
Thou art, beauty of this virtuous Race.
So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well understood
Of Eve, whose Eye darted conscious fire.
Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bower
Thick over-head with verdant roof embow'd
He led her nothing loath: Flow'rs were the Couch,
Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,
And Hyacinth, Earth's freshest sister Lap,
There they their fill of Love, and Loves desires
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the Seal,
The Solace of their Sin, till dewy sleep
Oppress'd them

As no Poet seems ever to have studied Homer more, or to have more resembled him in the greatness of Genius than Milton, I think I should have given but a very imperfect Account of his Beauties, if I had not observed the most remarkable Passages which look like Parallels in their two great Authors. I might, in the course of these Criticisms, have taken notice of many particular Lines and Expressions which are translated from the Greek Poet, but as I thought this would have appeared too minute and over-curious, I have purposely omitted them. The greater Incidents, however, are not only set off by being shown in the same Light, with several of the same Nature in Homer, but by that means may be also guarded against the Cavils of the Tatlers or Ignorant.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

At the Desire of several Persons of Quality.

By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians,

At the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, this present Thursday the 14th Day of April, will be presented a comedy call'd, The Committee; Or, the Political Irish-Man. The Part of Teague to be perform'd by Mr. Griffin, from Ireland, being the last time of Acting till Easter Monday. By Her Majesty's Command no Persons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

At the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, this present Saturday being the 15th of April, will be perform'd an Opera call'd Antiochus. The part of Jambes by Signior Bonaventura Balasari, Servant to his Highness the Elector Palatin. Newly Arriv'd. The Boxes 12s. Pit 5s. First Gallery 2s. 6d. Upper Gallery 1s. 6d. To be upon the Stage Hall's Gallery. To begin exactly at six. By Her Majesty's Command no Persons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

Whereas about nine Weeks since there was accidentally discovered by an Husbandman at Gimsfield near Woodstock in Oxfordshire, (a large Pavement of rich Mosaic Work of the Ancient Romans, which is stor'd) with several Figures alluding to Mirth and Concord, in particular that of Becher seated on a Panther. Thence to give Notice, that an exact Delineation of the same is Engraved and Imprinted on a large Elephant Sheet of Paper; which are to be sold at Mr. Charles Little's, Perfumers, at the Corner of Strand Buildings in the Strand, at 1s. N. B. There are to be had at the same place at one Guinea each on a superfine Asia Paper, some painted with the same variety of Colours that the said Pavement is adorned with; this Piece of Antiquity is esteemed by the Learned to be the most considerable ever found in Britain.

The SPECTATOR.

— Si ad honestatem nati sumus, ea aut sola expetenda est, aut certe omni pondere gravior est habenda quam reliqua omnia.
Tull.

Monday, April 14. 1712.

WILL HONEYCOMB was complaining to me Yesterday, that the Conversation of the Town is so altered of late Years that a fine Gentleman is at a Loss for Matter to start Discourse, as well as unable to fall in with the Talk he generally meets with. WILL takes Notice, that there is now an Evil under the Sun which he supposes to be entirely new, because not mentioned by any Satyrists or Moralists in any Age: Men, said he, grow Knaves sooner than they ever did since the Creation of the World before. If you read the Tragedies of the last Age, you find the artful Men and Persons of Intrigue are advanced very far in Years, and beyond the Pleasures and Sallics of Youth; but now WILL observes, that the Young have taken in the Vices of the Aged; and you shall have a Man of five and twenty crafty, false and intriguing, not ashamed to over-reach, couzen, and beguile. My Friend adds, that till about the latter End of King Charles's Reign, there was not a Rascal of any Eminence under forty: In the Places of Resort for Conversation, you hear nothing but what relates to improving Mens Fortunes, without Regard to the Methods towards it. This is so fashionable, that young Men form themselves upon a certain Neglect of every thing that is candid, simple and worthy of true Esteem; and affect being yet worse than they are, by acknowledging in their general Turn of Mind and Discourse, that they have not any remaining Value for true Honour and Honesty: Preferring the Capacity of being Artful to gain their Ends, to the Merit of desisting those Ends when they come in Competition with their Honesty. All this is due to the very silly Pride that generally prevails, of being valued for the Ability of carrying their Point: In a Word, from the Opinion that shallow and unexperienced People entertain of the short lived force of Cunning. But I shall, before I enter upon the various Faces which Folly covered with Artifice puts on to impose upon the Unthinking, produce a great Authority for asserting, that nothing but Truth and Ingenuity has any lasting good Effect even upon a Man's Fortune and Interest.

Truth and Reality have all the Advantages of Appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure Sincerity is better; for why does any Man dissimble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeint and dissimble, is to put on the appearance of some real Excellency. Now the best way in the World for a Man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the Pretence of a good

Quality, as to have it; and if a Man have it not, it is ten to one, but he is discovered to want it; and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it, is lost. There is something unnatural in Pretence, which a skillful Eye will easily discern from Native Beauty and Complexion.

It is hard to personate, and still a Part long; for where Truth is not at the Bottom, Nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore if any Man think it convenient to seem Good, let him be so indeed, and then his Goodness will appear to every Body's Satisfaction; so that upon all Accounts Sincerity is true Wisdom. Particularly as to the Affairs of this World, Integrity hath many Advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of Dissimulation and Deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the World; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The Arts of Deceit and Cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas Integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any Man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his Reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the Business and Affairs of Life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our Lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a Lye is troublesome, and sits a Man's invention upon the Rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false Foundation, which continually stands in need of Props to shooer it up, and proves at last more chargeable, than to have raised a substantial Build. Sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery, of which the crafty Man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his Pretence are so transparent, that he that runs may read them; he is the last Man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes Fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that Sincerity is the most commendous Wisdom, and an excellent Instrument for the speedy dispatch of Business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many Enquiries, and brings things to an issue in few Words: It is like travelling in a plain beaten Road, which constantly brings a Man sooner to his Journey's end,

than By-Ways, in which Men often lose themselves.
 In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in Falshood and Diffimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a Man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honesty: When a Man hath once forfeited the Reputation of his Integrity, he is set last, and nothing will then serve his Turn, neither Truth nor Falshood.

And I have often thought, that God hath in great Wisdom hid from Men of false and dishonest Minds the wonderful Advantages of Truth and Integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly Affairs; those Men are so blinded by their Covetousness and Ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present Advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, tho' by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far, as to the remote Consequences of a steady Integrity, and the vast Benefits and Advantages which it will bring a Man at last. Were but this sort of Men wise and clarified enough to discern this, they would be honest, out of very Knavery, not out of any love to Honesty and Virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own Interests; and therefore the Justice of the Divine Providence hath hid this trust point of Wisdom from their Eyes, that bad Men might not be upon equal Terms with the Just and Upright, and serve their own wicked Design by honest and lawful Means.

Indeed, if a Man were only to deal in the World for a Day, and should never have occasion to converse more with Mankind, never more need their good Opinion, or good Word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the Concernments of this World) if a Man spent his Reputation all at once, and ventur'd it at one throw: But if he be to continue in the World, and would have the advantage of Conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of Truth and Sincerity in all his Words and Actions, for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end; all other Arts will fail, but Truth and Integrity will carry a Man through, and bear him out to the last.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Removed from Charing-Cross, to the Cooper's Arms on Great-Tower-Hill, their Articles following; viz. A little Man 1 Foot high and 32 Years of Age, frain and proportionable every Way. The next is his Wife, a little Woman, 2 Foot 9 Inches high, and 32 Years of Age, who is now safely retired to Bed, after a long and tedious Labour, under the conduct of several Eminent Doctors, being the last Woman that ever was with Child in Europe: Like with their little Wife, 2 Foot odd Inches high, which performs several wonderful Actions by the Word of Command, being so small that it is kept in a Box. Next is that wonderful Female Creature having a Head like a Turkey, a Body from the Coast of Brazil, having a Head like a Child, and of such a wonderful Shape that the like was never seen in England before, with a great many strange and wonderful Creatures, which are too tedious to be mentioned here. And it is to be seen from 10 to the Morning till 9 at Night, where due Attendance shall be given. Note, They will continue to be shewn this Week and no longer.

Wm Taswell undertakes to accomplish Gentlemen, or other Persons of either Sex above the Age of 14 Years, in the complete Knowledge of the Latin Tongue, and make them capable of rendering Latin into English, and English into Latin, (by their Assistance only) at a rate of a Guinea a Week) in a Month's time from this day beginning to teach them, tho' they never learnt the Language before: And that by an easy practical Method, entirely new, founded upon unfeigned Reason and Experience, and so wholly free from the tedious Forms of School, as not to require much Study or Pain, or be a Burden to the Memory. It is pleasant as well as profitable, and does not tire the Person's Patience in Learning, or break the Thoughts from, or hinder any Business. He is also agreed with next the Blue Anchor and Crown in Prince's Street near Sticks Market, the lower end of the Street, where they may be taught, or see their own Dwelling.

At the Mountain Wine-Cellar under the Royal South Sea Coffee-house in Broad-Street, is sold by Retail several Mountain Malaga Wine at 6 s. 8 d. per Gallon, or 2 s. 9 d. per Quart, and Red Vienna Wine at 1 s. d. per Gallon: Such Persons as take 3 Gallons shall pay but 12 s. there being 13 Bottles, warranted all rose and pure from the Grape.

William Luce of London, Linnen-draper, having lately let his Shop in the three Nuns and Rare in Cheap-side, thinks fit to let his Acquaintance and others know, that he is removed to his Warehouse in Gutter-lane the first House on the Right-hand, which said Warehouse adjoins to the said Shop, and is three Doors from the three Nuns and Rare: who hath by him a very large Quantity of all Sorts of Hollands, and abundance of them very fine for Shirting, &c. Also a large Quantity of Holland, very fine, for Shirting, a very large Quantity of very fine plain Cambric and Lawn, being of his own Importation from Holland. Also superfine plain and striped Mullins, superfine Bohemian and Great Tea, &c. And designs to open his Warehouse on Thursday the 17th of this Instant April, in order to dispose of them, and whoever will give themselves the Trouble to view the same, shall find such Encouragement, that he doubts not but for the future to please them.

Very great Choice of all Sorts of the best Black Silks for Robes and Scarves, and rich Black Bodice-faces and Black and coloured Mantles for Gowns and Periwigs: Likewise White muslin, muslin and Periwigs for Hoods, and coloured Periwigs for Lymings, are sold very great Pennyworths: as likewise a half-dozen or Retail, at the Golden Ball and two Kowls of Silk in St. Martin's Grand near Aldersgate, the second Door from Angel-church, one Side being a Slipper and Leather Clogg Make up a Shop, by one who was bred a Weaver and is now lived on Ludgate-hill. He likewise sells Fur-lined Scarves and Aprons ready made very cheap.

At the Lace-Chamber on Ludgate-Hill, kept by Mary Parsons, is lately come over great Quantities of Flanders Lace, with variety of new fashion Persons: She bought them there her self, so will sell great Pennyworths who will sell or Retail.

Just Published.

The 2d part of the History of Prince Mirabel's Infancy, Rite and Dignity, with the hidden Promotion of Novicius. In which, are intermix'd all the Intrigues both Amorous and Political, relating to these memorable Adventures; as also the Characters of the old and new Favourites in the Court of Britannia. Collected from the Memoirs of a Courtier lately deceased. Printed for J. Baker in Peter-Norfolk Row, and sold by B. Berrington at Adick's Street East: Where may be had the first Part, Price 1 s.

The Works of DIONYSIUS LONGINUS. Translated from the Greek, by Mr. Welford. Also Epicurus's Morals: Translated from the Greek, by John Digby, Esq; and Iocrotas his Advice to Domitian: Done out of Greek by the same Hand. Price 1 s. 6 d. A new Edition of the complete Works of Mr. Thomas Brown, both serious and comical, in 4 Vols. 8vo. or the 4th and last Vol. single. The Works of Petronius Arbitr, in English, with Notes. The Favorite, or, the Memoirs of Earl of Leicester, prime Minister and General of Queen Elizabeth. The Memoirs of the Court of Scotland: by the Author of the Ladies Travels, and the Virgin unmask'd, or, Female Dialogues on Love and Marriage. Printed for S. Briscoe, and sold by J. Morphey near Stationers' Hall, J. Graves near White's Chocolate-house St. James's Street, and Owen Lloyd near the Church in the Strand.

Lately published.

The History of the Revolutions in Portugal. Translated from the French Original published at Paris in the year 1715, by the Abbé de Vertot of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Medals, (Author of the History of the Revolutions of Sweden): Being an Enlargement of an Account of the Revolution in Portugal in 1640 formerly published by the same Author, and now carefully reviewed by him: his History rather highly and more particularly related and deduced to the Year 1669. Printed by Sam. Buckley in Little-Britain: Sold by S. Crouch and R. Smith in Cornhill, B. Sanger in Fleetstreet, D. Browne without Temple-Bar, and J. Graves in St. James's Street.

Whereas it has, and still is, industriously Reported by some Pretender to that difficult Operation for curing the Stone, that Dr. Greenfield, who is a College Physician, is dead; which is absolutely false, he being now alive and well, and still successfully performs that Operation, which if desired will be performed by the Person which he has chosen to be his partner, who are well called: He now lives at the Golden Wheat sheaf in the Old-Bayly, where he is to be advised with for the Stone, Gravel, and all Disorders incident to human Bodies, and will attend at his House when desired.

The Vapours in Women infallibly Cured in an Infant, so as never to return again, by an admirable Clyster: Set once, a few drops of which takes off a Fit in a Moment, dispels Scurfiness, clears the Head, takes away all Swelling, Giddiness, Dimness of Sight, Flushing in the Face, &c. to a Miracle, and most certainly prevents the Vapours returning again; for by rooting out the very Cause is perfectly Cured, and the Patient is enabled to also strengthen the Stomach and Bowels, and cause a firm and settled Health. Is sold only at Mrs. Osborn's, Trenchard, at the Role and Crown under St. Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet, 2 s. 6 d.

An Infallible Elixary for Coughs and Colds. Which immediately and safely cures them to adoration, takes away all Wheezing, Shortness of Breath, difficult Breathing, and all the Rawness of the Stomach or Wind-pipe; is Healing and Balsamical, causes gentle and easy Expectoration, relieves all manner of Disorders of the Lungs, preserving them intire, loud and good, certainly cures even Coughs returning; removes all old Rhot Coughs, cures the Phthisick and asthma, so as to make a new and better Constitution, Rheum, &c. In Noble Virtues are inexpressible, for it is effectually and quickly cures all Sorts of Coughs, Colds and Disorders of the Breast and Lungs to a Wonder; 'tis not to be equal'd. Price 2 s. 6 d. A Pot, with Directions. Sold only at Mr. Bayly's Trenchard, at the Angel and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard near Chancery.

LONDON: Printed for Sam. Buckley, at the Dholpin in Little-Britain; and Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane; where Advertisements are taken in; as also by Charles Lillie, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beauford-Buildings in T

The SPECTATOR

In tenui labor

Virg.

Tuesday, April 15. 1712.

THE Gentleman who obliges the World in general, and me in particular, with his Thoughts upon Education, has just sent me the following Letter.

SIR,

I Take the Liberty to send you a Fourth Letter upon the Education of Youth: In my last I gave you my Thoughts about some particular Tasks which I conceived it might not be amiss to mix with their usual Exercises, in order to give them an early Seasoning of Virtue; I shall in this propose some others which I fancy might contribute to give them a right Turn for the World, and enable them to make their way in it.

The design of Learning is, as I take it, either to render a Man an agreeable Companion to himself, and teach him to support Solitude with Pleasure; or, if he is not born to an Estate, to supply that Defect, and furnish him with the Means of acquiring one. A Person who applies himself to Learning with the first of these Views may be said to study for Ornament, as he who proposes to himself the Second properly studies for Use. The one does it to raise himself a Fortune, the other to set off that which he is already possessed of: But as far the greater part of Mankind are included in the latter Class, I shall only propose some Methods at present for the Service of such who expect to advance themselves in the World by their Learning: In order to which, I shall premise that many more Estates have been acquired by little Accomplishments than by extraordinary ones: those Qualities which make the greatest Figure in the Eye of the World not being always the most useful in themselves, or the most advantageous to their Owners.

The Poets which require Men of shining and uncommon Parts to discharge them are so very few, that many a great Genius goes out of the World without ever having had an Opportunity to exert it self; whereas Persons of ordinary Endowments meet with Occasions fitted to their Parts and Capacities every Day in the common Occurrences of Life.

I am acquainted with two Persons who were formerly School-fellows, and have been good Friends ever since: One of them was not only thought an impenetrable Block-head at School, but still maintained his Reputation at the University; the other was the Pride of his Master, and the most celebrated Person in the College of which he was a Member. The Man of Genius is at present buried in a Country Parsonage of eight-score Pounds a Year; while the other, with the bare Abilities of a common Scrivener, has got an Estate of above an hundred thousand Pounds.

I fancy from what I have said it will almost appear a doubtful case to many a wealthy Citizen, whether or no he ought to wish his Son should be a great Genius; but this I am sure of, that no-

thing is more absurd than to give a Lad the Education of one, whom Nature has not favour'd with any particular Marks of Distinction.

The Fault therefore of our Grammar Schools is, that every Boy is pushed on to Works of Genius; whereas it would be far more advantageous for the greatest part of them, to be taught such little Practical Arts and Sciences as do not require any great share of Parts to be master of them, and yet may come often into Play during the course of a Man's Life.

Such are all the parts of Practical Geometry. I have known a Man contract a Friendship with a Minister of State, upon cutting a Dial in his Window; and remember a Clergy-man who got one of the best Benefices in the West of England, by setting a Country Gentleman's Affairs in some Method, and giving him an exact Survey of his Estate.

While I am upon this Subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a particular which is of use in every Station of Life, and which methinks every Master should teach his Scholars, I mean the Writing of English Letters. To this end, instead of perplexing them with *Latin Epistles*, Themes and Verses, there might be a punctual Correspondence established between two Boys, who might act in any imaginary parts of Business, or be allowed sometimes to give a range to their own Fancies, and communicate to each other whatever Trifles they thought fit, provided neither of them ever failed at the appointed time to answer his Correspondent's Letter.

I believe I may venture to affirm, that the generality of Boys would find themselves more advantaged by this Custom, when they come to be Men, than by all the *Greek* and *Latin* their Masters can teach them in seven or eight Years.

The want of it is very visible in many learned Persons, who while they are admitting the Styles of *Demosthenes* or *Cicero*, want Phrases to express themselves on the most common Occasions. I have seen a Letter from one of these *Latin* Orators, which would have been deservedly laughed at by a common Attorney.

Under this Head of Writing I cannot omit Accounts and Short-hand, which are learnt with little Pains, and very properly come into the number of such Arts as I have been here recommending.

You must doubtless, Sir, observe, that I have hitherto chiefly insisted upon these things for such Boys as do not appear to have any thing extraordinary in their Natural Talents, and consequently are not qualified for the finer Parts of Learning; yet I believe I might carry this matter still further, and venture to assert, that a Lad of Genius has sometimes occasion for these little Acquirements, to be as it were the Fore-runners of his Parts, and to introduce them into the World.

History is full of Examples of Persons, who though they have had the largest Abilities, have been obliged to insinuate themselves into the Fa-

The SPECTATOR.

—Cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande supercilium— Juv.

Wednesday, April 16. 1712.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU have in some of your Discourses described most sort of Women in their distinct and proper Classes, as the *Aps*, the *Casars*, and many others; but I think you have never yet said any thing of a *Devotee*. A *Devotee* is one of those who disfigure Religion by their indiscreet and unreasonable Introduction of the mention of Virtue on all Occasion: She professes she is what no Body ought to doubt she is, and betrays the Labour she is put to, to be what she ought to be with *Chearfulness* and *Alacrity*. She lives in the World and denies her self none of the Diversions of it, with a constant Declaration, how insipid all things in it are to her. She is never her self but at Church; there she displays her Vertue, and is so fervent in her Devotions, that I have frequently seen her Pray her self out of Breath. While other young Ladies in the House are dancing, or playing at Questions and Commands, she reads aloud in her Closet. She says all Love is ridiculous, except it be celestial; but she speaks of the Passion of one Mortal to another with too much Bitterness, for one that had no jealousy mixed with her Contempt of it. If at any Time she sees a Man warm in his Addresses to his Mistress, she will lift up her Eyes to Heaven and cry, What Nonsense is that Fool talking? will the Bell never ring for Prayers? We have an eminent Lady of this Stamp in our Country, who pretends to Amusements very much above the rest of her Sex. She never carries a white Stock Dog with Bells under her Arm, nor a Squirrel, or Dormouse, in her Pocket, but always an abridg'd Piece of Morality to read out when she is sure of being observed. When she went to the famous Ass-Race (which I must confess was but an odd Diversion to be encouraged by People of Rank and Figure) it was not, like other Ladies, to hear those poor Animals bray, nor to see Fellows run naked, or to hear Country Squires in bob Wigs and white Girdles make love at the Side of a Coach, and cry Madam this is dainty Weather. Thus she defended the Diversion; for she went only to pray heartily that no body might be hurt in the Crowd, and to see if the poor Fellows Race, which was distressed with Grinning, might any Way be brought to it self again. She never chats over her Tea, but covers her Face, and is supposed in an Ecstasy before she takes a Sup. This ostentatious Behaviour is such an Offence to true Sanctity, that it disparages it; and makes Virtue not only unamiable but also ridiculous. The sacred Writings are full of Receptions which abhor this kind of Conduct; and a *Devotee* is so far from promoting Goodness, that she deters others by her Example. Folly and

Vanity in one of these Ladies, is like Vice in a Clergyman; it does not only debase himself, but makes the inconsiderate Part of the World think the world of Religion
I am,
S I R,

Your humble Servant,
Hotspur.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

EXception in his short Account of the *Spaniards* Common-wealth, speaking of the behaviour of their young Men in the Streets, says, There was so much Modesty in their Looks, that you might as soon have turned the Eyes of a marble Statue upon you as theirs; and that in all their behaviour they were more Modest than a Bride when put to Bed upon her wedding Nights. This Vertue, which is always join'd to Magnanimity, had such an Influence upon their Courage, that in Battle an Enemy could not look them in the Face; and they durst not but Dye for their Country.

Whenever I walk into the Streets of *London* and *Windsor*, the Countenances of all the young Fellows that pass by me, make me with my self in *Spain*: I met with such blustering Airs, big Looks, and bold Fronts, that to a superficial Observer would bespeak a Courage above those *Grecians*. I am arriv'd to that Perfection in Speculation, that I understand the Language of the Eyes, which would be a great Misfortune to me had I not corrected the testimony of old Age by Philosophy. There is scarce a Man in a red Coat who does not tell me, with a full Stare, he's a bold Man: I see several Swear inwardly at me, without any Offence of mine, but the odious of my Person: I meet Contempt in every Street, express'd in different Manners, by the scornful Look, the elevated Eye-brow, and the swelling Nostrils of the Proud and Prosperous. The Pretence I speak his disrespect by an extended Finger, and the Poet by sleeking out his Tongue. If a Country Gentleman appears a little Curious in observing the Edifices, Signs, Clocks, Coaches and Dials, it is not to be imagined how the polite Rabble of this Town, who are acquainted with these Objects, ridicule his rusticity. I have known a Fellow with a Burden on his Head tread an Hand down from his Load and lily twirl the Cock of a Squire's Hat behind him; while the offended Person is Swearing, or out of Countenance, all the Wagg-Wits in the Highway are grinning in Applause of the ingenious Rogue that gave him the Tip; and the Folly of him who had not Eyes all round his Head to prevent receiving it. These things arise from a general Affectation of Smartness, Wit and Courage; which

Wich 3

The SPECTATOR.

*Non ego mordaci distinxī carmine quenquam,
Nulla venenato littera mista joco est.* Ov.

Thursday, April 17. 1712.

I Have been very often tempted to write Invectives upon those who have detracted from my Works, or spoken in derogation of my Person; but I look upon it as a particular Happiness that I have always hinder'd my Resentments from proceeding to this Extremity. I once had gone through half a Satyr, but found so many Motions of Humanity rising in me towards the Persons whom I had severely treated, that I threw it into the Fire without ever finishing it. I have been angry enough to make several little Epigrams and Lampoons, and after having admired them a Day or two, have likewise committed them to the Flames. These I look upon as so many Sacrifices to Humanity, and have received much greater Satisfaction from the suppressing such Performances, than I could have done from any Reputation they might have procured me, or from any Mortification they might have given my Enemies, in case that made them publick. If a Man has any Talent in Writing, it shews a good Mind to forbear answering Calumnies and Reproaches in the same Spirit of Bitterness with which they are offered: But when a Man has been at some pains in making suitable returns to an Enemy, and has the Instruments of Revenge in his Hands, to let drop his Wrath, and still his Resentments, seems to have something in it Great and Heroical. There is a particular Merit in such a way of forgiving an Enemy, and the more violent and unprovoked the Offence has been, the greater still is the Merit of him who thus forgives it.

I never met with a Consideration that is more finely join'd, and what has better pleas'd me, than one in *Epistolas*, which places an Enemy in a new Light, and gives us a view of him altogether different from that in which we are us'd to regard him. The Sense of it is as follows: Does a Man reproach thee for being Proud or ill-natur'd, Envious or Conceited; Ignorant or Detracting? consider with thy self whether his Reproaches are true, if they are not, consider that thou art not the Person whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an Imaginary Being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, tho' he hates what thou appear'st to be. If his Reproaches are true, if thou art the envious ill-natur'd Man he takes thee for, give thy self another turn, become mild, affable and obliging, and his Reproaches of thee na-

turally cease: his Reproaches may indeed continue, but thou art not the Person whom he reproaches.

I often apply this Rule to my self, and, when I hear of a Satirical Speech or Writing that is aimed at me, I examine my own Heart, whether I deserve it or not. If I bring in a Verdict against my self, I endeavour to redress my Conduct for the future in those Particulars, which have drawn the Censure upon me; but if the whole invective be grounded upon a Falshood, I trouble my self no farther about it, and look upon my Name at the Head of it, to signify no more than one of those fictitious Names made use of by an Author to introduce an Imaginary Character. Why should a Man be sensible of the Sting of a Reproach, who is a Stranger to the Guilt that is implied in it? or subject himself to the Penalty, when he knows he has never committed the Crime? This is a Piece of Forecase, which every one owes to his own Innocence, and without which it is impossible for a Man of any Merit or Figure to live at peace with himself in a Country that abounds with Wit and Liberty.

The Famous Monsieur *Belair*, in a Letter to the Chancellour of *France*, who had prevented the Publication of a Book against him, has the following Words, which see a lively Picture of the Greatness of Mind to ribble in the Works of that Author. *He was a new thing, it may be I should not be displeased with the Suppression of the first Label that should arise, but since there are enough of 'em to make a small Library, I am secretly pleas'd to see the number increase, and take Delight in raising a Heap of Stones, that Envy has cast at me without doing me any harm.*

The Author here alludes to those Monuments of the Eastern Nations, which were Mountains of Stones raised upon the dead Body by Travellers, that us'd to cast every one his Stone upon it as they pass'd by it. It is certain that no Monument is so glorious as one which is thus raised by the Hands of Envy. For my part, I admire an Author for such a Temper of Mind, as enables him to bear an undeserv'd Reproach without Resentment, more than for all the Wit of any the finest Satirical Reply.

Thus

Thus far I thought necessary to explain my self in relation to those who have animosities on this Paper, and to shew the Reason why I have not thought fit to return them any formal Answer. I must further add, that the Work would have been of very little use to the Publick, had it been filled with Partisan Reflections and Debates, for which reason I have never once turned out of my way to observe those little Cavils which have been made against it by Envy or Ignorance. The common cry of Scribblers who have no other way of being taken notice of, but by attacking what has gained some Reputation in the World, would have furnished me with Business enough, had they found me disposed to enter the Lists with 'em.

I shall conclude with the Fable of *Baccalan's Traveller*, who was so pestered with the Noise of Grasshoppers in his Ears that he alighted from his Horse in great Wrath to kill them all. This, says the Author, was troubling himself to no manner of purpose: Had he pursued his Journey without taking notice of them, the troublesome Insects would have died of themselves in a very few Weeks, and he would have suffered nothing from them.

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Mr. Van Noll's Collection of Marble and Laidon Figures, Busts, noble Vases, Marble Tablets, and Chinese Figurines will be sold by Auction at his late dwelling House in Hyde Park Road, this afternoon, the 13th Instant. The Sale will begin exactly at Five of the Clock in the Afternoon, and Catalogues laid Gratis at the Place above mentioned.

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The SPECTATOR.

*Aptissima quæque dabunt Dii
Charior est illis homo quam sibi* — Juv.

Friday, April 18. 1712.

IT is owing to Pride, and a secret Affection of a certain Self-Evidence, that the noblest Motive for Action that ever was proposed to Man, is not acknowledged the Glory and Happiness of their Being. The Heart is treacherous to it self, and we do not let our Reflections go deep enough to receive Religion as the most honourable Incentive to good and worthy Actions. It is our natural Weakness to flatter our selves into a Belief, that if we search our inward Thoughts, we find our selves wholly disinterested, and directed of any Views arising from Self-Love and Vain-Glory. But, however Spirits of superficial Greatness may disdain at first Sight to do any thing, but from a noble Impulse in themselves, without any future Regards in this or another Being; upon stricter Enquiry they will find, to all worldly, and expect to be rewarded only in another World, is as heroic a Pitch of Virtue as humane Nature can arrive at. If the Tempour of our Actions have any other Motive than the Desire to be pleasing in the Eye of the Deity, it will necessarily follow that we must be more than Men, if we are not too much exalted in Prosperity and depressed in Adversity: But the Christian World has a Leader, the Contemplation of whose Life and Sufferings must administer Comfort in Affliction, while the Sense of his Power and Omnipotence must give them Humiliation in Prosperity.

It is owing to the forbidding and unlovely Constraint with which Men of low Conceptions act when they think they conform themselves to Religion, as well as to the more odious Conduct of Hypocrites, that the Word Christian does not carry with it at first View all that is Great, Worthy, Friendly, Generous, and Heroick. The Man who suspends his Hopes of the Reward of worthy Actions till after Death, who can bestow usens, who can overlook Hatred, do Good to his Slanderer, who can never be angry at his Friend, never revengeful to his Enemy, is certainly formed for the Benefit of Society: Yet these are so far from heroic Virtues, that they are but the ordinary Duties of a Christian.

When a Man with a steady Faith looks back on the great Calamities of this Day, with what bleeding Emotions of Heart must he contemplate the Life and Sufferings of his Deliverer? When

his Agonies occur to him, how will he weep to reflect that he has often forgot them for the Quares of a Woman, for the Applause of a vain World, for a Heap of fleeting and Fleeting, which are perfect King Sorrows?

How pleasing is the Contemplation of the lowly Steps our Almighty Leader took in condescending us to his heavenly Mansion! In plain and apt Parable, Similitude and Allegory, our great Master enforced the Doctrine of our salvation; but they of his Acquaintance, instead of receiving what they could not oppose, were offended at the Pretension of being wiser than they: They could not raise their little Ideas above the Condescension of him, in those Circumstances familiar to them, or conceive that he who appeared not more Terrible or Pompous, should have any thing more exalted than themselves; he in that Place therefore would no longer intentionally exert a Power which was incapable of Conquering the Prepossession of their narrow and mean Conceptions.

Multitudes follow'd him, and brought him the Dumb, the Blind, the Sick and Lam'd; when when their Creator had Touch'd, with a second Life they Saw, Spoke, Leap'd and Ran; no Affection to him, and Admission of his Actions, the Crowd could not leave him, but waded near him till they were almost as faint and helpless as others they brought for Succour: He had Compassion on them, and by a Miracle supplied their Need. Ob the Exalted Entertainment, when they could behold their Food immediately increase, so the Distributer's Hand, and see their God in Person Feeding and Refreshing his Creatures: Oh Enrapt Happiness! But why do I say Enrapt, as is our good God did not still perfide over our temperate Meals, cheerful Hopes, and innocent Conversations.

But tho' the Sacred Story at every where full of Miracles, not inferior to this, and tho' in the midst of those Acts of Divinity, he never gave the least hint of a Design to become a Secular Prince, yet had not hitherto the Apostles themselves any other than hopes of Worldly Power, Preeminence, Riches and Temp: For Paul, upon an Accident of Ambition among the Apostles, hearing his Masters explain that his Kingdom was not of this World; was so scandaliz'd, that he, when he had to long fol-

The SPECTATOR.

*Iustitiæ partes sunt non violare homines: Verecundiæ,
non offendere.* Tull.

Wednesday, April 2. 1712.

AS REGARD to Decency is a great Rule of Life in general, but more especially to be consulted by the Female World: I cannot overlook the following Letter, which deserves an egregious Offender.

MR. SPECTATOR,
I Was this Day looking over your Papers; and reading in that of *December* 24th with great Delight, the amiable Grief of *Sylvia* for the Absence of her Husband, it threw me into a great deal of Reflection. I cannot say but this stroke very much from the Circumstances of my own Life, who am a Soldier, and expect every Day to receive Orders; which will oblige me to leave behind me a Wife that is very dear to me, and that very desirably. She is, at present, I am sure, so way below your *Sylvia* for Conjugal Affection: But I see the Behaviour of some Women for little faulced in the Circumstances wherein my Wife and I shall soon be, that it is with a Reluctance I never knew before, I am going to my Duty. What puts me to perfect Pain, is the Example of a young Lady, whose Story you shall have as well as I can give it you. *Hercules*, an Officer of good Rank in Her Majesty's Service, happened in a certain Part of *England* to be brought to a Country-Gentleman's House, where he was received with that more than ordinary Welcome, with which Men of domestic Lives entertain such few Soldiers whom a military Life, from the Variety of Adventures, has rendered over-bearing, but humane, easy, and agreeable. *Hercules* stay'd here some Time, and had easy Access at all Hours, as well as unobscured Conversation at some Parts of the Day with the beautiful *Sylvia*, the Gentleman's Daughter. People who live in Cities are wonderfully struck with every little Country Abode they see when they take the Air; and 'tis natural to such to fancy they could live in every next Cottage (by which they pass) much happier than in their present Circumstances. The turbulent way of Life which *Hercules* was used to, made him reflect with much Satisfaction on all the Advantages of a future Retreat one Day; and among the rest, you'll think it not improbable, it might enter into his Thought, that such a Woman as *Sylvia* would consummate the Happiness. The World is so debauched with mean Considerations, that *Hercules* knew it would be received as an Act of Generosity, if he asked for a Woman of the highest Merit, without further Questions, of a Parent who had nothing to add to her personal Qualifications. The Wedding was celebrated at her Father's House: When that was over, the generous Husband did not proportion his Provision for her to the Circumstances of her Fortune, but considered

his Wife as his Darling, his Pride, and his Vanity; or rather that it was in the Woman he had choiced that a Man of Sense could show Pride or Vanity with any Excuse, and therefore adorned her with rich Habes and valuable Jewels. He did not however omit to admonish her that he did his very utmost in this, that it was an Obligation he could not but be guilty of to a Woman he had so much Pleasure in, desiring her to consider it as such; and begged of her also to take their Matters rightly, and believe the Gems, the Gowns, the Laces, would still become her better, if her Air and Behaviour was such, that it might appear she dressed this rather in Compliance to his Humour than Way, than out of any Value she herself had for the Trifles. To this Lesson, too hard for Women, *Hercules* added, that she must be sure to stay with her Friends in the Country till his Return. As soon as *Hercules* departed, *Sylvia* saw in her Looking-glass that the Love he conceived for her was wholly owing to the Accident of seeing her; and she is convinced it was only her Misfortune the rest of Mankind had not beheld her, or Men of much greater Quality and Merit had contended for one so gentle, so bred in Obscurity, so very witty, tho' never acquainted with Court or Town. She therefore resolved not to hide so much Excellence from the World, but without any Regard to the Absence of the most generous Man alive, she is now the gayest Lady about this Town, and has flung out the Thoughts of her Husband by a constant Retention of the vainest young Fellows that Age has produced; to entertain whom she squanders away all *Hercules* is able to supply her with, tho' that Supply is purchased with no less Difficulty than the Hazard of his Life.

Now, MR. SPECTATOR, would it not be a Work becoming your Office, to treat this Criminal as she deserves? You should give it the severest Reflections you can: You should tell Women, that they are more accountable for behaviour in absence, than after Death. The dead are not dishonoured by their Levities; the living may receive, and be thought at by empty Pops; who will not fail to turn into Ridicule the good Man, who is so unreasonable as to be still alive, and come and spoil good Company.

I am,

S I R,

Your most Obedient

Humble Servant,

All strictness of behaviour is so unmercifully laughed at in our Age, that the best of our mode Extreme is the most common Foyle. Let us any Woman consider which of the two Offences an Husband would the more easily forgive, that of being

ing less entertaining than the could to please Company, or eating the desires of the whole Room to his disadvantage; and she will easily be able to form her Conduct: We have indeed carried Women Characters too much into publick Life, and you shall see them now a-days affect a sort of Fame: But I cannot help venturing to dissuade them for their service, by telling them, that the utmost of a Woman's Character is contained in Domestic Life; she is Blameable or Praise-worthy according as her carriage affects the House of her Father or her Husband. All she has to do in this World, is contained within the Duties of a Daughter, a Sister, a Wife, and a Mother: All these may be well performed tho' a Lady should not be the very first Woman at an Opera, or an Assembly. They are likewise consistent with a moderate share of Wit, a plain Dress, and a modest Air. But when the very Stains of the Sex are turned, and they place their Ambition on Circumstances wherein to excel, 'tis no addition to what is truly Commendable. Where can this end, but as it frequently does in their placing all their Industry, Pleasure and Ambition on things, which will naturally make the Gratifications of Life last, at best no longer than Youth and good Fortune? And when we consider the least ill Consequence, it can be no less, than looking on their own condition as Years advance, with a disrelish of Life, and falling into Contempt of their own Persons, or being the derision of others. But when they consider themselves, as they ought, to other than an additional Part of the Species, (for their own Happiness and Comfort, as well that of those for whom they were born) their Ambition to excel will be directed accordingly; and they will in no part of their Lives want Opportunities of being shining Ornaments to their Fathers, Husbands, Brothers or Children.

The SPECTATOR.

Desipere in loco. Hor.

Monday, April 11. 1712.

Clerkenwell attended me the other Day, and made me a Preface of a large Sheet of Paper, on which is delineated a Pavement in Moock Work, lately discovered at Stowfield near Woodstock. A Person who has so much the Gift of Speech as Mr. Lobb, and can carry on a Discourse without Reply, had great Opportunity on that Occasion to expatiate upon so great a Piece of Antiquity. Among other things, I remember he gave me his Opinion, which he drew from the Ornaments of the Work, That this was the Floor of a *Reverend* *and* *ancient* *and* *consecrated*. Viewing this Work, made my Fancy run over the many gay Expressions I had read in ancient Authors, which contained Invitation to lay aside Care and Anxiety, and give a Loose to that pleasing Forgetfulness wherein Men put off their Characters of Business, and enjoy their very Selves. These Hours were usually passed in Rooms adorned for that Purpose, and set out in such a Manner, as the Objects all around the Company gladdened their Hearts; which, joined to the cheerful Looks of well-chosen and agreeable Friends, gave new Vigour to the Air, produced the latest Fire of the Modish, and gave Grace to the flow Humour of the Retired. A judicious Mixture of such Company, crowded with Chaplains of Flowers, and the whole Apartment glittering with gay Lights, cheered with a Profusion of Roses, artificial Falls of Water, and Intervals of soft Notes, to Songs of Love and Wine, suspended the Cares of humane Life, and made a Festival of mutual Kindness. Such Parties of Pleasure as these, and the Reports of the agreeable Passages in their Jellies, live in all Ages, awakened the dull Part of Mankind, to pretend to Mirth and good Humour without Capacity for such Entertainments; for if I may be allowed to say so, there are an hundred Men fit for any Employment, to one who is capable of passing a Night in Company of the first Town, without shocking any Member of the Society, overrating his own Part of the Conversation, but equally receiving and contributing to the Pleasure of the whole Company. When one considers such

Collections of Companions in past Times, and such as one might meet in the present Age, without how much spleen must a Man needs reflect upon the awkward Gayety of those who affect the Frolick with an ill Grace? I have a Letter from a Correspondent of mine, who desires me to admonish all these mischievous, airy, dull Companions, that they are mistaken in what they call a Frolick; Irregularity in its self is not what creates Pleasure and Mirth; but to see a Man who knows what Rule and Decency are, descend from them, and mix with a Company, is what demonstrates in a pleasant Companion. Instead of that, you find many whose Mirth consists only in doing things which do not become them, with a secret Conscience that all the World know they know better. To this is always added something mischievous to themselves or others. I have heard of some very merry Fellows, among whom the Frolick was banished, and passed by a great Majesty, that every Man should immediately draw a Tooth; after which they have gone in a Body and smothered a Cocker. The same Company, at another Night, has each Man burned his Crown; and one perhaps, whose Estate would bear it, has thrown a long Wig and laced Hat into the fire. Thus they have jested themselves stark naked, and run into the Streets, and frightened Women very successfully. There is no Inhabitant of any standing in *Green-Garden*, but can tell you a hundred good Humours, where People have come off with little Bloodshed, and yet lowered all the witty Hours of the Night. I know a Gentleman that has several Wounds in the Head by Watch-Poles, and has been thrice run through the Body to carry on a good Jest: He is very old for a Man of so much good Humour; but to this Day he is seldom merry, but he has occasion to be valiant at the same time. But by the Favour of these Gentlemen, I am humbly of Opinion, that a Man may be a very witty Man, and never offend one State of this Kingdom, nor exerting even that of Stabbing.

The Writers of Plays have what they call Unity of Time and Place to give a Justice to their Representation;

prelusions; and it would not be amiss if all who pretend to be Companions, would confine their Action to the Place of Meeting: For a Frolick carried further may be better performed by other Animals than Men. It is not so rid much Ground, or do much Mischief, that should denigrate a pleasant Fellow; but there is truly Frolick which is the Play of the Mind, and consists of various and unforced Sallics of Imagination. Festivity of Spirit is a very uncommon Talent, and must proceed from an Allbringe of agreeable Qualities in the same Person. There are some few whom I think peculiarly happy in it; but it is a Talent one cannot name in a Man, especially when one considers that it is never very graceful but where it is regulated by him who possesses it in the second Place. The best Man that I know of for heightening the Revel-Gaiety of a Company is *Effsworth*, whose jocular Humour dissolves itself from the highest Circle to an Entertainment to the meanest Waster. Merry Tales, accompanied with apt Gestures and lively Representations of Circumstances and Persons, begeth the gravest Mind into a Consent to bear humorous as himself. Add to this, that when a Man is in his good Graces, he has a Mimicry that does not degrade the Person he represents; but which, taking from the Gravity of the Character, adds to the agreeableness of it. This pleasant *Pantomime*, who is kind to have given the Audience, in *Dumb-Show*, an excellent Idea of any Character or Passion, or make an intelligible Relation of any publick Occurrence with no other Expectation than that of his Looks and Gestures. If all who have been obliged to these Talents in *Effsworth*, will be at *Love for Love* in *Mercury Night*, they will but pay him what they owe him; at to only a Rate as being present at a Play which no Body would omit seeing that had, or had not ever seen it before.

ADVERTISEMENT.

There being in said Number left of the LUCERATIONS OF ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.
Rel. 4 printed upon Royal and Johnson Paper, in a 4th
Svo. they are now to be sold by J. Tonson, W. Smith,
J. Rouse, R. Knappell, N. Cliff, R. A. Smith,
G. Serle, R. Parker, D. Midwinter, B. Tooke, J.
Weyd, D. Browne, E. Sanger, H. Clements, O.
Lloyd, C. Lillie, and J. Morphew.

N. B. They who have the First and Second Valours, may be furnished with the Third and fourth to complete their Set, by the Persons above.

At the Desire of several Ladies of Quality.
By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians.

At the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, this present Monday, being the 11th of April, will be performed, a Play called, The Trenchard; or, The Inhabited Island. as it was acted at Rome, by Signior de Wit, Dramatist, and did last year, by John, Fourth Lord. With new Scenes, Machinery, and all the Original Decorations proper to the Play. By His Majesty's Command our Patrons are so far admitted behind the Scenes.

At the Desire of several Ladies of Quality,
By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians.

At the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, to-morrow being Tuesday the 2nd of April, will be performed, a Comedy called *Love the Love*. For the Benefit of the African School. All the Fairs allowed to the best Advantage. By His Majesty's Command no Persons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

This Day is Open'd.

[illegible]

Notice is hereby given, That at Mr. William
Watkins's Auction Room, in Queen's Head Yard near the signpost to
St. James's Church, is sold by public auction, on Monday, August 14
1844, at 10 o'clock, per Saloon at 1 s. 5 c. per Quart, being a rich
Forest, but improved, and of the best growth in England.

This Day is Published,

The Judgment of the Church of England in the Case of *lay Baptism* and of *Infant Baptism*, by which it appears that She hath not, by any public Act of hers, made or declared *lay Baptism* to be invalid. The second Edition. With an Additional Letter from the *late John Calver*, afterwards Bishop of Durham, to Mr. Cressel, who framed his communication to the Assembly at *London*, from one of the members of the said Assembly. Printed for the *Oldfleet* A. Webb, London, Price 4s. 6d. This Edition is now may be had again, by the same Author, at the same Price.

New Music this Day Publish'd.

All the Songs Set to Music in the Joffe New Opera, off'd Handel, together with their Symphonies and Rhapsodies is a complete Master, as they are (various) in the Queen's Theatre, the whole Staff engaged and carefully Composed: Printed by J. Walsh, Surgeon in ordinary to Her Majesty, in the Strand and Wobly in Catherine-Street in the Strand, and J. Moore, the Stationer in Great-Street, near the Royal Exchange.

Just Published,

[illegible]

And today, published

The History of the Revolution in Portugal
Translated from the French Original published in Paris in 1795, by
1791, by the Abbé de Verne, of the Royal Academy of Letters, Sciences
and Eloquence, and of the History of the Revolution of France.
Being a Supplement of an Account of the Revolution in Portugal
in 1800 formerly published by the same Author, and now translated
according to him, the history stays longer, more particularly re-
lated and dated to the year 1806. Printed by David Bailly, in
London, 1807. By S. Crossland and C. Smith in Glasgow, at Ingram
& Co. 1807. 2d. 2nd. without Temple bar, and J. Grafton in St.
Martin's Lane.

[illegible]

The famous Bavarian Red Lingon

[illegible]

L O N D O N: Printed for Sam. Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little-Bruam; and Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane; where Advertisements are taken in; as also by Charles Lillie, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beauford-Buildings in the Strand.

The SPECTATOR.

*Torva lezena lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam.
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.* Virg.

Tuesday, April 22. 1712.

AS we were at the Club last Night, I observ'd that my Friend Sir ROGER, contrary to his usual Custom, sat very silent, and instead of minding what was said by the Company, was Whistling to himself in a very thoughtful Mood, and playing with a Cork. I jogg'd Sir ANDREW FREEPORT who sat between us; and as we were both observing him, we saw the Knight shake his Head, and heard him say to himself *A jollyd Woman! I can't believe it.* Sir ANDREW gave him a gentle pat upon the Shoulder, and offer'd to try him a Bottle of Wine that he was thinking of the Widow. My old Friend started, and recovering one of his brown Study, told Sir ANDREW, that once in his Life he had been in the right. In short, after some little Hefitation, Sir ROGER told us in the Fulness of his Heart, that he had just receiv'd a Letter from his Seward, which acquainted him, that his old Rival and Antagonist in the County, Sir DAVID DANDRUM, had been making a Visit to the Widow. However, says Sir ROGER, I can never think he'll have a Man that's half a Year older than I am, and a noted Republican into the Bargain.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who looks upon Love as his particular Province, interrupting our Friend with a jaunty Laugh, I thought, Knight, says he, thou hadst lived long enough in the World, not to pin thy Happiness upon one that is a Woman and a Widow. I think, that without Vanity, I may pretend to know as much of the Female World as any Man in Great Britain, tho' the chief of my Knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known. WILL, immediately, with his usual Fluency, rambl'd into an Account of his own Amours. I am now, says he, upon the Verge of Fifty, tho' by the way we all knew he was turn'd of Threescore. You may easily guess, continu'd WILL, that I have not lived so long in the World without having had some Thoughts of settling in it, as the Phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my Fortune that way, tho' I can't match boast of my Success.

I made my first Addressee to a young Lady in the County, but, when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a Conclusion, her Father happening to hear that I had formerly dined with a Surgeon, the old Put forbid me his House, and within a

Fortnight after married his Daughter to a Fox-hunter in the Neighbourhood.

I made my next Applications to a Widow, and attacked her so briskly, that I thought my self within a Fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one Morning, she told me, that she intended to keep her ready Money and Jointure in her own Hand, and desired me to call upon her Attorney in *Leaves-Lane*, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebusht by this Overture, that I never enquired either for her other Attorney or herwards.

A few Months after I address'd my self to a Young Lady, who was an only Daughter, and of a good Family; I danced with her at several Balls, squeezed her by the Hand, said soft things to her, and, in short, made no doubt of her Heart; and though my Fortune was not equal to hers, I was in Hopes that her good Father would not deny her the Man she had fix'd her Affections upon. But as I went one Day to the House, in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole Family in Confusion, and heard, to my unspeakable Surprise, that Miss Jemmy was that very Morning run away with the Butler.

I then courted a second Widow, and am at a loss, to this Day, how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my Person and Behaviour. Her Maid, indeed, told me one Day, that her Mistress had bid, the never show a Gentleman with such a Spindle Pair of Legs as Mr. HONEYCOMB.

After this I laid Siege to Four Heirelles successively, and being a handson young Dog in those Days, quickly made a Breach in their Hearts, but I don't know how it came to pass, tho' I seldom fail'd of getting the Daughters Consent, I could never in my Life get the old People on my side.

I could give you an Account of a thousand other unsuccessful Attempts, particularly of one which I made some Years since upon an old Woman, whom I had certainly bore away with flying Colours, if her Relations had not come pouring in to her Assistance from all Parts of England. Nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not the been carried off by an hard Frod.

As

The SPECTATOR.

—De paupertate tacentes
Plus poscente ferent— Hor.

Wednesday, April 23. 1712.

I Have nothing to do with the Business of this Day, any further than amending the piece of Latin on the head of my Paper; which I think a Motto not unsuitable, since if Silence of our Poverty is a recommendation, still more commendable is his Modesty who conceals it by a decent Dreß.

Mr. SPECTATOR,
THERE is an Evil under the Sun which has not yet come within your Speculation; and is, the Censure, Disesteem, and Contempt, which some young Fellows meet with from particular Persons, for the reasonable Methods they take to avoid them in general. This is by appearing in a better Dreß, than may lead to a Relation regularly consistent with a small Fortune; and therefore may occasion a Judgment of a futable Extravagance in other Particulars. But the disadvantage with which the Man of narrow Circumstances deals and speaks, is so feelingly set forth in a little Book called the *Christian's Store*, that the appearing to be otherwise is not only pardonable but necessary. Every one knows the hurry of Conclusions that are made in Contempt of a Person that appears to be calumnious, which makes it very excusable to prepare one's self for the Company of those that are of a superior Quality and Portance, by appearing to be in a better Condition than one is, so far as such appearance shall not make us really of worse.

It is a Justice due to the Character of one who suffers hard Reflections from any particular Person upon this Account, that such Person would inquire into his manner of spending his Time; of which, tho' no further Information can be had than that he remains in many Hours in his Chamber; yet if this is close'd, to imagine that a reasonable Creature wrong with a narrow Fortune does not make the best use of this Retirement, would be a Conclusion extremely uncharitable. From what has, or will be said, I hope to Consequence can be extorted, implying, that I would have any young Fellow spend more Time than the common leisure which his Studies requires, or more Money than his Fortune or Allowance may admit of, in the pursuit of an Ac-

quaintance with his Betters. For as to his Time, the great of that ought to be fixed to more substantial Acquisitions; for each irrevocable Moment of which he ought to believe he stands religiously Accountable. And as to his Dreß, I shall engage my self no further than in the modest Defence of two plain Suits a Year. For being perfectly fix'd in *Europe's* Contrivance of making a Model of a Man by presenting him with lac'd and embroidered Suits, I would by no means be thought to controvert that Consent, by insinuating the Advantages of Poppery. It is an assertion which admits of much proof, that a Stranger of tolerable Sense, dress'd like a Gentleman, will be better received by those of Quality above him, than one of much better Parts, whose Dreß is regulated by the rigid Notions of Frugality. A Man's Appearance falls within the Censure of every one that sees him; his Parts and Learning very few are Judges of; and even upon these few, they can't at first be well intruded, for policy and good breeding will Counsel him to be reserv'd among Strangers, and to support himself only by the common spirit of Conversation. Indeed, among the Injudicious, the Words Delicacy, Idiom, fine Images, Structure of Periods, Genius, Fire, and the rest, made use of with a frugal and comely Gravity, will maintain the figure of immense Reading and depth of Criticism.

All Gentlemen of Fortune, at least the young and middle Aged, are apt to pride themselves a little too much upon their Dreß, and consequent, by to value others in some measure upon the same Consideration. With what Confusion is a Man of Figure oblig'd to return the Civilities of the Host to a Person whose Air and Attire hardly entitle him to it? For whom nevertheless the other has a particular Esteem tho' he is advanced to have it challenged in so publick a Manner. It must be allow'd, that any young Fellow that affects to Dreß and appear genteelly, might with artificial Management save Ten Pound a Year, as much of fine Holland he might moorn in Sackcloth; and in other particulars be proportionably shabby; but of what great service would this Save be to avert any misfortune whilst

The SPECTATOR.

Lundibus arguitur Vini vinosus.— Hor.

Friday, April 25. 1712.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Temple, April 24.*
 Several of my Friends were this Morning
 got together over a Dish of Tea in very
 good Health, though we had celebra-
 ted Yesterday with more Glasses than
 we could have dispensed with, had we not been
 beholden to *Brooks* and *Hillier*. In Gratitude
 therefore to those good Citizens, I am, in the
 Name of the Company, to accuse you of great
 Negligence in overlooking their Merit who have
 imported true and generous Wine, and taken
 Care that it should not be adulterated by the Re-
 tailers before it comes to the Tables of private
 Families, or the Clubs of honest Fellows. I can
 not imagine how a SPECTATOR can be supposed to
 do his Duty, without frequent Resumption of
 such Subjects as concern our Health, the first thing
 to be regarded if we have a Mind to relish any
 thing else. It would therefore very well become
 your Spectatorial Vigilance to give it in Orders to
 to your Officer for inspecting Signs, that in his
 March he would look into the Inns where they deal
 in Provisions, and inquire where they buy their
 several Wares. Ever since the Decale of *Molly*
Molly Pass of agreeable and noisy Memory, I can
 not say I have observed any thing sold in Carts,
 or carried by Horse or Ass; or in fine, in any
 moving Market, which is not perished or putri-
 fied: Witness the Wheel-burrows of rotten Rai-
 sins, Almonds, Figs and Currants, which you
 see vendid by a Merchant dressed in a second-
 hand Suit of a Foot Soldier. You should con-
 sider that a Child may be poisoned for the Worth
 of a Farning; but except his poor Parents send
 to some certain Doctor in Town they can have no
 Advice for him under a Guinea. When Poisons
 are thus cheap and Medicines thus dear, how can
 you be negligent in inspecting what we eat and
 drink, or take no Notice of such as the above-
 mentioned Citizens who have been so serviceable
 to us of late in that Particular? It was a Custom
 among the old Romans, to do him particular Ho-
 nours who had saved the Life of a Citizen; how
 much more does the World owe to those who

prevent the Death of Multitudes? As these Men
 deserve well of your Office, so such as sell to the
 Detriment of our Health, you ought to represent
 to themselves and their Fellow-Subjects in the
 Colours which they deserve to wear. I think it
 would be for the publick Good, that all who
 vend Wines should be under Oaths in that Be-
 half. The Chairman at a Quarter Sessions should
 inform the Country, that the Vintner who mixes
 Wine to his Customers, shall upon Proof that the
 Drinker thereof died within a Year and a Day
 after taking it, be deemed guilty of wilful Mur-
 der; and the Jury should be instructed to require
 and present such Delinquents accordingly. It is
 no Mitigation of the Crime, nor will it be con-
 sidered that it can be brought in Chance Medley
 or Man-Slaughter, upon Proof that it shall ap-
 pear Wine joined to Wine, or right *Hirefordshire*
 poured into *Poor O Port*; but his selling it for
 one thing knowing it to be another, must justly
 bear the forefild Guilt of wilful Murder: For
 that he, the said Vintner, did an unlawful Act
 willingly in the false Mixture; and is therefore
 with Equity liable to all the Pains to which a Man
 would be, if it were proved he designed only to
 run a Man through the Arm, whom he whipped
 through the Lungs. This is my third Year
 at the Temple, and this is or should be Law. An
 ill Inference well proved, should meet with no
 Alleviation, because it out-ran it self. There
 cannot be too great Severity used against the In-
 justice as well as Cruelty of those who play with
 Mens Lives, by preparing Liquors whose Nature,
 we ought they know, may be noxious when mix-
 ed, tho' innocent when apart: And *Brooks* and
Hillier, who have ensured our Safety at our Meals,
 and driven Jealousy from our Cups in Conversa-
 tion, deserve the Custom and Thanks of the
 whole Town; and it is your Duty to remind
 them of the Obligation.

I am,

S I R,

Your humble Servant,

Tom Portle.

Mr.

Mr. SEECYAKOS.

I Am a Person who was long immered in a College, read much, saw little; so that I know no more of the World than what a Lecture or a View of the Map taught me. By this Means I improved in my Study, but became unpleased in Conversation. By conversing generally with the Deaf I grew almost unfit for the Society of the Living. So by a long Confinement, I contracted an ungainly Aversion to Conversation, and ever discoloured with pain to my self, and little Entertainment to others. At last I was in some Measure made sensible of my failings, and the Mortification of never being spoke to, or speaking, which the Discourse ran upon Books, put me upon forcing my self among the Living. I immediately affected the politest Company, by the frequent use of which I hoped to wear off the Rust I had contracted; but by an unsmooth Imitation of Men used to act in publick, I got no further than to discover I had a Mind to appear a finer thing than I really was.

Such I was, and such was my Condition, when I became an ardent Lover, and passionate Admirer of the beautiful *Arctura*. Then it was that I really began to improve. This Passion changed all my Fears and Diffidencies in my general Behaviour, to the sole concern of pleasing her. I had now to study the Action of a Gentleman, but Love possessing all my Thoughts, made me truly be the thing I had a Mind to appear. My Thoughts grew free and generous, and the Attention to be agreeable to her I admired, produced in my Carriage a firm foundation of that distinguished Manner of my *Arctura*. The way we are in at present, is that she fees my Passion, and fees I am inferior to her in speaking of it through prudential Reserve. This respect to her remains with much Civility, and makes my Value to her as a Lover a Misfortune to me, as it is difficult with Discretion. She sings very charmingly, and is readier to do so at my Request, because she knows I love her. She will Dance with me rather than another for the same Reason. My Fortune shall alter from what it is before I can speak my Heart to her, and her Circumstances are not considerable enough to make up for the narrowness of mine. But I write to you now only to give you the Character of *Arctura*, as a Woman that has address enough to demonstrate a gratitude to her Lover, without giving him hopes of Success in his Passion. *Arctura* has from a great Wit, governed by great Prudence, and both adorned with Innocence, the Happiness of always being ready to discover her real Thoughts. She has many of us, who now are her Admirers, but her Treatment of us, is so just and proportioned to our Merit towards her, and what we are in our selves; that I protest to you, I have neither Jealousy nor Hatred toward my Rivals. Such is her Goodness, and the Acknowledgment of every Man who admires her, that she thinks he ought to believe he will take him who best deserves her. I will not say, that this Peace among us is not owing to Self-love, which prompts each to think himself the best deserver. I think there is something uncommon and worthy of imitation in this Lady's Character. If you will please to Print my Letter, you will oblige

the little Fraternity of happy Rivals, and in a more particular Manner.

S I R,

Your most humble Servant's

Will. Gwynn

ADVERTISEMENTS.

At the Desire of some Persons of Quality.

For the Benefit of Mr. Booth.

By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians.

At the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

This people's Party being the 15th of April, will be presented, the Comedy of *Humour*, Prince of Denmark. Written by the famous Shakespeare. By Her Majesty's Command, as soon as it is to be advanced behind the scenes.

A choice Collection of ORIGINAL PICTURES by Great and famous Painters, will be sold by a Sale, on Friday the 15th May, 1781, at 10 o'clock, at the Theatre-Royal, in Drury-Lane, at Mr. Paine's, next House to the White Swan, in Drury-Lane, Corner Garden. Where Catalogues may be had, and of Mr. Cooper, at the House of the 15th of April.

At the Lace-Chamber on Ludgate-Hill, kept by Mary Perlin, is kept time over great Quantities of Rattail Hair, with variety of new Ribbon Patterns. She also has there her Crib, to sell all great Quantities of new Gilt to Retail.

At black and white Court in the Old-Baily, are two fine Yorkshire Golems of the best Breed, 1 Year old each, for ever trained. To be sold a Penny worth, also a good French Band one would think to quarrel, being of the best make, with or without a strong silver turning 60 for the Silver-elastic. Bought at the Mr. Cook.

The Swan Tavern in Old-Fish-street, a noted well furnished House, well stocked and in good Repair, as to Let, with a wine Building adjoining thereon. The Tavern is well kept and commodious, and the Cellage and all other Conveniences, to be had and properly placed. For more Enquiries, at Mr. John King at the Swan at the Back door of the Old Tavern, or at Mr. Robert Stiles, Attorney, in the Building next South-Market.

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The SPECTATOR.

*Strenua nos exercet inertia: Navibus atque
Quadrigris petimus bene vivere.* Hor.

Monday, April 28. 1712.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

A Lady of my Acquaintance, for whom I have too much Respect to be easy while she is doing an indiscreet Action, has given Occasion to this Trouble: She is a Widow, to whom the Indulgence of a tender Husband has entrusted the Management of a very great Fortune and a Son about sixteen, both which she is extremely fond of. The Boy has Parts of the middle Size, neither shining nor despicable, and has passed the common Exercises of his Years with tolerable Advantage; but is without what you would call a forward Youth. By the Help of this last Qualification, which serves as a Varnish to all the rest, he is enabled to make the best Use of his Learning, and display it at full Length upon all Occasions. Last Summer he distinguished himself two or three times very remarkably, by passing the Vice before an Assembly of most of the Ladies in the Neighbourhood; and from such weighty Considerations as these, as it soon often unfortunately falls out, the Mother is become inevitably persuaded that her Son is a great Scholar, and that to chain him down to the ordinary Methods of Education with others of his Age, would be to cramp his Faculties, and do an irreparable Injury to his wonderful Capacity.

I happened to visit at the House last Week, and missing the young Gentlemen at the Tea-Table, where he seldom fails to officiate, could not upon so extraordinary a Circumstance avoid inquiring after him. My Lady told me, He was gone out with her Woman, as ordered to make some Preparations for their Equipage; for that she intended very speedily to carry him to travel. The Oddness of the Expression shocked me a little; however, I soon recovered myself enough to let her know, that all I was willing to understand by it, was, that she designed this Summer to throw her Son his Estate in a distant County, in which he has never yet been! But she soon took care to rub me of that agreeable Mistake, and let me into the whole Affair. She enlarged upon young Master's prodigious Impetuosity, and his comprehensive Knowledge of all Book-Learnings conclusions. That it was now high Time he should be made acquainted with Men and Things; That the best resolved he should make this Tour of *France* and *Italy*, but could not bear to have him out of her Sight, and therefore intended to go along with him.

I was going to say, he is so extravagant a Resolution, but found my self not in fit Humour to meddle with a Subject that demanded the most soft and delicate Touch imaginable. I was afraid of dropping something that might seem to bear hard either upon the Son's Abilities or the Mother's Discretion; being sensible that in both these Cases, though supported with all the Powers

of Reason, I should, instead of gaining her La-
dyship over to my Opinion, only expose my self to her Displeasure; I therefore immediately determined to refer the whole Matter to the Spectator.

When I came to reflect at Night, as my Custom is upon the Occurrences of the Day, I could not but believe that this Humour of carrying a Boy to travel in his Mother's Lap, and that upon Pretence of learning Men and Things, is a Case of an extraordinary Nature, and carries on it a particular Stamp of Folly. I did not remember to have met with its Parallel within the Compass of my Observation, though I could call to mind none not extremely unlike it. From hence my Thoughts took occasion to ramble into the general Notion of Travelling, as it is now made a Part of Education. Nothing is more frequent than to take a Lad from Grammar and Law, and under the Tutelage of some poor Scholar, who is willing to be paid for thirty Pounds a Year and a little Victuals, send him crying and howling into foreign Countries. Thus he spends his Time as Children do at Puppet-Shows, and with much the same Advantage, in staring and gazing at an amazing Variety of strange things; strange indeed to one that is not prepared to comprehend the Reasons and Meaning of them; whilst he should be laying the solid Foundations of Knowledge in his Mind; and furnishing it with just Rules to direct his future Progress in Life under some skillful Master of the Art of Instruction.

Can there be a more astonishing Thought in Nature, than to consider how Men should fall into so palpable a Mistake? It is a large Field, and may very well exercise a sprightly Genius; but I don't remember you have yet taken a Turn in it. I wish, Sir, you would make People understand, that *Travel* is really the last Step to be taken in the Education of Youth; and that to fix out with it, is to begin where they should end. Certainly the true End of visiting foreign Parts, is to look into their Customs and Policies, and observe in what Particulars they excel or come short of our own; to unlearn some odd Peculiarities in our Manners, and wear off such awkward Selfnesses and Affectations in our Behaviour, as may possibly have been contracted from constantly associating with one Nation of Men, by a more free, general, and mixed Conversation. But how can any of these Advantages be attained by one who is a mere Stranger to the Customs and Policies of his native Country, and has not yet fixed in his Mind the first Principles of Manners and Behaviour? To endeavour it, is to build a gaudy Structure without any Foundation; or, if I may be allowed the Expression, to work a rich Embroidery upon a Cobweb.

Another End of Travelling which deserves to be considered, is the Improving our Taste of the best

best Authors of Antiquity, by seeing the Places where they lived, and of which they wrote; to compare the natural Face of the Country with the Descriptions they have given us, and observe how well the Picture agrees with the Original. This must certainly be a most charming Exercise to the Mind, that is rightly turn'd for it; besides, that it may in a good Measure be made Subservient to Morality, if the Person is capable of drawing just Conclusions concerning the Uncertainty of humane Things, from the various alterations of Time and Barbarity have brought upon so many Palaces, Cities, and whole Countries, which make the most illustrious Figures in History. And this Hint may be not a little improv'd by examining every Spot of Ground that we find celebrated as the Scene of some famous Action, or retaining any Foot-steps of a Cato, Ciceró or Brutus, as some such great Virtuous Man. A nearer View of any such particular, tho' really little and trifling in itself, may serve the more powerfully to warm a generous Mind to an Emulation of their Virtues, and a greater Assestment of Ambition to imitate their bright Examples, if it comes duly temper'd and prepared for the Impression. But this I believe you'll hardly think those to be who are so far from entering into the Sense and Spirit of the Ancients, that they don't yet understand their Language with any Exactness.

I can't quit this Head without paying my Acknowledgments to one of the most entertaining Pieces this Age has produc'd, for the Pleasure it gave me. You will easily guess, that the Book I have in my Head is Mr. Addison's Remark upon Italy. That Ingenious Gentleman has with so much Art and Judgment applied his exact Knowledge of all the Parts of Classical Learning to illustrate the several Occurrences of his Travels, that his Work alone is a pregnant Proof of what I have said. No Body that has a Taste this way, can read him going from Rome to Naples, and making Florence and Silver Italian his Chair, but he must feel some secret truth in himself to reflect that he was not in his Reserve. I am sure, I will do it Ten Times in every Page, and that not without a secret Vanity to think as what State I should have Travell'd the Appian Road with Hercules for a Guide, and in Company with a Country-man of my own, who of all Men living knows best how to follow his Steps.

But I have wonder'd from my Purposé, which was only to desire you to save, if possible, a fond Eve's Mother, and Mother's own Son, from being thrown a ridiculous Spectacle thro' the most polite Part of Europe. Pray tell them, that tho' to be scann'd or jumbled in an outlandish Stage-Coach may perhaps be healthful for the Constitution of the Body, yet it is apt to cause such distempers in young empty Heads, as too often lasts their Life-Time.

I am,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant,
Philip Homebred.

S I R,

Barchin-Lane,

I was Married on Sunday last, and went peacefully to Bed; but to my surprize was awakened the next Morning by the Thunder of a Set of Drums. These warlike Sounds (methinks) are very improper in a Marriage Context, and give great Offence; they seem to insinuate, that the joys of this State are short, and that Jars and Discord soon ensue. I fear they have been Ominous in many Matches, and sometimes prov'd

a prelude to a Battle in the Honey-Moon. A Noa from you may hault them; therefore pray, Sir, let them be silenced, that for the future none but soft Airs may Usher in the Morning of a Bridal Night, which will be a Favour not only to those who come after, but to me who can still subscribe myself.

Your most humble,
and most obedient Servant,
Robin Reideggroom

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Am one of that sort of Women whom the gayest Part of our Sex are apt to call a Prude. But to shew them that I have very little Regard to their Railery, I shall be glad to see them all at The Amorous Widow; or, The Womans Wits; which is to be Acted, for the Benefit of Mrs. Porter, on Monday the 26th Instant. I assure you I can Laugh at an Amorous Widow, or Womans Wife, with as little Temptation to imitate them, as I could at any other vicious Character. Mrs. Porter oblig'd me so very much in the enquisite Sense she seem'd to have of the honourable Sentiments and noble Passions in the Character of Hermione, that I shall appear in her behalf at a Comedy, tho' I have no great relish for any Entertainments where the Mirth is not seasoned with a certain Severity, which ought to recommend it to People who pretend to keep Reason and Authority over all their Actions.

I am,

S I R,

Your frequent Reader,
Almatina.

At the Desire of several Ladies of Quality. For the Benefit of Mrs. PORTER, who is on her Recovery from a severe Fever.

At the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, this present Monday being the 19th Day of April, will be presented a Comedy call'd, The Amorous Widow, or, The Womans Wits. By Mrs. Matilda's Command no Person is to be admitted behind the Scenes. And to morrow, being Tuesday, will be presented a Comedy call'd, Tuppence; or, The Son. For the benefit of Mr. Johnson.

A choice Collection of ORIGINAL PICTURES by several extraordinary good Hands, will be sold by Auction, on Friday the 2d of May, (and not on Thursday the 1st, as was formerly advertised,) at Mr. Bellin's, near St. Dunstons Church, in Fleet-Street, between 1 and 2 o'clock. The Pictures are, by Mr. Bellin's, the best Master of the 16th and 17th Centuries may be had, and of Mr. Cooper, at the three Figures, in half-Johns &c.

An extraordinary Collection of Original Pictures by the most celebrated Italian Masters, viz. Correggio, Titian, Paolo Veronese, Julio Romano, Tintoretto, Polce, Stefano, Carracci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Bernini, Francesco Albani, and others will be sold by Auction on Thursday the 2d of May, at Mr. Bellin's, near St. Dunstons Church, in Fleet-Street, between 1 and 2 o'clock. The Pictures are, by Mr. Bellin's, the best Master of the 16th and 17th Centuries may be had, and of Mr. Cooper, at the three Figures, in half-Johns &c.

Brooke and Heller give Notice, that having a fresh Supply of several Choice old French wines, and being as desir'd not only to sell all their Wines at once, but also at cheap as can possibly be afford, they have ordered their Servants to sell their Wines and Cellars to fill the Church-yard with a new Grave, 7 s. 6 d. per Gallon, and 2 Gallons for 14 l.

At black and white Court in the Old Bailey, are two fine Yorkshire Goldings at the last Week, 1 Year and come for, never bred: To be sold a Pennyworth, also a good fine Golding, 6 s. for the Shute, Daggert, or 12 s. Requires a store for Mr. Cook.

To be Sold by AUCTION.

On Wednesday the 30th Instant, at 11 o'clock, is an Appraisal in the Theatre-Royal-Tavern in St. James's-Street by Mr. James's Book, the Household Goods, and a fine Collection of Original Pictures by various good Masters, viz. a Gentleman who hath lately left of Widdow's, viz. a Rich Green Damask, and other Beds and Bedding, six India Chintzes, a few Leaf Indian Sews, two Turkey, Hangings and Carpets, Rich Rugs, and other Goods, the China, and some Kitchen Goods. To be sold this Day and to morrow before twelve o'clock in the afternoon on Thursday the 1st of May. Catalogues to be had at the Office.

At the Lace-Chamber on Ludgate-Hill, kept by Mary Perkins, is lately come over great Quantities of Flaxen Laces, with variety of new fashon Patterns: The buyer shall have his fill, to wit full great Pennyworths whole, full & small.

L O N D O N: Printed for Sam. Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little-Britain; and Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane; where Advertisements are taken in; as also by Charles Lellie, Perfumer, at the Corner of Bransford-Buildings in

The SPECTATOR.

Errat, & illinc

*Iluc venit, hinc illuc, & quolibet occupat artus
Spiritus: eque feris humana in corpora transit,
Inque feras noſter* ————— *Pythag. ap. Ov.*

Thursday, April 3. 1732

WILL. HONEYCOMB, who loves to shew upon occasion all the little Learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the Club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the Transmigration of Souls; and that the Eastern parts of the World believed in that Doctrine to this Day. Sir Paul Foss, says he, gives us an account of several well-disposed Mahometans that purchase the Freedom of any little Bird they see confined to a Cage, and think they merit as much by it, as we should do here by releasing any of our Countrymen from their Captivity at Algiers. You must know, says WILL, the reason is, because they consider every Animal as a Brother or a Sister in disguise, and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their Charity to them, tho' under such mean Circumstances. They'll tell you, says WILL, that the Soul of a Man, when he dies, immediately passes into the Body of another Man, or of some Beast, which he resembles in his Humour, or his Fortune, when he was one of us.

As I was wondering what this profusion of Learning would end in, WILL told us, that Jack Freestone, who was a Fellow of Wain, made Love with one of those Ladies who throw away all their Fondness upon Parrots, Monkeys and Lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a Visit one Morning, to seek a very pretty Epistle upon this Head, Jack says he, was conducted into the Parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her Favourite Monkey, which was chained in one of the Windows; till at length observing a Pen and Ink lie by him, he wrote the following Letter to his Mistress in the Person of the Monkey, and upon her not coming down as soon as he expected, left it in the Window, and went about his Business.

The Lady soon after coming into the Parlour, and seeing her Monkey look upon a Paper with great Enthusiasm, took it up, and to this Day it is in some doubt, says WILL, whether it was written by Jack, or the Monkey.

Milam,

NOT having the Gift of Speech, I have a long time waited in vain for an Opportunity of making my self known to you, and having at present the Conveniences of Pen, Ink and Paper by me, I gladly take the Occasion of giving you my History in Writing, which I could not do by Word of Mouth. You must know, Madam, that about a thousand Years ago I was an Indian Bencherman, and versed in all those mysterious Sciences which your European Philosophers, called Pythagoras, is said to have learned from our Forefathers. I had for my Master my self by my great Skill in the Occult Sciences with a Demon whom I used to converse with, that he promised to grant me whatever I should ask of him. I desired that my Soul might never pass into the Body of a brute Creature; but this he told me was not in his Power to grant me. I then begged that into whatever Creature I should chance to Transmigrate, I might still retain my Memory, and be conscious that I was the same Person who lived in different

Animals. This he told me was within his Power, and accordingly promised on the Word of a Demon, that he would grant me what I desired. From that time forth I lived in very unblameably, and thus I was made President of a College of Bencherman; an Office which I discharged with great Integrity till the Day of my Death.

I was then transfused into another Human Body, and acted my part to very well in it, that I became first Minister to a Prince who reigned upon the Banks of the Ganges. I here lived in great Honour for several Years, but by degrees lost all the Innocence of the Bencherman, being obliged to ride and oppress the People to enrich my Sovereign; till at length I became so odious, that my Master, to recover his Credit with his Subjects, shot me through the Heart with an Arrow, as I was one Day addressing my self to him at the head of his Army.

Upon my next Remove I found my self in the Woods, under the Shape of a Jack-eal, and soon killed my self in the Service of a Lion. I died to yelp near his Den about Midnight, which was his time of roosting and seeking after his Prey. He always followed me in the Rear, and when I had run down a far Back, a wild Goat, or an Hare, after he had feasted very plentifully upon it himself, would now and then throw me a Bone that was but half picked for my Encouragement; but upon my being unsuccessful in two or three Chases, he gave me such a confounded gripe in his Anger, that I died of it.

In my next Transmigration I was again set upon two Legs, and became an Indian Tanager; but having been guilty of great Extravagancies, and being married to an expensive Jade of a Wife, I ran so curiously in Debt, that I durst not show my Head. I could no longer keep out of my House, but I was arrested by some Body or other that lay in wait for me. As I ventured abroad one Night in the Dark of the Evening, I was taken up and hurried into a Dungeon, where I died a few Months after.

My Soul then entered into a dying-fish, and in that State led a most melancholy Life for the Space of Six Years. Several Fishes of Prey pursued me when I was in the Water, and if I detour'd my self to my Wings it was ten to one but I had a Stock of Bees stinging at me. As I was one Day dying amidst a Flock of Egreys, Ships, I observed an huge Sea-Gull, watching his Bill and hovering just over my Head. Upon my dipping into the Water to avoid him, I fell into the Mouth of a monstrous Shark that swallowed me down in an instant.

I was some Years afterwards, to my great surprise, an eminent Banker in Lombard Street, and remembering how I had formerly suffered for want of Money, became to very sordid and avaricious, that the whole Town cried shame of me. I was a miserable little dead Yellow to look upon, for I had in a manner starved my self, and was nothing but Skin and Bone when I died.

The SPECTATOR.

*Consuetudinem benignitatis largitioni Munerum longe antepo-
no. Hæc est Graviorum hominum atque Magnorum: Illa
quasi assentatorum populi, multitudinis levitatem voluptate
quasi titillantium.* Tull.

Monday, April 7. 1712.

WHEN we consider the Office of humane Life, there is, methinks, something in what we ordinarily call Generosity, which, when carefully examined, seems to flow rather from a loose and unguarded Temper, than an honest and liberal Mind. For this Reason it is absolutely necessary, that all Liberty should have for its Basis and Support Paucity. By this Means the beneficent Spirit arises in a Man from the Conviction of Reason, not from the Impulse of Passion. The generous Man, in the ordinary Acceptation, without respect to the Demands of his own Family, will first find, upon the Foot of his Account, that he has sacrificed to Fools, Knaves, Flatterers, or the deliriously unhappy, all the Opportunities of affording any future Assistance where it ought to be. Let him therefore reflect, that it to bestow be in it self laudable, should not a Man take Care to secure an Ability to do things Præsumptuously as long as he lives? Or could there be a more cruel Piece of Rallery upon a Man than should have reduced his Fortune below the Capacity of acting according to his natural Temper, than to say of him, *That Gentleman was generous*. My beloved Author therefore lies, in the Sentence on the Top of my Paper, turned his Eye with a certain Satire from beholding the Address to the People by Largeffes and publick Entertainments, which he affirms to be in general vicious, and one always to be regulated according to the Circumstances of Time and a Man's own Fortune. A constant Benignity in Commerce with the rest of the World, which ought to run through all a Man's Actions, has Effects more useful to those whom you oblige, and less ostentatious in your self. He sees his Recommendation of this Virtue in commercial Life; and according to him, a Citizen who is frank in his Kindness, and abhors Severity in his Demands; he who in buying, selling, lending, doing acts of good Neighbourhood is just and easy; he who appears naturally averse to Disputes, and above the Sense of little Sufferings, bears a robber Character, and does much more Good to Mankind than any other Man's Fortune without Commerce can possibly support. For the Citizen above all other Men has Opportunities of arriving at that higher Part of Wealth, *rebus liberalioribus*, that is, *rebus* of a Man's own Fortune. It is not to be denied but such a Practice is liable to Hazard; but this therefore adds to the Obligation, that, among Traders, who are obliged as it is much encouraged to keep the Peace a Secret, is he who receives it. The unwhimsy Distinctions among us in England are so great, that to celebrate the intercourse of commercial

Friendship (with which I am daily made acquainted) would be to raise the virtuous Man from his necessities of the contrary Party. I am obliged to conceal all I know of Ten or twenty, who look at the ordinary Interest, to give Men of less Fortune Opportunities of making greater Advantages. He conceals under a rough and distant Behaviour a bleeding Compassion and womanish Tenderness. This is governed by the most exact Circumspection, that there is no Indulency waiting in the Person whom he is to serve, and that he is guilty of no improper Expenses. This I know of too, but who dares say it of so known a Tory? The same Care I was forced to use some Time ago in the Receipt of another's Virtue, and said First instead of an Hundred, because the Man I pointed at was a Whig. Actions of this Kind are popular without being inhumane, for every Man of ordinary Circumstances looks upon a Man who has this known Benignity in his Nature, as a Person ready to be his Friend upon such Terms as he ought to expect to be and the Wealthy, who may envy such a Character, can do no Injury to his Interest but by the limitation of it, in which the good Citizens will rejoice to be recalled. I know not how to turn to myself a greater Idea of humane Life, than in what is the Practice of some wealthy Men whom I could name, that make no Step to the improvement of their own Fortunes, wherein they do not also advance those of other Men, who would languish in Poverty without that Assistance. In a Nation where there are so many publick Funds to be supported, I know not whether he can be called a good Subject, who does not imburk some Part of his Fortune with the State to whose Vigilance he owes the security of the whole. This certainly is an moderate Way of laying an Obligation upon many, and exercising your Benignity the furthest a Man can possibly, who is not engaged in Commerce, like he who Trades, besides giving the State some part of this sort of Credit he gives his Banker, may in all the Occurrences of his Life, have his Eye upon removing Waste from the Door of the Industrious, and defending the unhappy upright Man from Bankruptcy. Without this benignity, Pride or Vengeance will predominate a Man to chafe the Receipt of half his Demands from one whom he has undone, rather than the whole from one to whom he has shown Mercy. This Benignity is essential to the Character of a fair Trader, and any Man who designs to enjoy his Wealth with Honour and Self Satisfaction; Nay it would not be hard to maintain, that the Practice of supporting good and industrious Men, would drive a Man

Man further, even to his Pride, than indulging the Propensity of feeling and obliging the Fortunate. My Author argues on this Subject, in order to incline Men's Minds to those who want them most, after this Manner. *We must always consider the Needs of things, and govern our silver accordingly. The wealthy Man when he has repaid you, it upon a Balance with you; but the Person whom you favoured with a Loan, if he be a good Man, will think himself in your Debt after he has paid you. The Wealthy and the Circumstances are not obliged by the benefits you do them, they think they conferred a Benefit when they receive one. Your good Officers are always justified, and it is with them the same thing to expect their favour as to receive it. But the Man below you, who knows in the good you have done him, you repaided himself more than his Circumstances, does not all his an obliged Man only to him from whom he has received a Benefit, but also to all who are capable of doing him one. And whoever little Officers be can do for you, he is so far from neglecting it, that he will labour to estimate it in all his Actions and Expressions. Moreover the regard to what you do is a great Man, as hath taken Notice of no further than by himself or his Family; but what you do is a Man of an humble Fortune, (provided always that he is a good and a useful Man) raises the Affectionate regards you, of all Mankind for that Character (of which there are many) in the whole City.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

[illegible]

This Edition of *Don Quixote* is printed in *Quarto* with the same Letter and Paper, as Hooper, Virgil, Terence, &c. are. These have been already printed in Cambridge, and it is to be sold in *Quarto* upon Payment of an Guinea down, for which a Receipt will be given, entitling the Buyer to Ovid's Works in *Quarto* Palimpsest, *Quanto in Theatro* (Printed after the same Manner) paying an Guinea more upon the Delivery thereof. Ovid is now actually in the Press, some Sheets of which are to be sent as the *Plant* above, and will be printed before the End of this Year.

At the Desire of several Persons of Quality.
By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians.

[illegible][illegible]

Now, Their New-Furn, Juke loaded, being the only New Furn in Merchants Hands, and above one Half of all that is in London, will begin to be sold, as the old Furns, the 14th Instant, as all other Taverns and Cellars, for their natural Rats Your is sold only under St. James's Market house at 5 s. 6 d. per Quart, without any Allowance for a Super Quantity.

In Bond's Court, the second Door on the Left-hand in Wallbrook near Southwicket, is kept a profitable Sale, where the Merchant for Sale of Numbers and Letters, those Books are exposed for the Advantage of all Purchasers, who will receive Compensation for the money they advance, as will appear by the Proposals in the said Office at the Place of Sale. Attendance is given from 9 to 12, and from 2 till 4. Now, The Office removed from the Balpham Coffee-house in Cornhill.

A six Years old strong Bay Gelding, to be sold a
Ferry north, at the Angel in Wick-street behind St. Clement's

A small Distance from Mr. Lamb's House at East-Athol, is to be Let, a good House of 4 Rooms of a Fire, with Coach house, Stable, Garden, and Orchard, with 2 very sober Cow, besides, all in very good Repair. Inquire at Mr. Lamb's as above, or at Mr. Maffin, in Lombard Street.

In a few Days will be published,

[illegible]

L O N D O N: Printed for Sam. Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little-Britain; and Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane; where Advertisements are taken in; as also by Charles Lillie, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beauford-Buildings in the Strand. T

The SPECTATOR.

Quis furor o Cives! quæ tanta licentia ferri!

Lucan.

Tuesday, April 8. 1712.

I Do not question but my Country Readers have been very much surpris'd at the several Accounts they have met with in our Publick Papers of that Species of Men among us, lately known by the Name of *Mohocks*. I find the Opinion of the Learned, as to their Origin and Deliquit, are altogether various, inasmuch that very many begin to doubt whether indeed there were ever any such Society of Men. The Terror which spread itself over the whole Nation some Years since, on account of the *brigs*, is still fresh in most People's Memories, tho' it afterwards appeared there was not the least ground for that general Condemnation.

The late pannick Fear was, in the Opinion of many deep and penetrating Persons, of the same Nature. These will have it, that the *Mohocks* are like those Species and Apparitions which frighten several Towns and Villages in her Majesty's Dominions, tho' they were never seen by any of the Inhabitants. Others are apt to think that these *Mohocks* are a kind of Bull-beggars, first invented by prudent married Men, and Masters of Families, in order to deter their Wives and Daughters from taking the Air at unreasonable Hours; and that when they tell them the *Mohocks* will catch them, it is a Caution of the same nature with that of our Fore-fathers, when they bid their Children have a care of *Kaw-head* and *Blowdy-bones*.

For my own part I am afraid there was too much reason for that great Alarm the whole City has been in upon this occasion; tho' at the same time I must own that I am in some doubt whether the following Pieces are Genuine and Authentic, and the more so, because I am not fully satisfied that the Name by which the Emperor subscribes himself, is altogether conformable to the *Indian Orthography*.

I shall only further inform my Readers, that it was sometime since I received the following Letter and Manifesto, tho' for particular Reasons I did not think fit to publish them till now.

To the SPECTATOR.

S I R,

Finding that our earnest Endeavours for the good of Mankind have been safely and successfully represented to the World, we find you enclosed our Imperial Manifesto, which it is our Will and Pleasure that you forthwith communicate to the Publick, by inserting it in your next daily Paper. We do not doubt of your ready Compliance in this particular, and therefore bid you heartily farewell.

Sign'd,

Taw Waw Eben Zus Katadar,
Emperor of the Mohocks.The Manifesto of Taw Waw Eben Zus Katadar,
Emperor of the Mohocks.

WHEREAS we have received Information, from sundry Quarters of this great and populous City, of several Outrages committed on

the Legs, Arms, Noes, and other Parts of the good People of England, by such as have killed themselves our Subjects; In order to vindicate our Imperial Dignity from those false Aspersions which have been cast on it, as if we our selves might have encouraged or abetted any such Practices; We have, by these Presents, thought fit to signify our utmost Abhorrence and Detestation of all such tumultuous and irregular Proceedings; and do hereby further give Notice, that if any Person or Persons has or have suffered any Wound, Hurt, Damage or Detriment in his or their Limb or Limbs, otherwise than shall be hereafter Specified, the said Person or Persons, upon applying themselves to such as we shall appoint for the Inspection and Redress of the Grievances aforesaid, shall be forthwith committed to the Care of our principal Surgeons, and be cured at our own Expence, in some one or other of those Hospitals which we are now erecting for that purpose.

And to the end that no one may either thro' Ignorance or Inadvertency incur those Penalties which we have thought fit to inflict on Persons of loose and dissolute Lives, we do hereby notify to the Publick, that if any Man be knocked down or assaulted while he is employed in his lawful Business, at proper Hours, that it is not done by our Order; and we do hereby permit and allow any such Person so knocked down or assaulted to rise again, and defend himself in the best manner that he is able.

We do also command all and every our good Subjects, that they do not presume upon any Pretence whatsoever to stirre and stir up from their respective Quarters till between the Hours of Eleven and Twelve. That they never *Top the Lion* upon Man, Woman or Child till the Clock at St. Dunstons shall have struck One.

That the *Sun* be never given out between the Hours of One and Two; always provided, that our *Houses* may begin to *Howl* a little after the close of the Evening, any thing to the contrary herein notwithstanding. Provided also that if ever they are reduced to the necessity of *Picking* it shall always be in the most sly Part, and such as are least exposed to view.

It is also our Imperial Will and Pleasure, that our good Subjects the *Swarthies* do establish their *Hawseovers* in such close Places, Alleys, Nookes, and Corners, that the Patient or Patients may not be in danger of catching Cold.

That the *Towlers*, to whose Care we chiefly commit the Female Sex, confine themselves to *Dress-lane* and the *Purlicues of the Temple*; and that every other Party and Division of our Subjects do each of them keep within the respective Quarters we have allotted to them. Provided nevertheless, that nothing herein contained shall in any wise be construed to extend to the *Housewives*, who have our full Licence and Permission to enter into any part of the Town where-ever their Game shall lead them.

And

The SPECTATOR.

Invidiam placare parat virtute relicta? Hor.

Wednesday, April 9. 1712.

THE SPECTATOR.
 I HAVE not seen you lately at any of the Places where I visit, so that I am afraid you are wholly unacquainted with what passes among my part of the World, who are, tho' I say it, without Controversy, the most accomplished and best bred of the Town. Give me Leave to tell you, that I am extremely disappointed when I hear Scandal, and am an avowed Enemy to all manner of Detraction, and think it the greatest Manners that People of Distinction can be guilty of: However, it is hardly possible to come into Company, where you do not find them pulling one another to pieces, and that from no other Provocation but that of hearing any one commended. Merit, both as to Wit and Beauty, is become no other than the Possession of a few trifling People's Favour, which you cannot possibly arrive at, if you have really any thing in you that is differing. What they would bring to pass, is, to make all Good and Evil consist in Report, and with Whispers, Calumnies and Impertinencies, to have the Conduct of those Reports. By this means Innocents are blasted upon their first Appearance in Town; and there is nothing more required to make a young Woman the Object of Envy and Hatred, than to deserve Love and Admiration. This abominable Endeavour to suspect or lessen every thing that is Praise-worthy, is as frequent among the Men as the Women. If I can remember what passed at a Visit last Night, it will serve as an Instance that the Sexes are equally inclined to Detraction, with equal Malice, with equal Impudence. Jack Triplet came into my Lady Argle's about Eight o'Clock: You know the manner we sit at a Visit, and I need not describe the Circle; but Mr. Triplet came in, introduced by two Tapers supported by a Spence Servant, whose Hair is under a Cap till my Lady's Candles are all lighted up, and the Hour of Ceremony begins: I say Jack Triplet came in, and singing (for he is really good Company) *Every Creature, thinking Creature; he went on. It is a most admirable thing, that People cannot go peaceably in for their Friends, but these Murderers are in Joy. Such a Shape! Jack was not what a Grace was that at her Character passed by mine.*— My Lady herself interrupt-

ed him; *Pray who is this fine thing?— I warrant, says another, 'tis the Creature I was talking your Lady.* Stop of just now. You were telling of it says Jack; I wish I had been so happy as to have come in and heard you, for I have not Words to say what she is. But if an agreeable Height, a modest Air, a Virgin Smile, and Impatience of being beheld, amidst a Blaze of ten thousand Charms— The whole Room flew out— Oh Mr. Triplet! When Mrs. Lefey, a known Prude, said she believed she knew whom the Gentleman meant; but she was indeed, as he civilly repented her, impatient of being beheld— Then turning to the Lady next to her— *The most useful Creature you ever saw.* Another pursued the Discourse: As indeed, Madam, as you may think her, she is extremely beloved if she is the Novice she appears. She was last Week at a Ball till Two in the Morning. Mr. Triplet knows whether he was the happy Man that took Care of her Home; but— This was followed by some particular Exceptions that each Woman in the Room made to laud peculiar Grace or Advantage; so that Mr. Triplet was beaten from one Limb and Feature to another, till he was forced to resign the whole Women. In the End, I took Notice Triplet recorded all this Malice in his Heart; and saw in his Countenance, and a certain waggish Shrug, that he designed to repeat the Conversation. I therefore let the Discourse die, and soon after took an Occasion to commend a certain Gentleman of my Acquaintance for a Person of singular Modesty, Courage, Integrity, and what as a Man of an extraordinary Conversation, to which Advantages he had a Shape and Manner peculiarly graceful. Mr. Triplet, who is a Woman's Man, listened to hear me with Patience enough to commend the Qualities of his Mind: He never heard indeed but that he was a very honest Man and no Fool, but for a fine Gentleman he must ask Pardon. Upon no other Foundation than this, Mr. Triplet took Occasion to give the Gentleman's Pedigree, by what Methods some Part of the Estate was acquired, how much it was beholden to a Marriage for the present Circumstances of it: After all, he could for nothing but a common Man in his Person, his Breeding, or Understanding.

T

The SPECTATOR.

Sine me, Vacuom tempus ne quod duim mihi Laboris.
Ter. Heau.

Monday, August 11. 1712.

IT is an incredible Pleasure, to know a little of the World, and be of so Character or Significancy in it. To be ever unacquainted, and ever looking on new Objects with an undisch'd Curiosity, is a Delight known only to those who are turned for Speculation. Nay, they who employ it, make value of things only as they are the Objects of Speculation, without drawing any worldly Advantage to themselves from them, but just as they are what contribute to their Amusement, or the Improvement of the Mind. I lay one Night last Week at Richmond, and being retired, out of all Disturbances, but a certain busy Inclination, our sometimes has, I arose at Four in the Morning, and took Four for London, with a Resolution to rove by Boat and Coach for the next Four and twenty Hours, till the many different Objects I must needs meet with should tire my Imagination, and give me an Inclination to a Repose more profound than I was at that Time capable of. I beg People's Pardon for so odd a Humour I am guilty of, and was often that Day, which is falling any Person whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a Particularity would be tolerated in me, if they considered that the greatest Pleasure I know I receive at my Eyes, and that I am inclin'd to an agreeable Reason for coming abroad into my View, as another is for a Value of Conversation at their own Houses.

The Hours of the Day and Night are taken up in the Cities of London and Westminster by People so different from each other as those who are born in different Centuries. Men of Six a Clock give Way to those of Nine, they of Nine to the Generation of Twelve, and they of Twelve disappear, and make Room for the formidable World, who have made Twelve a Clock the Noon of the Day.

When we first get out from Shore, we soon fall in with a Fleet of Gardiners bound for the several Market-Towns of London, and it was the most pleasing Scene imaginable to see the Chearful Folk with which those industrious People ply'd their Way to a certain Sale of their Goods. The Banks on each Side are so well peopled, and beautify'd with so agreeable Plantations, as any Spot on the Earth: but the Thames is self loaded with the Product of each Shore, added very much to the Land-side. It was very easy to observe by their Sailing, and the Countenances of the ruddy Virgin who were Spectators, the Parts of the Town to which they were bound. There was an Air in the Purveyors for *Chips Garden*, who frequently converse with Morning Rakes, very unlike the feebly Society of those bound for *St. James's*.

Nothing remarkable happen'd in our Voyage; but I landed with Ten Gall of *Applecock* Boats at *Strand-Wharf*, after having put in at *New-Bauer*, and taken in Melons, confid'd by Mr. Cade of that Place, to *Samuel Smith* and Company, at their Stall in *Green-Garden*. We arriv'd at *Strand-Wharf* at Six of the Clock, and were unloading; when the

Blackney-Cochmen of the foregoing Night took their Leave of each other at the *Black-Horse*, to go to Bed before the Day was too far spent. Churny-Sweepers pass'd by us as we made up to the Market, and some Railery happen'd between one of the *Erwin* Wenchies and those black Men about the Devil and his, with a Relation to their several Professions. I could not believe any Piece more entertaining than *Cooper-Gardens*, where I stroll'd from one Fountain to another, with Groups of agreeable young Women around me, who were purchasing Fruit for their respective Families. It was almost Eight of the Clock before I could leave that Variety of Objects. I took Coach and followed a young Lady, who tripp'd into another just before me, attended by her Maid. I saw immediately the way of the Family of the *Countess*. I was not a Son of theirs, who of all things affect the Play of *Shammas's* *Laugh*, and leading Men into Love, for they know not whom, who are find they know not where.

This Sort of Woman is usually a jolly Glancing, she hangs on her Coach, plays her Head, varies her Powers, and changes Place incessantly and all with an Appearance of sitting at the same time to hide her face, and yet give you to understand that in Honour to laugh at you. You must have often seen the Coachmen make Signs with their Fingers as they drive by each other, to intimate how much they have got that Day. They can carry on that Language to great Intelligence when they are driving. In an instant my Coachman took the Watch to point out the Lady's Drive gave the Host that he was going through *St. James's* towards *St. James's*. While he was up at *St. James's*, we drove out *Coopers*, to see the Falls at *St. James's*. The Coachmen make Care to meet, salute, and salute each other by the Way, and be engaged at the End of *St. James's* and *Long-Acre*. The Knight, you may believe, brought down the Lady's Coach Down and oblig'd her with her Black off, to enquire into the Bullie, when she took the Man the would avoid. The Tackle of the Coach Window as it had the cannot draw is up again, and the drivers sometimes wholly discovered, and sometimes half decap'd, according to the Accident of Carriage in her Way. One of the Ladies keeps her Seat in a Blackney-Coach as well as the best Rider does in a managed Horse. The laced Shoes of her Left Foot, with a carle's Graces, all appearing on the upper Calf, held her both firm, and was proper to make her cease the next foot.

As she was up, excellent Coach-Women, many were the Glances at each other, which we had for an Hour and an Half in all Parts of the Town by the Skill of our Drivers: till at last my Lady was conscientiously left with Notice from her Coachman to ours to make off, and he should hear where the went. This Coach was now at an End, and the Fellow who drove her came to us, and discover'd that he was ordered to come again in an Hour, for that

The SPECTATOR.

*Ignotis errare locis, ignota videre
Flumina gaudebat; studio minuente laborem. Ov.*

Thursday, July 3. 1712.

THE Pleasures of the Imagination are not wholly confined to such particular Authors as are conversant in material Objects, but are often to be met with among the Poetic Masters of Morality, Criticism, and other Speculations abstracted from Matter; who, though they do not directly treat of the visible parts of Nature, often draw from them their Similitudes, Metaphors, and Allegories. By these Allusions a Truth in the Understanding is as it were reflected by the Imagination; we are able to see something like Colour and Shape in a Notion, and to discover a Scheme of Thoughts traced out upon Matter. And here the Mind receives a great deal of Satisfaction, and has two of its Faculties gratified at the same time, while the Fancy is busy in copying after the Understanding, and transferring Ideas out of the Intellectual World into the Material.

The Great Art of a Writer shows it self in the Choice of pleasing Allusions, which are generally to be taken from the great or beautiful Works of Art or Nature; for though whatever is New or Uncommon is apt to delight the Imagination, the chief Design of an Allusion being to illustrate and explain the Passages of an Author, it should be always borrowed from what is more known and common, than the Passages which are to be explained.

Allegories, when well chosen, are like so many Tracks of Light in a Darkness, that make every thing about them clear and beautiful. A noble Metaphor, when it is placed to an Advantage, casts a kind of Glory round it, and sheds a Lustre through a whole Sentence: These different Kinds of Allusion are but so many different Manners of Similitude, and, that they may please the Imagination, the Likeness ought to be very exact, or very agreeable, as we love to see a Picture where the Resemblance is just, or the Poiture and Air graceful. But we often find eminent Writers very faulty in this respect; great Scholars are apt to fetch their Comparisons and Allusions from the Sciences in which they are most conversant, so that a Man may see the Compass of their Learning in a Treatise on the most indifferent Subject. I have read a Discourse upon Love, which none but a profound Caymille could understand, and have heard many a Sermon that would only have been preached before a Congregation of Cartians. On the contrary, your Men of Business naturally have recourse to such Instances as are too mean and familiar. They are for drawing the Reader into a Game of Chess or Tennis, or for leading him from Shop to Shop, in the Quest of particular Trades and Employments. It is certain, there may be found an infinite Variety of very agreeable Allusions in both these kinds, but, for the generality, the most entertaining ones lie in the Works of Nature, which are Obvious to all Capacities, and more delightful than what is to be found in Arts and Sciences.

It is this Talent of affecting the Imagination, that gives an Embellishment to good Sense, and makes one Man's Compositions more agreeable than another's. It fits up all Writings in general, but is the very Life and highest Perfection of Poetry. Where it shines in an Excellent Degree, it has preserved several Poets for many Ages, that have nothing else to recommend them, and where all the other Beauties are perfect, the Work appears dry and unpolished, if this single one be wanting. It has something in it like Creation; it bestows a kind of Existence, and draws up to the Reader's View, several Objects which are not to be found in Being. It makes Additions to Nature, and gives a greater variety to God's Works. In a word, it is able to beautify and adorn the most illustrious Scenes in the Universe, or to fill the Mind with more glorious Shows and Apparitions, than can be found in any Part of it.

We have now discovered the liberal Originals of those Pleasures that gratify the Fancy; and here, perhaps, it would not be very difficult to call under their proper Heads those contrary Objects, that are apt to fill it with Dislike and Terror; for the Imagination is as liable to Pain as Pleasure. When the Brain is hurt by any Accident, or the Mind disordered by Dream or Sickness, the Fancy is over-run with wild distant Ideas, and terrified with a thousand hideous Monsters of its own framing.

*Emendatione solati demum vides Agmina Pentheus,
Et fœles gemitivos, et lapsivos se spectare Trochæ.
Aut Agnoscimus fœles agitatae Oræles,
Arcturum fœles matrem et Terpentis atris
Causa videt, utriusque fœles in lineis Dora. Vir.*

There is not a Sight in Nature so mortifying as that of a Distracted Person, when his Imagination is troubled, and his whole Soul disordered and confused. *Babes in Raim* is not to melancholy a Spectacle. But to quit so disagreeable a Subject, I shall only consider, by way of Conclusion, what an infinite Advantage this Faculty gives an Almighty Being over the Soul of Man, and how great a measure of Happiness or Misery we are capable of receiving from the Imagination only.

We have already seen the Influence that one Man has over the Fancy of another, and with what Ease he conveys into it a Variety of Imagery; how great a Power then may we suppose lodged in him, who knows all the ways of affecting the Imagination, who can infuse what Ideas he pleases, and fill those Ideas with Terror and Delight to what Degree he thinks fit? He can excite Images in the Mind, without the help of Words, and make Scenes rise up before us and seem present to the Eye, without the Assistance of Bodies or Exterior Objects. He can transport the Imagination with such beautiful and glorious Visions, as cannot possibly

possibly enter into our present Conceptions, or haunt it with such ghastly Spectres and Apparitions, as would make us hope for Annihilation, and think Existence no better than a Curse. In short, he can so exquisitely ravish or torture the Soul through this single Faculty, as might suffice to make up the whole Heaven or Hell of any finite Being.

This Essay on the Pleasures of the Imagination having been published in separate Papers, I shall conclude it with a Table of the principal Contents in each Page.

The CONTENTS.

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THE Profusion of our Sight above our other Senses. The Pleasures of the Imagination arise originally from Sight. The Pleasures of the Imagination divide under two Heads. The Pleasures of the Imagination in some respects equal to those of the Understanding. The Extent of the Pleasures of the Imagination. The Advantage a Man receives from a Releas of his Pleasures. In what respect they are preferable to those of the Understanding.

PAPER II.

Three Sources of all the Passions of the Imagination, in our Survey of outward Objects. How what is Great pleases the Imagination. How what is New pleases the Imagination. How what is Beautiful, in our own Species, pleases the Imagination. How what is beautiful in general pleases the Imagination. What other accidental Causes may contribute to the heightening of these Passions.

PAPER III.

Why the Necessary Cause of our being pleased with what is Great, New, or Beautiful, unknown. Why the Final Cause more known and more useful. The First Cause of our being pleas'd with what is Great. The Final Cause of our being pleas'd with what is New. The Final Cause of our being pleas'd with what is Beautiful in our own Species. The Final Cause of our being pleas'd with what is Beautiful in general.

PAPER IV.

The Works of Nature more pleasant to the Imagination than
those of Art. The Winds of Nature still more pleasant, the more
they resemble those of Art. The Winds of Art more pleasant, the
more they resemble those of Nature. Our English Plantations
and Gardens considered in the foregoing Light.

PAPER V.

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PAPER VI.

The Secondary Pleasures of the Imagination. The several sources of these pleasures (Sensory, Pictorial, Descriptions and Musical) considered separately. The Final Cause of our receiving Pleasures from these several Sources. Of Descriptions in Particular. The Power of Words over the Imagination. Why one Reader shows pleasurable Words Descriptions than another.

PAPER VII.

Now a whole lot of Miss Hays together, &c. A Natural Cause offered for it. How to perfect the Imagination of a Writer. We among the American Poets had this Faculty in a great degree Perfected. Homer excelled in Imagining what is Great, Virgil in Imagining what is Beautiful, Ovid in Imagining what is New. Our own Countryman Milton, very perfect in all three subjects.

PAPER VIII.

Why, any thing that is corporeal is bodily, plays the Imaginative man well defined. Why the Imaginative returns a more Exquisite Pleasure from the Delights of what is Great, New, or Beautiful, Than Pleasure felt by any other, I must be directed rather to the Mind. Differently the Senses please when reach'd by an Object alone. Why Terror and Grief are pleasing to the Mind, more than by Delights. A particular Advantage the Theatre in Poetry, and Fiction have to please the Imagination. What Liberties are allowed there.

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Of that kind of Poetry which Mr. Dryden calls the Fairy-
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Features of the Imagination that arise from it. In this respect,
why the Moderns rival the Ancients. Why the English exceed
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matical Poetries.

PAPER X

What Authors play the Imaginative who have nothing to do with Fiction. Mrs History plays the Imaginative. Mrs the Authors of the New Philosophy play the Imaginative. The Honours and Defects of the Imaginative. Whether they Defend or Oppose to the Imaginative.

PAPER XI.

How they paint the Impression, who treat of Subjects ab-
stracted from Matter, by *Allegory* taken from it, which *Allegory*
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ed in this respect. Of the Art of Imagining in General, the
Imagination capable of Pain as well as Pleasure. In what De-
gree the Imagination is capable either of Pain or Pleasure.

ERRATA. In Yesterday's Paper, Col. 3, line 38, for
Chaim read Chah.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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Just Publish'd.

Lay Baptism Invalid. An Essay to prove that Baptism is Not, and Void, when Administered by those who are not the Divine Right, or by Apostles or their Successors, &c. &c. by the Author, John K. Adams, of the English Baptist Church, No. 10, Abchurch Lane, London. And sold by the same Author, at the Sign of the Anchor, in the Strand. Price 1s. 6d. in Paper, or 2s. 6d. in Boards. The second Edition, with some Additions, lately published by the same Author, with an Appendix; wherein the second, unauthoritative, Opinion of the B. of E. &c. &c. and of some Divines is answered. Sold by J. Bayly, to which is prefixed a Letter to the Author, by the Reverend Gas. Nichol. D. D. Printed for Henry Cresswell, at the Half-Moon in St. Paul's Church Yard, and sold by J. Baker in Part. N. for Row.

This Day is Published,

A Sermon Preach'd before the University of Oxford, on Wednesday, 1715. by Thos. Halls, B. D. Fellow of G. G. C. Preach'd at the Request of the Vice-Chancellor and many others. Printed, & sold at the Theatre for Holy Clements; and also to be sold by Henry Cresswell at the Ball-Moon in St. Paul's Church-yard. Where may be had his sheet or other Sermons.

[illegible]

The SPECTATOR.

Hæc scripsi non otii abundantia sed amoris erga te.

Tull. Epist.

Friday, July 4. 1712.

I do not know any thing which gives greater disturbance to Conversation, than the false Notion some People have of Rallery. It ought certainly to be the first point to be aimed at in Society, to gain the good Will of those with whom you converse. The way to that, is to show you are well inclined towards them. What then can be more absurd, than to set up for being extremely sharp and biting, at this Term, in your Experiments to gain Favour? A Man who has no good Quality but Coarseness, is in a very ill way towards making an agreeable figure in the World, because that which he has superior to other People cannot be exerted, without raising himself in Envy. Some Gentlemen of a Satirical Vein are in the like Condition. To say a thing which perplexes the Heart of him you speak to, or brings blushes into his Face, is a degree of Murder; and it is, I think, an unpardonable Offence to show a Man you do not care, whether he is pleased or displeased. But won't you then take a Jest? Yes, but pray let it be a Jest. It is no Jest to pursue, who on so unhappy is to have an utter Aversion to speaking to more than one Man at a Time, under a necessity to explain my self in much Company, and reducing me to shame and derision, except I perform what my infirmity of Silence dictates me to do.

Caliban has great Wit accompanied with that Quality (without which a Man can have no Wit at all) a loud Judgment. This Gentleman rallies the best of any Man I know, for he seems his ridicule upon a Circumstance which you are in your Heart not unwilling to grant him, to wit, that you are Guilty of an Excess in something which is itself laudable. He very well understands what you would be, and needs not fear your Anger for declaring you are a little too much that thing. The Generous will bear being reproached in Laughter and the tallest cast, without being provoked to resentment against their Monitor. What has been said to be a mark of a good Writer, will fall in with the Character of a good Conversation. The good Writer makes his Readers better pleased with himself, and the agreeable Man makes his Friends enjoy themselves, rather than him, while he is in their Company. Caliban does this with inimitable Pleasantry. He whispered a Friend the other Day, so as to be overheard by a young Officer, who gave Symptoms of Coughing upon the Company, that Gentleman has very much of the Air of a General Officer. The Youth immediately put on a composed behaviour, and behaved himself suitably to the Conception he believed the Company had of him. It is not allowed that Caliban will make a Man run into important Relations to his own Advantage, and Expects the Satisfaction he has

in his own dear self till he is very ridiculous, but in this case the Man is made a Fool by his own coarseness, and not exposed, as such whether he will or no. I take it therefore that to make rallery agreeable, a Man must either not show he is rallied, or think never the worse of himself if he feels he is.

Amor is of a quite contrary Genius, and is more generally admired than Caliban, but not with Justice. Amor has no regard to the Modesty or Weakness of the Person he Rallies; but if his Quality or Humility gives him any Superiority to the Man he would fall upon, he has no Mercy in making the Order. He can be pleased to see his bell forced out of Countenance, while the Laugh is loud in his own Applause. His Rallery always puts the Company into little Divisions and separate Interests, while that of Caliban cements it, and makes every Man not only better pleased with himself, but also with all the rest in the Conversation.

To rally well, it is absolutely necessary that Kindness must run thro' all you say, and you must ever preserve the Character of a Friend to support your Persecutions to be free with a Man. Amos ought to be banished humane Society, because he raises his Mirth upon giving Pain to the Person upon whom he is Railing. Nothing but the Malevolence, which is so general towards those who excel, could make his Company tolerated; but they with whom he converses are sure to see some Man sacrificed wherever he is admitted, and all the Good he has for Wit is owing to the Gratification it gives to other Mens ill Nature.

Misanthrope has a Wit that concludes a Man's Love, at the same time that it is exerted against his Faults. He has an Art of keeping the Person he rallies in Countenance, by insinuating that he himself is guilty of the same Imperfection. This he does with so much Address, that he seems rather to bewail himself, than fall upon his Friend.

It is really monstrous to see how unaccountably it prevails among Men, to take the Liberty of displeasing each other. One would think sometimes that the Contention is, who shall be most disagreeable. Allusions to past Follies, Mirth which revive what a Man has a Mind to forget for ever, and deserves that all the rest of the World should, are commonly brought forth even in Company of Men of Distinction. They do not thrust with the Skill of Fencers, but cut up with the Barbaury of Butchers. It is remarkable, below the Character of Men of Humanity and Good-manners, to be capable of Mirth while there is any one of the Company in Pain and Disorder. They who have the true Taste of Conversation, enjoy themselves in a Communication

The SPECTATOR.

*In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia: Injuria,
Suspiciones, Inimicitia, Induciae,
Bellum, pax rursus: ———*

Ter.

Tuesday, June 12 1712.

I shall publish, for the Entertainment of this Day, an odd sort of a Packet, which I have just received from one of my Female Correspondents.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

SINCE you have often confess'd that you are not displeas'd your Paper should sometimes convey the Complaints of distressed Lovers to each other, I am in Hope you will favour one who gives you an undoubted Instance of her Reformation, and at the same time a Convincing Proof of the happy Influence your Labours have had over the most Incurable Part of the most Incurable Sex. You must know, Sir, I am one of that Species of Women whom you have often Characteriz'd under the Name of *Jills*, and that I send you these Lines, as well to do publick Penitence for having so long continued in a known Error, as to beg pardon of the Party offended. I do rather chuse this way, because it in some measure answers the Terms on which he intimated the Breach between us might possibly be made up, as you will see by the Letter he sent me the next Day after I had discus'd him; which I thought fit to send you a Copy of, that you might the better know the whole Case.

I must further acquaint you, that before I Jilted him, there had been the greatest Intimacy between us for an Year and half together, during all which time I cherish'd his Hopes, and indulg'd his Flame. I leave you to guess after this what must be his Surprize when, upon his pressing for my full Consent one Day, I told him I wonder'd what could make him fancy he had ever any Place in my Affections. His own Sex allow him Sense, and all our Good-breeding. His Person is such as might, without Vanity, make him believe himself not incapable to be beloved. Our Fortunes indeed, weigh'd in the nice Scale of Interest, are not exactly equal, which by the way was the true Cause of my Jilting him, and I had the Assurance

to acquaint him with the following Maxim, That I should always believe that Man's Passion to be the most Violent, who could offer me the largest Sentiments. I have since changed my Opinion, and have endeavour'd to let him know so much by several Letters, but the dangerous Man has refus'd them all; so that I have no way left of writing to him, but by your Assistance. If we can bring him about once more, I promise to send you all Gloves and Favers, and shall desire the Favour of Sir Rogers, and your self to stand as God-Fathers to my first Boy.

I am, S I R,

Your most Obedient

most Humble Servant,

Amoret.

Philander to Amoret.

Madam,

I AM so surpris'd at the Question you were pleas'd to ask me yesterday, that I am still at a loss what to say to it. At least my Answer would be too long to trouble you with, as it would come from a Person, who, it seems, is so very indifferant to you. In stead of it, I shall only recommend in your Consideration the Opinion of one whose Sentiments on these matters I have often heard you say are extremely just. *Agonizings and constant Passion, says your favourite Author, is an agreeable Lover, where there is not too great a Dissimilarity in their Circumstances, is the greatest Blessing that can befall a Person beloved; and if ever I lov'd in one, may perhaps never be found in another.*

I do not, however, at all despair of being very shortly much better beloved by you than Amoret is at present; thence whenever my Fortune shall exceed

The SPECTATOR.

Wednesday, June 11. 1712.

WHERE I to publish all the Advertisements I receive from different Hands, and Persons of different Circumstances and Quality, the very Mention of them, without Reflection on the several Subjects, would take all the Pains which can be felt by humane Mind. As instances of this, I shall give you two or three Letters the Writers of which can have no Recourse to any legal Power for Redress, and seem to have written rather to vent their Bitterness than to receive Consolation.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am a young Woman of Beauty and Quality, and lately married to a Gentleman who does me up: But this Person of mine is the Object of an unjust Passion in a Nobleman who is very intimate with my Husband. This Friendship gives him very easy Access, and frequent Opportunities of containing me apart. My Heart is in the utmost Anguish, and my Face is covered over with Confusion, when I am put to you suppose Circumstance, which is, that my Mother, the most mercenary of all Women, is galled by this false Friend of my Husband to solicit me for him. I am frequently chid by the poor believing Man my Husband, for showing an Impudence of his Friend's Company, and I am never alone with my Mother, but she tells me Stories of the discretionary Part of the World, and such a one, and such a one who are guilty of as much as she advises me to. She dares at my Affliction, and exhorts him to me, that as virtuous as she has always appeared, I am not the Daughter of her Husband. It is possible that, reading this Letter may relieve me from the unnatural Impetuosity of my Mother, and the pernicious Counsel of my Husband's Friend. I have an undesigned Love of Virtue, and am resolved to persevere my Innocence. The only Way I can think of to avoid the fatal Consequences of the Discovery of this Matter, is to fly away for ever; which I will do to avoid my Husband's fatal Reprimand against the Man who attempts to seduce him and the Shame of exposing a Parent to Infamy. The Person concerned will know these Circumstances relate to him; and though the Regard to Virtue is dead in them, I have some Hopes from their Fear of Shame upon reading this in your Paper; which I desire you to do if you have any Compassion for injured Virtue.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am the Husband of a Woman of Merit, but we are fallen in Love, as they call it, with a Lady of her Acquaintance, who is going to be married to a Gentleman who deserves her. I am in a Trail relating to this Lady's Fortune, which makes my Concurrence in this Matter necessary; but I have so irrepressible a Rage, and Envy in me when I consider his future Happiness, that against all Reason, Equity, and common Justice, I am ever plying means to take to himself the Nuptials. I have no number of Hopes for my self; but, for I'll call her, is a Woman of the most strict Virtue; her Lover is a Gentleman who of all others I could wish my Friend; but Envy and Jealousy, though placed to unjustly, waste my very Being, and with the Torment and Sense of a Disease, I am ever cursing, and I cannot but approve. I will be over the Beginning of Repentance, that I fit down and defend my present Disposition with in bellum an Aspect; but at present the Destruction of these two excellent Persons would be more welcome to me than their Happiness. Mr. Spectator, pray let me have a Paper on these terrible grounds of Sufferings, and do all you can to procure Cures who are in some Degree possessed of it.

General.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Have no other Means but this to express my Thanks to one Man and my Reformation against another. My Circumstances are as follows. I have been for five Years last past courted by a Gentleman of greater Fortune than I ought to expect, as the Market for Women goes. You must be sure have observed People who live in that sort of Way, as all their Friends reckon it will be a Match, and are marked out by all the World for each other. In this Way we have been regarded for some Time; and I have above these three Years loved him tenderly. As he is very careful of his Fortune, I always thought he loved me more than to lay up what he thought was wanting in my Fortune to make us what he might expect in soother. Within few Months I have observed his Change very much altered, and he has affected a certain Art of getting me alone, and talking with a mighty Profusion of passionate Words. How I am not to be resisted but, how terrible his Wishes are, and the like. As long as I have been acquainted with him, I could not on these Occasions lay down my heart to him,

June 11. 1712.

you know you may make me yours when you please. But the other Night he with great Frankness and Impudence explained to me, that he thought of me only as a Mistress. I inferred this Declaration as it differed upon which he only doubled the Terms on which he proposed my Yielding. When my Anger heightened upon him, he told me he was sorry he had made so little Use of the unguarded Hours we had been together to remote from Company, as indeed continued he, so we are at present. I flew from him to a neighbouring Gentlewoman's House, and tho' her Husband was in the Room, threw my self on a Couch, and burst into a Passion of Tears. My Friend desired her Husband to leave the Room, but, said he, there is something so extraordinary in this, that I will partake in the Affliction; and be it what it will, he is so much your Friend, that he knows he may command what Services I can do her. The Man flate down by me, and spoke so like a Brother, that I told my whole Affliction. He spoke of the Injury done me by so much Indignation and animosity against the Love he said he saw I had for the Wretch who would have betrayed me with so much Reason and Humanity to my Weakness, that I doubt not of my Perseverance. His Wife and he are my Comforters, and I am under no more Restraints in their Company than if I were alone; and I doubt not but in a small Time Contempt and Hatred will take Place of the Remains of Affection to a Rascal.

! 400.

SIR,
Your afftionate Reader,
Dorinda.

MR. SPEAKER,

1 Had the Misfortune to be an Uncle before I knew my Nephews from my Nieces, and now we are grown up to better Acquaintance than deny me the Respect they owe. One upbraids me with being their *Familiar*, another will hardly be persuaded that I am an Uncle, a third calls me little Uncle, and a fourth tells me there is no Duty at all due to an Uncle. I have a Brother-in-law whose Son will win all my Affection, unless you shall think this worthy of your Consideration, and will be pleased to prescribe some Rules for our future reciprocal Behaviour. It will be worthy the Particularity of your Great-uncle to lay down Rules for his Grandson who was as it were born an old Man, in which you will much oblige.

518.

Thy most obedient Servant,
Cornelius Nepos.

For the Benefit of Mr. Castelman.

At the Desire of several Ladies of Quality.
By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, an *Amateur* being Thursday, the 21st Day of June will be presented, a *Gem* called the *Comical Revenge*, or *Love in a Toile*. The Part of Sir Fred. Finkle by Mr. Willis, Sir Nick Gully by Mr. Dwyer, Filmer by Mr. Kibbourn. With *Several Interludes* of a *Comic* Nature, the *Amateur* being by Mr. Wilson and Miss Stoddard, the *Dutch Skipper* by Mr. Thompson and Mrs. Stoddard, the *Older's* Dance by Mr. Wilson and Mr. Briggs, and the *Original Dance* by a *Quartet*. After the last Time of the *Comical Revenge* this

AT the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, on Saturday next, being the 14th Day of April, the most Gracious and Excellent Gravel will take his Leave of England, in the Office of Anti-chase. The Actors &c. Will perform a Comedy, upon the following Subject, *Spain upon the Stage shall be Guessed.* To begin exactly at 7. By Mr. Melchior's Command, no Portion are to be admitted into the Boxes. Mr. Melchior will not be present. The Play will be performed on Tuesday the 16th Instant, at six o'clock. For the Benefit of young Roman, and young Fervil, who lately acted the Part of Gomez in the Spanish Fryar.

At the Theatre the upper End of St. Martin's.
 The new Littlefield Opera, this week Wednesday, being the
 1st of June, will be performed a Comedy called the Strategem.
 The Part of Arthur by young Perce, Amoset by young Benson,
 South by young Mordaunt, Sileas by young Kay, Bonifacio by Mr.
 Richcraft's youngest Son, Mrs. Sallies by Miss Porter, Cherry
 by Miss Kemper, Dorothea by Miss Lyddell. Boxes 2s. 6d. 7s. 6d.
 1d. Gallery 1s. 6d. opening exactly at 8 o'Clock.

[illegible]

TO BE LETT.

At Dalhousie in Hackney, on the Side of a large brick house, with a garden and Stable, and a large Garden paved with white Wall Paper, very convenient for a large Family. See also Mr. Jones's at Dalhousie, or at Mr. Lloyd's, near the Town Church.

Just published, A very neat Pocket Edition in a
Vol. 12mo of the Works of Mr. Thomas Gray; containing, all his
Poems, Odes, Epistles, Tracts, and Sermons, printed by W. Baskett,
The Soldiers Arms in a Part, The Ophian, Calais Marine, and Poem on
Providence; With his Letters and some Latin. To which is added
some Account of the Life and Writings of the Author. Printed by
J. Tonson in the Strand, and sold by W. Taylor at the Ship in Pall-mall.
N. B. New.

Just Publish'd,

The true Character of an honest Man, poeticaly set out by a Noble Gentleman, and Member of Parliament, for the People of the protestant age. Printed at the printed Stationers of France, and under the Impression of the King. 1684. The History of Ingratitude. Printed at the Printed Stationers of France, and under the Impression of the King. 1684. The Character of the protestant Man, and the History of the History of France, printed at the Printed Stationers of France, and under the Impression of the King. 1684.

[illegible]

The famous Spanish Blacking for Gentlemen Shoes
that ever was invented or sold, is making shoes always look as
new, never make the Heels in getting on, or thin the leather
wearing, it makes both the ordinary Gents of Germany, France, and
Italy, and the most fastidious of the French, and the most
second masters the shoes look exactly New and as good as
the Leather all that it is known to, and from the most
we are any thing else. Sold for s. e. g. the Price, with Directions
(which will tell you a Vast Quantity of it) the Hammer, a Yarn
at the 4 Angel Lane, Pinner Lane in Chancery.

[illegible]

L O N D O N: Printed for Sam. Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little-Britain; and Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane; where Advertisements are taken in; as also by Charles Lillie, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beauford-Buildings in the Strand.

The SPECTATOR.

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit

Hor.

Thursday, June 12. 1712.

WHEN I consider this great City in its several Quarters and Divisions; I look upon it as an Aggregate of various Nations distinguished from each other by their respective Customs, Manners and Interests. The Courts of two Counties do not so much differ from one another, as the Court and City in their peculiar ways of Life and Conversation. In short, the Inhabitants of St. James's, notwithstanding they live under the same Laws, and speak the same Language, are a distinct People from those of Chancery, who are likewise removed from those of the Temple on the one side, and those of Smithfield on the other, by several Clippings and Degrees in their ways of Thinking and Converting together.

For this Reason, when any Publick Affair is upon the Anvil, I love to hear the Reflections that arise upon it in the several Districts and Parishes of London and its Suburbs, and to ramble up and down a whole Day together, in order to make my self acquainted with the Opinions of my Ingenious Countrymen. By this means I know the Faces of all the principal Politicians within the Bills of Mortality; and in every Conversation has some particular Scavenger belonging to it, who is the Mouth of the Street where he lives, I always take care to place my self near him, in order to know his Judgment on the pressing Points of Affairs. The last Progress that I made, with this Intention, was about three Months ago, when we had a Current Report of the King of France's Death. As I foreaw this would produce a new Face of things in Europe, and many curious Speculations in our British Coffee-houses, I was very desirous to learn the Thoughts of one small assembly of Politicians on that Occasion.

That I might begin as near the Fountain-head as possible, I fell of all, called in at St. James's, where I found the whole company Room in a Berc of Politics. The Speculations were but very indifferent towards the Door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the Room, and were in very much improved by a knot of Tracillists, who sat in the inner Room within the Strains of the Coffee Pot, that I there heard the whole Spanish Nour-

chy disposed of, and all the Line of Bourbon provided for in less than a Quarter of an Hour.

I afterwards called in at Gild's, where I saw a Board of French Gentlemen sitting upon the Life and Death of their *Grand Monarque*. Those among them who had espoused the Whig Interest, very positively affirm'd, that he departed this Life about a Week since, and therefore proceeded without any further delay to the Release of their Friends on the Gallies, and to their own Re-establishment; but finding they could not agree among themselves, I proceeded on my intended Progress.

Upon my Arrival at Terry Allen's, I saw an elderly young Fellow that cocked his Hat upon a Friend of his, who entered just at the same time with my self, and seconded him after the following manner. Well Jack, the old King is dead at last. Shall'st thou Weep Now or never day. Up to the Walls of Paris directly. With several other deep Reflections of the same Nature.

I met with very little variation in the Politics between Charing-Cross and Covent-Garden. And upon my going thence to all's I found their Discourse was gone off from the Death of the French King to that of Monsieur Bolton, Rouse, Cornelle, and several other Poets; whom they regretted on this Occasion, as Persons who would have oblig'd the World with very beautiful Elegies on the Death of so great a Prince, and so eminent a Patron of Learning.

At a Coffee-house near the Temple, I found a couple of young Gentlemen engaged very smartly in a Dispute on the Succession to the Spanish Monarchy. One of them seem'd to have been retained as Advocate for the Duke of Anjou, the other for his Imperial Majesty. They were both for regulating the Title to that Kingdom by the Statute Laws of England; but finding them going out of my depth I palled forward to Paul's Church-Yard, where I dined with great Attention to a learned Man, who gave the Company an Account of the deplorable State of France during the Minority of the deceased King.

The SPECTATOR.

*Continuo has leges æternæque fœdera certis
Imposuit natura locis.* Virg.

Friday, June 13. 1712.

Nature does nothing in vain; the Create of the Universe has appointed every thing to a certain Use and Purpose, and determined it to a settled Course and Sphere of Action, from which, if it is in the least deviated, it becomes unable to answer those Ends for which it was designed. In like Manner is it in the Disposition of Society, the civil Oeconomy is formed in a Chain as well as the natural; and in either Case the breach but of one Link puts the Whole into some Disorder. It is, I think, pretty plain, that most of the Absurdity and Redicule we meet with in the World, is generally owing to the impertinent Affectation of excelling in Characters Men are not so for, and for which Nature never designed them.

Every Man has one or more Qualities which may make him useful both to himself and others: Nature never fails of pointing them out, and while the Infant continues under her Guardianship, she brings him on in his Way, and then offers herself for a Guide in what remains of the Journey; if he proceeds in that Course, he can hardly miscarry. Nature makes good her Engagements; for as she never promises what she is not able to perform, so she never fails of performing what she promises. But the Misfortune is, Men despise what they may be Masters of, and resist what they are not fit for; they reckon themselves already possess'd of what their Genius inclined them to, and so bend all their Attention to excel in what is out of their Reach. Thus they destroy the Use of their natural Talents, in the same Manner as covetous Men do their Quiet and Repose; they can enjoy no Satisfaction in what they have, because of the absurd Inclination they are possessed with for what they have not.

Chastus had good Sense, a great Memory, and a Constitution capable of the closest Application: In a Word, there was no Profession in which *Chastus* might not have made a very good Figure; but his wonted family him, he takes up an unaccountable Fondness for the Character of a fine Gentleman; all his Thoughts are bent upon this, instead of attending a Disposition, frequenting the Courts of Justice, or studying the *Philosophy*. *Chastus* reads Plays, dances, drinks, and spends his Time in Drawing rooms, instead of being a good Lawyer, Divine, or Physician; *Chastus* is a downright Coxcomb, and will remain to all that knew him a conspicuous Example of Talents misapplied. It is to this Affectation the World owes its whole Race of Coxcombs: Nature in her whole Drama never drew such a Part; she has sometimes made a Fool, but a Coxcomb is always of a Man's own making, by applying his Talents otherwise than Nature designed, who ever hears us sigh Reluctant for being put out of her Count, and never fails of taking her Revenge on those that do so. Opposing her Ten-

dency in the Application of a Man's Parts, has the same Success as declining from her Course in the Production of Vegetables; by the Assistance of Art and an hot Bed, we may possibly expect an unwilling Plant, or an extremely Salid; but how weak, how tasteless and insipid! Just as insipid as the Poetry of *Falorio*; *Falorio* had an universal Character, was gentle, had Learning, thought justly, spoke correctly; 'twas believed there was nothing in which *Falorio* did not excel; and 'twas so far true, that there was a but one; *Falorio* had no Genius for Poetry, yet he's resolved to be a Poet; he writes Verses, and takes great Pains to convince the Town, that *Falorio* is not that extraordinary Person he was taken for.

If Men would be content to graft upon Nature, and assist her Operations, what mighty Effects might we expect! *Tully* would not stand so much alone in Oratory; *Virgil* in Poetry, or *Cæsar* in War. To build upon Nature, is laying the Foundation upon a Rock; every thing dissolves itself into Order as it were of Course, and the whole Work is half done as soon as undertaken. *Cæsar's* Genius inclined him to Oratory, *Virgil's* to follow the Train of the Muses; they yielded the Admiration, and were rewarded. Had *Tully* attended the Bar, his modest and ingenuous Virtue would surely have made but a very indifferent Figure; and *Tully's* declamatory Inclination would have been as useless in Poetry. Nature, if left to her self, leads us on in the best Course, but will do nothing by Compulsion and Constraint; and if we are not satisfied to go her Way, we are always the greatest Sufferers by it.

Wherever Nature designs a Production, she always disposes Seeds proper for it, which are as absolutely necessary to the Formation of any moral or intellectual Excellence, as they are to the Being and Growth of Plants; and I know not by what Fate and Folly it is, that Men are taught not to reckon him equally absurd that will write Verses in Spite of Nature, with that Gardener that should undertake to raise a Junquil or Tulip without the Help of their respective Seeds.

As there is no good or bad Quality that does not affect both Sexes, so it is not to be imagined but the fair Sex must have suffered by an Affliction of this Nature, at least as much as the other: The ill Effect of it is in none so conspicuous as in the two opposite Characters of *Celia* and *Iriza*. *Celia* has all the Charms of Person, together with an abundant Sweetness of Nature, but wants Wit, and has a very ill Voice; *Iriza* is ugly and ungenteel, but has Wit and good Sense: If *Celia* would be silent, her B. holders would adore her; if *Iriza* would talk, her Hearers would admire her; but *Celia's* Tongue runs incessantly, while *Iriza* gives herself silent Airs and soft Languors; so that 'tis difficult to perceive

THE SPECTATOR.

Bene colligitur hec Pueris & Mulierculis & Servis & Servorum similibus Libris esse grata. Gravi vero homini & ea quae sunt Iudicio certo ponderanti probari posse nullo modo. Tullius

Monday, June 2. 1712.

I Have been considering the little and frivolous things which give Men Access to one another, and Power with each other, not only in the common and indifferent Accidents of Life, but also in Matters of greater Importance. You see in Elections for Members to sit in Parliament, how far saluting Rows of old Women, drinking with Clowns, and being upon a Level with the lowest Part of Mankind in that wherein they themselves are lowest, their Dissentions will carry a Candidate. A Capacity for prostrating a Man's self in his Behaviour, and descending to the perfect Humour of the Vulgar, is perhaps as good an Ingredient as any other for making a considerable Figure in the World; and if a Man has nothing else, or better, to think of, he could not make his Way to Wealth and Distinction by proper Methods than studying the particular Bents or Inclination of People with whom he converses, and working from the Observation of such their Bias in all Matters wherein he has any Intercourse with them. For his Ease and Comfort he may assure himself, he need not be at the Expense of any great Talent or Virtue to please even those who are possessed of the highest Qualifications. Pride in some particular Dignity or other, (often a Secret to the great Man himself) is the most ordinary Spring of Action among Men. You need no more than to discover what a Man values himself for; then of all things admire that Quality, but be sure to be falling in it your self in Comparison of the Man whom you court. I have heard, or read, of a Secretary of State in Spain, who served a Prince who was happy in an elegant Use of the Latin Tongue, and often won Disputes in it with his own Hand. The King showed his Secretary a Letter he had written to a foreign Prince; and under the Colour of asking his Advice, laid a Trap for his Applause. The honest Man read it as a faithful Counsellor, and was only exerted against his trying himself down too much by some Expectations, but recoiled the Phrase in others. You may guess the Dispatches that Evening did not take much longer time; Mr. Secretary, as soon as he came to his own

House, sent for his eldest Son, and communicated to him that the Family must retire out of Spain as soon as possible; for, said he, the King knows I understand Latin better than he does.

This egregious Fault in a Man of the World, should be a Lesson to all who would make their Fortunes: But a Regard must be carefully had to the Person with whom you have to do; for it is not to be doubted but a great Man of common Sense must look with force Indignation, or bridled Laughter, on all the Slaves who stand round him with ready Faces to approve and smile at all he says in the Groin. It is good Comedy enough to observe a Superior talking half Sentences, and playing an humble Admirer's Countenance from one thing to another, with such Perplexity that he knows not what to meet in Approbation of: But this kind of Complaisance is peculiarly the Manner of Courts; in all other Places you must constantly go farther in Compliance with the Person you have to do with, than a meer Conformity of Looks and Gestures. If you are in a Country-Life, and would be a leading Man, a good Stomach, a loud Voice, and a rustic Cheerfulness, will go a great Way, provided you are able to drink, and drink any thing. But I was going just now to draw the Manner of Behaviour I would advise People to practise under some Maxim; and intimated, every one almost was governed by his Pride. There was an old Fellow about forty Years ago so perversely and fruitful, though a Man of Business, that no one could come at him: But he frequented a particular little Coffee-house, where he triumphed over every Body at Trick-track and Ragsammon. The Way to pass his Office well, was first to be insulted by him at one of those Games in his leisure Hours: For his Vanity was to shew, that he was a Man of Pleasure as well as Business. Next to this sort of Education, which is called in all Places, upon its making its Birth in the House of a Prince) making one's Court, the most failing Way is, by what better bred People call a Present, the Vulgar a Bribe. I humbly conceive that such a thing is conveyed with more Gallantry in a *Billet-doux* than

ould be "heretofore"
ney; but as to stubborn People, w
as to accept of neither Noe or Ca
terry dabbled in Chymistry, I can
one Part of Matter into one thing, an
these, to make it fluer; but there is nothin
be dissolved by a proper Men: Thus the Virtue
which is too obdurate for Gold or Paper, shall
melt away very kindly in a Liquid. The Island
Barbadoes (a heathen People) manage all their Ap
peals to Great Britain by a faithful Distribution
of Curon-Wares among the Whippers about Men in
Power. Generous Wises do every Day pervail,
and that ingrat Point where ten thousand men
their Value would have been rejected with Indig
nation.

The SPECTATOR.

*Asia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita solo; juvat integros accedere fonteis;
Atque haurire:*

Lucr.

Saturday, June 21. 1712.

OUR Sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our Senses. It fills the Mind with the largest Variety of Ideas, converses with its Objects at the greatest Distance, and continues the longest in Action without being tired or fatigued with its proper Enjoyments. The Sense of Feeling can indeed give us a Notion of Extension, Shape, and all other Ideas that enter at the Eye, except Colours; but at the same time it is very much frightened and confined in its Operations, to the number, bulk, and distance of its particular Objects. Our Sight therefore seems designed to supply all these Defects, and may be considered as a more delicate and diffusive kind of Touch, that spreads itself over an infinite Multitude of Bodies, comprehends the largest Figures, and brings into our reach some of the most remote Parts of the Universe.

It is this Sense which furnishes the Imagination with its Ideas; so that by the Pleasures of the Imagination or Fancy (which I shall use promiscuously) I here mean such as arise from visible Objects, either when we have them actually in our view, or when we call up their Ideas into our Minds by Paintings, Statues, Descriptions, or any the like Occasion. We cannot indeed have a single Image in the Fancy that did not make its first Entrance through the Sight; but we have the Power of retaining, altering and compounding those Images, which we have once received, into all the varieties of Picture and Vision that are most agreeable to the Imagination; for by this Faculty a Man in a Dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with Scenes and Landscapes more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole Compass of Nature.

There are few Words in the English Language which are employed in a more loose and unconfined Sense than those of the *Fancy* and the *Imagination*. I therefore thought it necessary to fix and determine the Notion of these two Words, as I intend to make use of them in the Thread of my fol-

lowing Speculations, that the Reader may conceive rightly what is the Subject which I proceed upon. I shall therefore desire him to remember, that by the Pleasures of the Imagination, I mean only such Pleasures as arise originally from Sight, and that I divide these Pleasures into two kinds: My Design being first of all to Discourse of those Primary Pleasures of the Imagination, which entirely proceed from such Objects as are present to the Eye; and in the next place to speak of those Secondary Pleasures of the Imagination which flow from the Ideas of visible Objects, when the Objects are not actually before the Eye, but are called up into our Memories, or seem'd into agreeable Visions of Things that are either Absent or Fictitious.

The Pleasures of the Imagination, taken in their full Extent, are not so gross as those of Sense, nor so refined as those of the Understanding. The last are, indeed, more preferable, because they are founded on some new Knowledge or Improvement in the Mind of Man; yet it must be confess'd, that those of the Imagination are as great and as transporting as the other. A beautiful Prospect delights the Soul, as much as a Demonstration; and a Description in *Homer* has charm'd more Readers than a Chapter in *Aristotle*. Besides, the Pleasures of the Imagination have this Advantage above those of the Understanding, that they are more obvious, and more easily to be acquired. It is but opening the Eye, and the Scene enters. The Colours paint themselves on the Fancy, with very little Attention of Thought or Application of Mind in the Beholder. We are struck, we know not how, with the Symmetry of any thing we see, and immediately assent to the Beauty of an Object, without enquiring into the particular Causes and Occasions of it.

A Man of a Polite Imagination, is let into a great many Pleasures that the Vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a Picture, and find an agreeable Companion in a Statue. He moves with a secret Refreshment in a Description, and of-

The SPECTATOR.

Divisum sic breve fiet Opus.

Mart.

Monday, June 23. 1712.

I shall first consider those Pleasures of the Imagination, that arise from the actual View and Survey of outward Objects: And these, I think, all proceed from the Sight of what is Great, Uplifted, or Beautiful. There may, indeed, be something so terrible or offensive, that the Horror or Loathsomeness of an Object may over-bear the Pleasure which results from its Greatness, Novelty, or Beauty; but still there will be such a Mixture of Delight in the very Displeasure it gives us, as any of these three Qualifications are much conspicuous and prevailing.

By *Greatness*, I do not only mean the Bulk of my single Object, but the Largeness of a whole View, considered as one entire Piece. Such are the Prospects of an open Champaign Country, vast uncultivated Deserts, of huge Heaps of Mountains, high Rocks and Precipices, or a wide Expanse of Waters, where we are not struck with the Novelty or Beauty of the Sight, but with that rude kind of Magnificence which appears in many of these stupendous Works of Nature. Our Imagination loves to be filled with an Object, or to grasp at any thing that is too big for its Capacity. We are thusing into a pleasing Absorbtion at such unbounded Views, and feel a delightful Stupor and Amusement in the Soul at the Apprehension of them. The Mind of Man naturally hates every thing that looks like a Restraint upon it, and is apt to fancy it fell under a sort of Confinement, when the Sight is pent up in a narrow Compass, and shut out on every side by the Neighbourhood of Walls or Mountains. On the contrary, a spacious Horizon is an Image of Liberty, where the Eye has Room to range abroad, to expanse at large on the Immensity of its Views, and to lose it self amidst the Variety of Objects that offer themselves to its Observation. Such wide and undetermined Prospects are appealing to the Fancy, as the Speculations of Externity or Infinitude are to the Understanding. But if there be a Beauty or Uncommonness joined with this Grandeur, as in a troubled Ocean, a Heaven adorned with Stars and Meteors, or a spacious Landkip cut out into Rivers, Woods, Rocks, and Meadows, the Pleasure still grows upon us, as it arises from more than a single Principle.

Every thing that is *new or uncommon* raises a Pleasure in the Imagination, because it fills the Soul with an agreeable Surprise, gratifies its Curiosity, and gives it an Idea of what it was not before possessed. We are indeed, to some constant with one Set of Objects, and tired out with so many

repeated Shows of the same Things, that whatever is *new or uncommon* contributes a little to vary Human Life, and to divert our Minds, for a while, with the Strangeness of its Appearance: It serves us for a kind of Refreshment, and takes off from that Satiey we are apt to complain of in our usual and ordinary Entertainments. It is this that bestows Charms on a Monster, and makes even the Impressions of Nature so pleasurable. It is this that recommends Variety, where the Mind is every Instant called off to something new, and the Attention not suffered to dwell too long, and waste it self on any particular Object. It is this, likewise, that improves what is great or beautiful, and makes it afford the Mind a double Entertainment. Groves, Fields, and Meadows, are at any Season of the Year pleasant to look upon; but never so much as in the opening of the Spring, when they are all new and fresh, with their full Glories upon them, and not yet too much accustomed and familiar to the Eye. For this reason there is nothing that more amuses a Personified than Rivers, Juncos, or falling Water, where the Scene is perpetually moving, and concentrating the Sight every Moment with something that is new. We are quickly tired with looking upon Hills and Valleys, where every thing continues firm and settled in the same Place and Posture, but find our Thoughts a little agitated and relieved in the sight of such Objects as are ever in Motion, and sliding a way from beneath the Eye of the Beholder.

But there is nothing that makes us feel more directly in the Soul than *Beauty*, which immediately excites a secret Satisfaction and Complacency thro' the Imagination, and gives a Finishing in any thing that is Great or Uncommon. The greatest Discovery of it strikes the Mind with an inward Joy, and spreads a Cheerfulness and Delight through all its Faculties. There is not perhaps any real Beauty or Deformity more of one piece of Matter than another, because we might have been so made, that whatever now appears loathsome to us, might have been to us self agreeable; but we find by Experience, that there are several Modifications of Matter which the Mind, without any previous Consideration, pronounces at first sight Beautiful or Deformed. Thus we see that every different Species of sensible Creatures has its different Notions of Beauty, and that each of them is most affected with the Beauties of its own kind. This is no where more remarkable than in Birds of the same Shape and Proportion, where we often see the Male determined in his Courtship by the single Gait or Figure of a Female.

The SPECTATOR.

Causa latet, vis est notissima

Ovid.

Tuesday, June 24 1712.

THOUGH in Yesterday's Paper we considered how every thing that is Great, Divine, or Beautiful, is apt to affect the Imagination with Pleasure, we must own that it is impossible for us to assign the necessary Cause of this Pleasure, because we know neither the Nature of an Idea, nor the Substance of a Human Soul; which might help us to discover the Conformity or Disagreeableness of the one to the other; and therefore, for want of such a Light, all that we can do in Speculations of this kind, is to reflect on those Operations of the Soul that are most agreeable, and to range, under their proper Heads, what is pleasing or displeasing to the Mind, without being able to trace out the several necessary Causes from whence the Pleasure or Displeasure arises.

Final Causes lay more bare and open to our Observation, as they are often a great Variety that belong to the same Effect; and these, tho' they are not altogether so satisfactory, are generally more useful than the other, as they give us greater Occasion of admiring the Goodness and Wisdom of the first Contriver.

One of the Final Causes of our Delight, in any thing that is great, may be this. The Supreme Author of our Being, has so formed the Soul of Man, that nothing but himself can be its last, adequate, and proper Happiness. Because, therefore, a great Part of our daily interest arise from the Contemplation of his Being, that he might give our Souls a just Relish of such a Contemplation, he has made them naturally delight in the Apprehension of what is Great or Unlimited. Our Admiration, which is a very pleasing Motion of the Mind, immediately rises at the Consideration of any Object that takes up a great deal of room in the Fancy, and, by consequence, will improve into the highest pitch of Admiration and Devotion when we contemplate his Nature, that is neither circumscribed by Time nor Place, nor to be comprehended by the largest Capacity of a Created Being.

He has annexed a secret Pleasure to the Idea of any thing that is new or unknown, that he might encourage us in the Pursuit after Knowledge, and engage us to search into the Wonders of his Creation; for every new Idea brings such a Pleasure along with it, as rewards any Pains we have taken in its Acquisition, and consequently gives us a Motive to put us upon fresh Discoveries.

He has made every thing that is beautiful in our own Species pleasant, that all Creatures might be tempted to multiply their Kind, and fill the World,

with Inhabitants; for 'tis very remarkable that wherever Nature is cross'd in the Production of a Monster (the Result of any unnatural Mixture) the Breed is incapable of propagating as Likeness, and of founding a new Order of Creatures; so that upon all Animals were allowed by the Liberty of their own Species, Generation would be at an end, and the Earth unpeopled.

In the last place, he has made every thing that is beautiful in all other Objects pleasant, or rather has made so many Objects appear beautiful, that he might render the whole Creation more gay and delightful. He has given almost everything about us the Power of raising an agreeable Idea in the Imagination. So that it is impossible for us to behold his Works with Coldness or Indifference, and to survey so many Beauties without a secret Satisfaction and Complacency. Things would make but a poor Appearance to the Eye, if we saw them only in their proper Figures and Mediums: And what Reason can we assign for their excelling in so many of these Ideas which are different from any thing that exists in the Objects themselves, (for such are Light and Colours) were it not to add Supernatural Ornaments to the Universe, and make it more agreeable to the Imagination? We are every where entertained with pleasing Shows and Apparitions, we discover imaginary Glories in the Heavens, and in the Earth, and for some of this Visionary Beauty poured out upon the whole Creation; but what a rough, mighty Sloath of Nature should we be, entertained with, did all her Colouring disappear, and the several Distinctions of Light and Shade vanish? In short, our Souls are at present delightfully sooth and bewitched in a pleasing Delusion, and we walk about like the Enchanted Hero of a Romance, that sees beautiful Gallies, Woods and Meadows; and at the same time hears the warbling of Birds, and the purring of Streams; but upon the finishing of some secret Spell, the musical Score breaks up, and the dissimulate Knight finds himself on a barren Heath, or in a solitary Desert. It is not improbable that something like this may be the State of the Soul after its first Separation, in respect of the Images it will receive from Matter; tho' indeed the Ideas of Colours are so pleasing and beautiful in the Imagination, that it is possible the Soul will not be deprived of them, but perhaps find them excited by some other Occasional Cause, as they are excited by the different Impressions of the same Matter on the Organ of Sight.

I have here supposed that my Reader is acquainted with that great Modern Discovery, which is at present universally acknowledged by all the Enquirers into Natural Philosophy: Namely, that Light and Colours, as apprehended by the Imagina-

The SPECTATOR.

— Alterius sic
Alter a poscit opem res & conjurat amice.

Wednesday, June 25. 1712.

IF we consider the Works of Nature and Art, as they are qualified to exert in the Imagination, we shall find the last very defective, in Comparison of the former; for though they may sometimes appear as Beautiful or Strange, they can have nothing in them of that Vastness and Immensity, which afford so great an Entertainment to the Mind of the Beholder. The one may be as Poetic and Delicacious as the other, but can never show her self so August and Magnificent in the Design. There is something more bold and rudely in the rough careless Strokes of Nature, than in the nice Touches and Embellishments of Art. The Beauties of the most stately Garden or Palace lie in a narrow Compass, the Imagination immediately runs them over, and requires something else to gratify her; but, in the wide Fields of Nature, the Sight wanders up and down without Confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of Images, without any certain Set or Number. For this Reason we always find the Poet in love with a Country Life, where Nature appears at the greatest Perfection, and furnishes out those Scenes that are most apt to delight the Imagination.

Scripturam chartis omnia sunt notata & signa Verborum.

*Hic Scena quies, & uisus fallax vita,
 Dives opum variation; hic solus una fœdus,
 Solacium, varique locus, hic spiritus Trank,
 Adipiscique locus, illudque sub arboris Jovis.*

Viz.

But tho' there are several of these wild Scenes, that are more delightful than any artificial Shows; yet we find the Works of Nature still more pleasant, the more they resemble those of Art: For in this case our Pleasure arises from a double Principle; from the Agreeableness of the Objects to the Eye, and from their Similitude to other Objects: We are pleas'd as well with comparing their Beauties, as with surveying them, and can represent them to our Minds, either in Copies or Originals. Hence it is that we take Delight in a Prospect which is well laid out, and diversified with Fields and Mea-

dows, Woods and Rivers, in those accidental Landships of Trees, Clouds and Cities, that are sometimes found in the Veins of Marble, in the capricious Free-work of Rocks and Grottos, and, in a Word, in anything that has such a Variety or Regularity as may seem the Effect of Design, in what we call the Works of Chance.

If the Products of Nature rise in Value, according as they more or less resemble those of Art, we may be sure that artificial Works receive a greater Advantage from their Resemblance of such as are natural, because here the Similitude is not only pleasant, but the Pattern more perfect. The prettiest Landship I ever saw, was one drawn on the Walls of a dark Room, that stood opposite on one side to a navigable River, and on the other to a Park. The Experiment is very common in Opticks. Here you might discover the Waves and Fluctuations of the Water in strong and proper Colours, with the Picture of a Ship entering at one end, and sailing by Degrees through the whole Place. On another there appeared the Green Shadows of Trees, waving to and fro with the Wind, and Herds of Deer among them in Miniature, leaping about upon the Wall. I must confess, the Novelty of such a sight may be one occasion of its Pleasantness to the Imagination, but certainly the chief Reason lies near Resemblance to Nature, as it does not only, like other Pictures, give the Colour and Figure, but the Motion of the Things it represents.

We have before observed, that there is generally in Nature something more Grand and August than what we meet with in the Curiosities of Art. When, therefore, we see this imitation in any measure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of Pleasure than what we receive from the more and more accurate Productions of Art. On this Account our English Gardens are not so entertaining to the Spectator as those in France and Italy, where we see a large Expanse of Ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of Garden and Forest, which respects every where an architect's Rods, much more charming than the Neatness and Elegance

which we meet with in those of our own Country. It might, indeed, be of ill Consequence to the Publick, as well as unprofitable to private Persons, to alienate so much Ground from Pallage, and the Flow, in many Parts of a Country that is so well peopled, and cultivated to a great Advantage. But why may not a whole Estate be thrown into a kind of Garden by frequent Plantations, that may turn as much to the Profit, as the Pleasure of the Owner? A Marsh overgrown with Willows, or a Mountain steeled with Oaks, are not only more beautiful, but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of Corn make a pleasant Prospect, and if the Walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural Embroidery of the Meadows were kept and improved by some small Additions of Art, and the several Rows of Hedges left off by Trees and Flowers, that the Soil was capable of receiving, a Man might make a pretty Landscape of his own Possessions.

Whithers, who have given us an Account of China, tell us, the Inhabitants of that Country laugh at the Plantations of our Europeans, which are laid out by the Rule and Line; because, they say, any one may place Trees in equal Rows and uniform Figures. They chide rather to show a Genius in Works of this Nature, and therefore always conceal the Art by which they direct themselves. They have a Word, it seems, in their Language, by which they express the particular Beauty of a Plantation that thus strikes the Imagination at first Sight, without discovering what is that has to agreeable an Effect. Our British Gardeners, on the contrary, instead of hampering Nature, love to deviate from it as much as possible. Our Trees rise in Cones, Globes, and Pyramids. We see the Marks of the Scissars upon every Plant and Bush. I do not know whether I am singular in my Opinion, but, for my own part, I would rather look upon a Tree in all its Luxuriance and Diffusion of Branches and Branches, than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a Mathematical Figure; and cannot but fancy that an Orchard in Flower looks infinitely more delightful, than all the little Labyrinth of the most finished Parterre. But as our great Masters of Garden have their Magazines of Plants to dispose of, it is very natural for them to rear up all the beautiful Plantations of Fruit Trees, and contrive a Plan that may mollify on their own Profile, in taking off their Evergreens, and the like Movable Plants, with which their Shops are plentifully stocked.

ADVERTISEMENT.

At the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, this evening Wednesday, the 11th of June, will be performed an English Opera called *Calypso and Transjane*. Since the last one of July in this Season. The Boxes &c. at 5s. 6s. 7s. 8s. 9s. 10s. 11s. 12s. 13s. 14s. 15s. 16s. 17s. 18s. 19s. 20s. 21s. 22s. 23s. 24s. 25s. 26s. 27s. 28s. 29s. 30s. 31s. 32s. 33s. 34s. 35s. 36s. 37s. 38s. 39s. 40s. 41s. 42s. 43s. 44s. 45s. 46s. 47s. 48s. 49s. 50s. 51s. 52s. 53s. 54s. 55s. 56s. 57s. 58s. 59s. 60s. 61s. 62s. 63s. 64s. 65s. 66s. 67s. 68s. 69s. 70s. 71s. 72s. 73s. 74s. 75s. 76s. 77s. 78s. 79s. 80s. 81s. 82s. 83s. 84s. 85s. 86s. 87s. 88s. 89s. 90s. 91s. 92s. 93s. 94s. 95s. 96s. 97s. 98s. 99s. 100s. 101s. 102s. 103s. 104s. 105s. 106s. 107s. 108s. 109s. 110s. 111s. 112s. 113s. 114s. 115s. 116s. 117s. 118s. 119s. 120s. 121s. 122s. 123s. 124s. 125s. 126s. 127s. 128s. 129s. 130s. 131s. 132s. 133s. 134s. 135s. 136s. 137s. 138s. 139s. 140s. 141s. 142s. 143s. 144s. 145s. 146s. 147s. 148s. 149s. 150s. 151s. 152s. 153s. 154s. 155s. 156s. 157s. 158s. 159s. 160s. 161s. 162s. 163s. 164s. 165s. 166s. 167s. 168s. 169s. 170s. 171s. 172s. 173s. 174s. 175s. 176s. 177s. 178s. 179s. 180s. 181s. 182s. 183s. 184s. 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The SPECTATOR.

Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem: Virg.

Thursday, June 26. 1712.

HAVING already seen how the Fancy is affected by the Works of Nature, and afterwards considered in general both the Works of Nature and of Art, how they mutually assist and complicate each other, in forming such Scenes and Prospects as are most apt to delight the Mind of the Beholder, I shall in this Paper throw together some Reflections on that Particular Art, which has a more immediate Tendency, than any other, to produce these primary Pictures of the Imagination, which have hitherto been the Subject of this Discourse. The Art I mean is that of Architecture, which I shall consider only with regard to the Light in which the foregoing Speculations have placed it, without entering into the Lines and Masses which the great Masters of Architecture have laid down, and explained at large in numerous Treatises upon that Subject.

Greatness, in the Works of Architecture, may be considered as relating to the Bulk and Body of the Structure, or to the *Manner* in which it is built. As for the first, we find the Ancients, especially among the Eastern Nations of the World, infinitely superior to the Moderns.

Not to mention the Tower of Babel, of which an old Author says, there were the Foundations to be seen in his time, which looked like a Spacious Mountain; what could be more noble than the Walls of Babylon, its hanging Gardens, and its Temple to Jupiter Belus, that rises nine high by Eight several Stories, each Story a furlong in Height, and on the Top of which was the Babylonian Observatory? I might here, likewise, take Notice of the huge Rock that was cut into the Figure of *Solomon's*, with the smaller Rocks that lay by it in the Shape of Tributary Kings, the Prodigious Bells, or artificial Lake, which took in the whole *Euphrates*, till such time as a new Canal was formed for its Reception, with the several Terraces through which that River was conveyed. I know there are Persons who look upon some of these Wonders of Art as Fables, but I cannot find any Grounds for such a Suspicion, unless it be that we have no such Works among us at present. There were indeed many greater Advantages for Building in those Times, and in that Part of the World, than have been met with ever since. The Earth was extremely fruitful, Men lived generally on Pasture, which requires a much smaller number of Hands than Agriculture: There were few Trades to employ the idle Part of Mankind, and fewer Arts and Sciences to give Work to Men of Speculative Tempers; and what is more than all the rest, the Prince was absolute; so that when he went to War, he put himself at the Head of a whole People: As we find *Sennacherib* leading her two Millions into the Field, and yet overpowered by the Number of his Enemies. 'Tis no wonder, therefore, when he was at Peace, and turned his Thoughts on Building, that he could accomplish so great Works, with such a prodigious Multitude of Labourers: Besides that, in her Climate, there

was small Interruption of Frosts and Winters, which made the Number of Workmen he had the Year last, I might mention too, among the Benefits of the Climate, when *Helladius* says of the Earth, that it sweated out a Business of natural kind of Matter, which is considered the same with that mentioned in *Heb. Writ*, as contributing to the Structure of *Babel*. *Since they are called of Matter.*

In Egypt we still see their Pyramids, which answer to the Description, in that they were made of them; and I question not but a Traveller might find out some Remains of the Labourers that covered a whole Province, and had a hundred Temples disposed among in several Quarters and Divisions.

The Walls of Conchis, one of these Eastern Pieces of Magnificence, which makes a Figure even in the Map of the World, and an Account of it would have been thought fabulous, were not the Walls a few Miles off.

We are obliged to Devotion for the noblest Buildings that have adorned the several Countries of the World. It is this that has for Men to work on Temples and Publick Places of Worshipping, not only that they might, by the Magnificence of the Building, have the Duty to render within it, but that such stupendous Works might, at the same time, open the Mind to vast Conceptions, and fit it to converse with the Divinity of the Place. For every thing that is Majestic, inspires an Awfulness and Reverence on the Mind of the Beholder, and strikes it with the Natural Greatness of the Soul.

In the second place we are to consider the *Effects* of *Manner* in Architecture, which has such force upon the Imagination, that a small Building, where it appears, shall give the Mind nobler Ideas than one of twenty times the Bulk, where the Manner is ordinary or idle. Thus, perhaps a Man would have been more affected with the Majestic Altar that appeared in the *Temple* of *Solomon*, than the no larger than the Life, that he might have seen with Mount *Ararat*, had it been cut into the Figure of the Hero, according to the Proposal of *Plinius*, with a River in one Hand, and a City in the other.

Let any one reflect on the Disposition of Mind he finds in himself, at his first Entrance into the *Pantheon* at Rome, and how his Imagination is filled with something Great and Amazing; and, at the same time, consider how little, in proportion, he is affected with the Inside of a *Gothick Cathedral*, tho' it be five times larger than the other; when can arise from nothing else, but the Greatness of the Manner in the one, and the Meaness in the other.

I have seen an Observation upon this Subject in a French Author, which very much pleased me. It is in *Montfaucon's* Parallel of the Ancient and Modern Architecture. I shall give it the Reader with the same Terms of Art which he has made use of. *I saw observing (says he) a thing which, in my Opinion, is very curious, whence it proceeds, that in the same quantity of Superficies, the one Manner seems*

great

The SPECTATOR.

Quatenus hoc simile est oculis, quod mente videmus. Lucretius

Friday, June 27. 1712.

I At first divided the Pleasures of the Imagination, into such as arise from Objects that are actually before our Eyes, or that once entered in at our Eyes, and are afterwards called up into the Mind, either barely by its own Operations, or on occasion of something without us, as Sentiments or Descriptions. We have already considered the first Division, and shall therefore enter on the other, which, for Distinction sake, I have call'd the secondary Pleasures of the Imagination. When I say the Ideas we receive from Scenes, Descriptions, or such like Occasions, we the same that were once actually in our View, it must not be understood that we had once seen the very Place, Action, or Person which are carved or described. It is sufficient, that we have seen Places, Persons, or Actions, in general, which bear a Resemblance, or at least some remote Analogy with what we find represented. Since it is in the Power of the Imagination, when it is once Stocked with particular Ideas, to enlarge, compound, and vary them at her own Pleasure.

Among the different Kinds of Representation, *Statuary* is the most natural, and flows in something like the Object that is represented. To make use of a common Instance, let one who is born blind take an Image in his Hands, and trace out with his Fingers the different Furrows and Impressions of the Chisel, and he will easily conceive how the Shape of a Man, or Beast, may be represented by it; but should he draw his Hand over a Picture, where all is smooth and uniform, he would never be able to imagine how the several Prominencies and Depressions of a Human Body could be shown on a plain Piece of Canvas, that has in it no Unevenness or Irregularity. *Descriptions* run yet further from the things it represents than *Painting*; for a Picture bears a real Resemblance to its Original, which Letters and Syllables are wholly void of. Colours speak all Languages, but Words are understood only by such a People or Nation. For this reason, the Mean Necessities quickly put him on finding out Speech; Writing is probably a later Invention than *Painting*; particularly we are told, that in *America* when the Spaniards first arrived there, Expresses were sent to the Emperor of *Mexico* in *Paint*, and the News of his Country delineated by the Strokes of a *Pen*, which was

a more natural way than that of *Writing*, tho' at the same time much more imperfect, because it is impossible to draw the little Connexions of Speech, or to give the Picture of a Conjunction or an Adverb. It would be yet more strange, to represent visible Objects by Sounds that have no Ideas annexed to them, and to make something like Description in *Musick*. Yet it is certain, there may be confused, imperfect Notions of this Nature raised in the Imagination by an Artificial Composition of Notes; and we find that great Masters in the Art are able, sometimes, to set their Hearers in the heat and hurry of a *Battel*, to overset their Minds with melancholy Scenes and Apprehensions of *Drama* and *Pastorals*, or to tell them pleasing Dreams of *Groves* and *Elysiums*.

In all these Instances, this Secondary Pleasure of the Imagination proceeds from that Action of the Mind, which compares the Ideas arising from the Original Objects, with the Ideas we receive from the *Scene*, *Picture*, *Description*, or *Sound* that represents them. It is impossible for us to give the necessary Reason, why this Operation of the Mind is attended with so much Pleasure, as I have before observed on the same Occasion; but we find a great variety of *Entertainments* derived from this single Principle: For it is this that not only gives us a relish of *Statuary*, *Painting* and *Description*, but makes us delight in all the *Actions* and *Arts* of *Mimickry*. It is this that makes the several kinds of *War* pleasurable, which consists, as I have formerly shown, in the Affair of Ideas. And we may add, it is this also that raises the little Satisfaction we sometimes find in the different sorts of *little Wit*; whether it consist in the Affinity of *Letters*, as in *Anagram*, *Acrostick*; or of *Syllables*, as in *Doggerel*, *Rhimes*, *Echos*; or of *Words*, as in *Puns*, *Quibbles*; or of a whole *Sentence* or *Poem*, to *Wings*, and *Altars*. The final Cause, probably, of annexing Pleasure to this Operation of the Mind, was to quicken and encourage us in our Searches after Truth, since the dissimulating one thing from another, and the right discerning between our Ideas, depends wholly upon our comparing them together, and observing the Consistency or Discrepancy that appears among the several Works of Nature.

The SPECTATOR.

— *Quod nunc ratio est, Impetus ante fuit.* Ovid.

Tuesday, June 3. 1713.

BEWARE of the *Lies of March*, said the *Roman* *Augur* to *Julius Cæsar*: *Beware of the March of May*, says the *British Spectator* to his fair Country-women. The Caution of the first was unappropiately neglected, and *Cæsar's* Confidence cost him his *Life*. I am apt to flatter myself that my pretty Readers had much more Regard to the Advice I gave them, since I have yet received very few Accounts of any notorious Trips made in the last Month.

But tho' I hope for the best, I shall not pronounce too positively on this point, 'till I have seen forty Weeks well over, at which Period of time, as my good Friend *Sir ROBERT* has often told me, behas more Business as a Justice of Peace, among the dissolute young People in the Country, than at any other Season of the Year.

Neither must I forget a Letter which I received near a Fortnight since from a Lady, who, it seems, could hold out no longer, telling me she looked upon the Month as then out, for that she had all along reckoned by the New Style.

On the other hand, I have great reason to believe, from several angry Letters which have been sent to me by disappointed Lovers, that my Advice has been of very signal Service to the fair Sex, who, according to the old Proverb, were *forwards'd forwards'd*.

One of these Gentlemen tells me, that he would have given me an hundred Pounds, rather than I should have publish'd that Paper; for that his Mistress, who had promis'd to explain her self to him about the beginning of *May*, upon reading that Discourse told him that she would give him her Answer in June.

Thyrsis acquaints me, that when he desired *Silvia* to take a Walk in the Fields, she told him the Spectator had forbidden her.

Another of my Correspondents, who writes himself *Miss Meager*, complains, that whereas he occasionally used to breakfast with his Mistress upon Chocolate, going to wait upon her the first of *May*, he found his usual Treat very much changed for the

worse, and has been forced to feed ever since upon Green Tea.

As I begin this Critical Season with a Covenant to the Ladies, I shall conclude it with a Congratulation, and do most heartily wish them Joy of their happy Deliverance.

They may now reflect with Pleasure on the Dangers they have escaped, and look back with as much Satisfaction on their Perils that threaten'd them, as their Great-Grandmothers did formerly on the burning Plough-Shares, after having passed through the Ordeal Tryal. The Infigurations of the Spring are now abated. The Nightingale gives over her *Love-labour'd Song*, as *Milton* phrases it, the Blossoms are fallen, and the Beds of Flowers sweep away by the Scythe of the Mower.

I shall now allow my Fair Readers to return to their Romances and Chocolate, provided they make use of them with Moderation, 'till about the middle of the Month, when the Sun shall have made some Progress in the Crank. Nothing is more dangerous, than too much Confidence and Security. The *Trojan*, who stood upon their Guard all the while the *Greeks* lay before their City, when they fancied the Siege was raised, and the Danger past, were the very next Night burnt in their Beds. I shall also observe, that as in some Climates there is a perpetual Spring, so in some Female Constitutions there is a perpetual *May*: These are a kind of *Valerianians* in Chastity; whom I would continue in a constant Diet. I cannot think these wholly out of Danger, till they have looked upon the other Sex at least Five Years, through a Pair of Spectacles. *WILL. HONEYCOMB* has often assured me, that 'tis much easier to deal out of this Species, when he is pass'd her grand Climacterick, than to carry off an *ivy* Girl on this side Five and Twenty; and that a Rake of his Acquaintance, who had in vain endeavour'd to gain the Affections of a young Lady of Fifteen, had at last made his Fortune by running away with her Grandmother.

But as I do not design this Speculation for the *Four-greens* of the Sex, I shall again apply my self to those who would willingly listen to the *Distances*

The SPECTATOR.

—ferat & rubus asper amomum. Virg.

Monday, June 30. 1712.

THE Pleasures of these Secondary Views of the Imagination, are of a wider and more universal Nature than those it has, when joined with Sight; for not only what is Great, Strange or Beautiful, but any Thing that is Disagreeable when look'd upon, pleases us in an apt Description. Here, therefore, we must enquire after a new Principle of Pleasure, which is nothing else but the Action of the Mind, which compares the Ideas that arise from Words, with the Ideas that arise from the Objects themselves; and why this Operation of the Mind is attended with so much Pleasure, we have before considered. For this Reason therefore, the Description of a Dungeon is pleasing to the Imagination, if the Image be presented to our Minds by suitable Expressions; tho', perhaps, this may be more properly call'd the Pleasure of the Understanding than of the Fancy, because we are not so much delighted with the Image that is contained in the Description, as with the Aspects of the Description to excite the Image.

But if the Description of what is Little, Common or Deformed, be acceptable to the Imagination, the Description of what is Great, Surprising or Beautiful, is much more so; because here we are not only delighted with comparing the Representation with the Original, but are highly pleas'd with the Original it self. Most Readers, I believe, are more charmed with Milton's Description of Paradise, than of Hell; they are both, perhaps, equally perfect in their kind, but in the one the Brilliant and Sulphur are not so refreshing to the Imagination, as the Beds of Flowers, and the Whiskers of Sweets in the other.

There is yet another Circumstance which recommends a Description more than all the rest, and that is, if it represents to us such Objects as are apt to excite a secret Ferment in the Mind of the Reader, and to work, with Violence, upon his Passions. For, in this Case, we are at once warmed and enlivened, so that the Pleasure becomes more Universal, and is several ways qualified to entertain us. Thus, as in Painting, it is pleasant to look on the Picture of any Face, where the Resemblance is hit, but the Pleasure expresses, if it be the Picture of a Face that is beautiful, and is still greater, if the Beauty be joined with an Air of Melancholly or Sorrow. The two leading Passions that the more serious Parts of Poetry endeavour so stir up in us, are Terror and Pity. And here, by the way, one would wonder how it comes to pass, that such Passions as are very unpleasant at all other times, are

very agreeable when excited by proper Descriptions. It is not strange, that we should take Delight in such Passages as are apt to produce Hope, Joy, Admiration, Love, or the like Emotions in us, because they never rise in the Mind without an inward Pleasure that attends them. But how comes it to pass, that we should take delight in being terrified or grieved by a Description, when we find so much Unpleasantness in the Fear or Grief that we receive from any other Occasion?

If we consider, therefore, the Nature of this Pleasure, we shall find that it does not arise so properly from the Description of what is Terrible, as from the Reflection we make on our selves at the time of reading it. When we look on such hideous Objects, we are not a little pleas'd to think we are in no Danger of them. We consider them at the same time, as Dreadful and Harmless; so that the more frightful Appearance they make, the greater is the Pleasure we receive from the Sense of our own Safety. In short, we look upon the Terrors of a Description, with the same Curiosity and Satisfaction that we survey a dead Monster.

Infantis cadaver
Præteritæ, nequæm exploræ vultu torrens
Terribilis oculis: vultus, vultuque feris
Palloræfenset, aquæ extulsi fœcibus ignes. Virg.

It is for the same Reason that we are delighted with the reflecting upon Dangers that are past, or in looking on a Precipice at a distance, which would fill us with a different kind of Horror, if we saw it hanging over our Heads.

In the like manner, when we read of Torments, Wounds, Deaths, and the like dismal Accidents, our Pleasure does not flow so properly from the Grief that such melancholly Descriptions give us, as from the secret Comparison which we make between our selves and the Person that suffers. Such Representations teach us to set a just Value upon our own Condition, and make us prize our good Fortune which exempts us from the like Calamities. This is, however, such a kind of Pleasure as we are not capable of receiving, when we see a Person actually lying under the Tortures that we meet with in a Description; because, in this Case, the Object presses too close upon our Senses, and bears too hard upon us, that it does not give us time or leisure to reflect on our selves. Our Thoughts are so intent upon the Miseries of the Sufferer, that we cannot turn them upon our own Happiness. Whereas, on the contrary, we consider the Misfortunes we read in History or Poetry, either as past, or as distant, so

The SPECTATOR.

— *Dolor ipse difertum*
Fecerat —

Ovid.

Thursday, June 5. 1712.

AS the *Greek* Philosophers discard all Passions in general, they will not allow a Wife Man so much as to pity the Afflictions of another. If thou seest thy Friend in trouble, says *Epictetus*, thou may'st put on a Look of Sorrow, and condole with him, but take care that thy Sorrow be not real. The more rigid of this Sect would not comply so far as to show even such an outward Appearance of Grief; but when one told them of any Calamity that had befallen even the nearest of their Acquaintance, would immediately reply What is that to me? If you aggravated the Circumstances of the Affliction, and shew'd how one Misfortune was followed by another, the Answer was still, All this may be true, but what is it to me?

For my own part, I am of Opinion Compassion does not only refine and civilize Human Nature, but has something in it more pleasing and agreeable than what can be met with in such an indolent Happiness, such an Indifference to Mankind as that in which the *Stoicks* placed their Wisdom. As Love is the most delightful Passion, Pity is nothing else but Love softened by adegree of Sorrow: In short, it is a kind of pleasing Anguish, as well as generous Sympathy, that knits Mankind together, and blends them in the same common Lot.

Those who have had down Rules for Rhetorick or Poetry, advise the Writer to work himself up, if possible, to the pitch of Sorrow which he endeavours to produce in others. There are none therefore who life up Pity so much as those who insite their own Sufferings. Grief has a natural Eloquence belonging to it, and breaks out in more moving Sentiments than can be supplied by the finest Imagination. Nature on this occasion dictates a thousand Passionate things that cannot be supplied by Art.

It is for this Reason that the short Speeches or Sentences which we often meet with in Histories, make a deeper Impression in the Mind of the Reader, than the most labour'd Strokes in a well written Tragedy. Truth and Matter of Fact sets the Person actually before us in the case, whom Fiction places at a greater distance from us in the other. I do not remember to have seen any Ancient or Modern Story more affecting than a Letter of *Ann of Belgae*, Wife to King Henry the Eighth, and Mother to Queen Elizabeth, which is still extant in the *Cassell* Library, as written by her own Hand.

Shakespeare himself could not have made her talk in a Strain so suitable to her Condition and Character. One sees in it the Expollations of a slighted Lover, the Resentments of an injured Woman, and the Sorrows of an imprisoned Queen. I need not acquaint my Reader that this Princess was then under Prosecution for Disloyalty to the King's Bed, and that she was afterwards publicly beheaded upon the same Account, though this Prosecution was believed by many to proceed, as she herself intimates, rather from the King's Love to *Jane Seymour*, than from any actual Crime in *Ann of Belgae*.

Queen Ann Boleyn's last Letter to King Henry.

S I R,

YOUR Grace's Displeasure, and *Cassell Lib.*
 my Inconvenience, are things *Ordo C. 10.*
 so strange to me, as what to write,
 or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant.
 Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a Truth, and to obtain your Favour) by such an one, whom you know to be mine ancient professed Enemy, I no sooner receiv'd this Message by him, than I slightly concern'd your Meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a Truth indeed may procure my Safety, I shall with all Willingness and Duty perform your Command.

But let not your Grace ever imagine, that your poor Wife will ever be eager to acknowledge a Fault, where not so much as a Thought thereof preceded. And to speak a Truth, never Prince had Wife more Loyal in all Duty, and in all true Affection, than you have ever found in *Ann Boleyn*; with which Name and Place I could willingly have contented my self, if God, and your Grace's Pleasure had been so pleas'd. Neither did I at any time so far forget my self in my Exaltation, or received Queenship, but that I always looked for such an Alteration as now I find; for the Ground of my Presumption being on no surer Foundation than your Grace's Favour, the least Alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that Fancy to some other Subject. You have chosen me, from a low Estate, to be your Queen and Companion, far beyond my Desires or Desire. If then you found me worthy of such Honour, good your Grace let not any light Fancy, or bad Council of mine Enemies, withdraw your Princely Favour.

Farour from me; neither let that Stain, that unworthy Stain, of a Dilatory Heart towards your good Grace, ever call to foul a Blot on your most Dutiful Wife, and the Infant-Princess your Daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful Tryal, and let not my Sworn Enemies lie on my Accusers and Judges; Yea let me receive an open Tryal, for my Truth lies in fear no open Shame; I shall thank your free and mine Democracy cleared, your Sulplice and Conflicte satisfied, the Ignominious Slander of the World hushed, or my Galls openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open Contaire, and true Offence being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at Liberty both before God and Man, not only to Execute worthy Punishment on me as an unlawful Wife, but to follow your Affection, already settled on that Party, for whose like I am now as I am, whose Name I could some good while since have pointed unto, your Grace being not ignorant of my Subjection thereto.

Your most Loyal

and ever Faithful Wife,

Ann Boksa

ADVERTISEMENT

At the Desire of several Ladies of Quality.
For the Benefit of Mrs. Mills.

By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians,
AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, this perfect
A Thursday being the 23^d Day of June, will be performed the Tragedy
of Macbeth. The part of Macbeth by Mr. Mills, Macduff by Mr.
Wilks, Banquo by Mr. Powell, Lennox by Mr. Booth, Hecate by
Mr. Jordan, all which by Mr. Dugger, and War by Mr. Fumker-

man, I wish by Mr. Bullock. To which will be added a Force (of one Ark only), and the Pedagogical-Flower. The principal part to be spoken by Mr. Bullock, Mr. Morris, Mr. Pack, and Mr. Letch. To begin exactly at five, this being the full time of Address all Well-Lov'd Members.

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J. GARDNER, Esq. London Printed by J. Smith, in Strand, near
St Dunstons Church, 1760.

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The SPECTATOR.

Insanire pares certa ratione modoque. Hor.

Friday, June 6. 1712.

Cynthia and Flavia are Persons of Distinction in this Town, who have been Lovers these ten Months last past, and write to each other, for Gallantry Sake, under those frigid Names; Mr. Such a one and Mrs. Such a one not being capable of raising the Soul out of the ordinary Tracts and Passages of Life, up to that Elevation which makes the Life of the Exalted so much superior to that of the rest of the World. But ever since the beautiful Cynthia has made such a Figure at the new-dances in the Circle of charming Women, Cynthia has been secretly one of her Adversers. Lucilla has been the finest Woman in Town these three Months, and so long Cynthia has acted the Part of a Lover very awkwardly in the Presence of Flavia. Flavia has been too blind towards him, and has too sincere an Heart of her own to observe a thousand things which would have discovered this Change of Mind to any one less engaged than she was. Cynthia was musing Yesterday in the Piazza in Covent Garden, and was saying to herself that he was a very ill Man to go on in visiting and professing Love to Flavia, when his Heart was enraptured to another. It is an Infirmary that I am not constant to Flavia; but it would be still a greater Crime, since I cannot continue to love her, to profess that I do. To marry a Woman with the Coldness that usually indeed comes on after Marriage, is ruining ones self with ones Eyes open; besides, it is really doing her an Injury. This full Consideration, foreboding, of injuring her in persisting, made him resolve to break off upon the first favourable Opportunity of making her angry. When he was in this Thought, he saw Rella the Porter, who waits at Mr's Coffee-house, passing by. Rella, you must know, is the best Man in Town for carrying a Billet; the Fellow has a thin Body, swift Step, demure Look, sufficient Sense, and knows the Town. This Man carried Cynthia's first Letter to Flavia, and by frequent Errands ever since, is well known to her. The Fellow corrects his Knowledge of the Nature of his Messages with the most exquisite low Humour imaginable: The first he obliged Flavia to take, was by complaining to her that he had a Wife and three Children; and if she did not take that Letter, which, he was sure, there was no Harm

in, but rather love, his Family must go farperish to Bed, for the Gentleman would pay him according as he did his Business. Rella therefore Cynthia now thought fit to make use of, and gave him Orders to wait before Flavia's Door, and if she called him to her, and asked whether it was Cynthia who passed by, he should at first be loath to own it was, but upon Importunity confess it. There needed not much Search in that Part of the Town to find a well dressed Huffy fit for the Purpose Cynthia designed her. Alas! as he believed Rella was possessed, he drove by Flavia's Lodgings in an Hackney-Coach and a Woman in it. Rella was at the Door talking with Flavia's Maid, and Cynthia pulled up the Glass as surprised, and hid his Associate. The Report of this Circumstance soon flew up Stairs, and Rella could not deny but the Gentleman favoured his Master; yet if it was he, he was sure the Lady was but his Cousin whom he had seen ask for him; adding, that he believed she was a poor Relation, because they made her wait one Morning till he was awake. Flavia immediately wrote the following Epistle, which Rella brought to Mr's.

S I R,

March 4. 1712.

IT is in vain to deny it, basest, falsest of Mankind, my Maid, as well as the Bearer, saw you.

The injured Flavia.

After Cynthia had read the Letter, he asked Rella how she looked, and what she said at the Delivery of it. Rella said she spoke short to him, and called him back again, and had nothing to say to him, and bid him and all the Men in the World go out of her Sight; but the Maid followed, and bid him bring an Answer.

Cynthia returned as follows.

Madam,

June 2. Three Weeks, 1712.

THAT your Maid and the Bearer has seen me very often is very certain; but I desire to know, being engaged at Picket, what your Letter means by 'tis in vain to deny it. I shall stay here all the Evening.

Your amazed Cynthia.

Lc

The SPECTATOR.

Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere!———Perf.

Saturday, June 7. 1712.

HYPOCRISIE, at the fashionable End of the Town, is very different from Hypocrite in the City. The modish Hypocrite endeavours to appear more Virtuous than he really is, the other kind of Hypocrite more Virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the show of Religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many Criminal Gallantries and Amours, when he is not guilty of. The latter assumes a Face of Sincerity, and covers a Multitude of Vices under a seeming Religious Deportment.

But there is another kind of Hypocrite, which differs from both these, and which I intend to make the Subject of this Paper: I mean that Hypocrite, by which a Man does not only deceive the World, but very often imposes on himself. That Hypocrite, which conceals his own Heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his Vices or mistake even his Vices for Virtues. It is this fatal Hypocrite and Self-deceit, which is taken notice of in those Words, *Who can understand his Errors? cleanse them out from secret Faults.*

If the open Professors of Impiety deserve the reward, Application, and Endeavours of Moral Writers to recover them from Vice and Folly, how much more may those lay a Claim to their Care and Compassion, who are walking in the Paths of Death, while they fancy themselves engaged in a Course of Virtue! I shall endeavour, therefore, to lay down some Rules for the Discovery of those Vices that lurk in the secret Corners of the Soul, and to shew my Reader those Methods by which he may arrive at a true and impartial Knowledge of himself. The usual Means prescribed for this Purpose, are to examine our selves by the Rules which are laid down for our Direction in Sacred Writ, and to compare our Lives with the Life of that Person who acted up to the Perfection of Human Nature, and is the standing Example, as well as the Great Guide and Instructor, of those who receive his Doctrines. Though these two Heads cannot be too much insisted upon, I shall but just mention them, since they have been handled by many Great and Eminent Writers.

I would therefore propose the following Methods to the Consideration of such as would find out their secret Faults, and make a true Estimate of themselves.

In the first place, let them consider well what are the Characters which they bear among their Enemies. Our Friends very often dangle us, as much as our own Hearts. They either do not see our Faults, or conceal them from us, or soften them by their Representations, after such a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An Adversary, on the contrary, makes a narrower Search into us, discovers every Flaw and Imperfection in our Tempers, and though his Malice may set them in too strong a Light, it has generally some Ground for what it advances. A Friend exaggerates a Man's Virtues, an Enemy inflames his Crimes. A Wise Man should give a just Attention to both of them, so far as they may tend to the Improvement of the one, and diminution of the other. *Plutarch* has written an Essay on the Benefits which a Man may receive from his Enemies, and, among the good Fruits of Enmity, mentions this in particular, that by the Reproaches which it casts upon us we see the worst side of our selves, and open our Eyes to several Blemishes and Defects in our Lives and Conversations, which we should not have observed, without the help of such ill-natured Monitors.

In order likewise to come at a true Knowledge of our selves, we should consider on the other hand how far we may deserve the Praises and Approbations which the World bestow upon us; whether the Actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy Motives, and how far we are really possessed of the Virtues which gain us Applause among those with whom we converse. Such a Reflection is absolutely necessary, if we consider how apt we are either to Value or Contemn our selves by the Opinions of others, and to Sacrifice the Report of our own Hearts to the Judgment of the World.

In the next place, that we may not deceive our selves in a point of so much Importance, we should not lay too great a stress on any supposed Virtues we possess.

cha.

The SPECTATOR.

-----Latet Anguis in Herba. Virg.

Monday, June 9. 1712.

IT should methinks preserve Modesty and its Interests in the World, that the Transgression of it always creates Offence, and the very Purpose of Wantonness are defeated by a Carriage which has in it so much Boldness, as to intimate that Fear and Resistance are quite extinguished in an Object which would be otherwise detestable. It was said of a Wit of the last Age,

*Sidley has that persuasive grace, etc.
Which can with a supple Charm inspire
The lascivious Will to the chaste Heart;
Rough such a Conflicte, smooth such a Fire,
Between desiring Pleasure and Desire,
That the poor unskill'd Maid doth not away
In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.*

This prevailing gentle Art was made up of Complaisance, Courtesy, and zealous Conformity to the Modesty of a Woman's Manners. Rusticity, broad Expression, and forward Ostrusion, offend those of Education, and make the Transgressors odious to all who have Merit enough to strain at the Goad. It is in this Tale that the Secretary is so beautifully ordered in the Description which Araminta makes in the Dialogue between him and Delilah, of Cleopatra in her Barge.

*Her Galley down the River Cydnus row'd,
The Tackling still, the Strangers row'd with Gold;
The gentle Waves were lull'd to sleep, sail'd
Her Nymphs, like Nereids, round her Chariot were plac'd,
While she, another Sea-born Venus, lay
She lay, and lean'd her Head upon her Hand,
And call'd a Look so languishingly sweet,
As if, fear'd of all Beldames Harms,
Nephtoleme could take her. Any like Cupids
Sneak having, with their pointed Wings the Winds
That play'd about her Face, but if he sail'd,
A dawning Glory from'd to blaze ahead,
That Men's admiring Eyes were never weary'd
Part hung upon the Object. To soft Hours
The Silver Oars kept Time, and while they play'd,
The Hearing ears new Pleasures to the Sight,
And both to Thought.*

Here the Imagination is warmed with all the Objects presented, and yet is there no thing that is lascivious, or what raises any Idea more loose than that of a beautiful Woman set off to Advantage. The like, or a more delicate and careful Spirit of Modesty, appears in the following Passage in one of Mr. Philip's Pastorals.

*Remember fast ye Winds, ye Waters gently flow,
Should her ye Tears, ye Flowers would her grow;
Ye Swains, I beg you, pass in Silence by,
My Love in yonder Vale asleep does lie.*

Desire is corrected when there is a Tenderness or Admiration expressed which purifies the Passion. Licentious Language has something brutal in it, which disgraces Humanity, and leaves us in the Condition of the Savages in the Field. But it may be asked to what good Use can tend a Discourse of this Kind at all? It is to disarm chaste Fears against such as have what is above called the prevailing gentle Art. Masters of that Talent are capable of clothing their Thoughts in so soft a Dress, and something so distant from the secret Purpose of their Heart, that the Imagination of the Unguarded is touched with a Fondness which grows too insensibly to be resisted. Much Care and Concern for the Lady's Welfare, to seem afraid lest she should be annoyed by the very Air which surrounds her, and this uttered rather with kind Looks, and expressed by an Interjection, an Ah, or Oh at some little Hazard in moving or making a Step, than in any direct Profession of Love, are the Methods of skilful Admirers. They are honest Arts when their Purpose is such, but insidious when misapplied. I think certain that many a young Woman in this Town has had her Heart irrecoverably won, by Men who have not made one Advance which her modesty, tho' the Females languish with the utmost Anxiety. I have often, by way of Admonition to my female Readers, given them Warning against agreeable Company of the other Sex, except they are well acquainted with their Characters. Women may disguise it if they think fit, and the more to do if they

The SPECTATOR.

perituræ parcite chæte.

Juv.

Thursday, May 1. 1713.

I Have often pleas'd my self with considering the two kinds of Benefits which accrue to the Publick from these my Speculations, and which, were I to speak after the manner of Logicians, I would distinguish into the *Material* and the *Formal*. By the latter I understand those Advantages which my Readers receive, as their Minds are either improved or delighted by these my daily Labours: but having already several times danced on my Eudæmons in this Light, I shall at present wholly confine my self to the Consideration of the former. By the Word *Material* I mean those Benefits which accrue to the Publick from these my Speculations, as they consume a considerable quantity of our Paper Manufacture, employ our Artisans in Printing, and find Buysers for great Numbers of Indigent Persons.

Our Paper Manufacture takes into it several mean Materials which could be put to no other use, and affords Work for several Hands in the collecting of them, which are incapable of any other Employment. These poor Retailers, whom we see to bustle in every Street, deliver in their respective Gleamings to the Merchant. The Merchant carries them in Loads to the Paper-Mill, where they pass thro' a fresh Set of Hands, and give Life to another Trade. Those who have Mills on their Estates by this means considerably raise their Rents, and the whole Nation is in a great measure supplied with a Manufacture, for which formerly she was obliged to her Neighbours.

The Materials are no sooner wrought into Paper, but they are distributed among the Presses, where they agitate fit Innumerable Artists at Work, and furnish Buysers to another Myriads. From hence, accordingly as they are italicized with News or Politics, they fly thro' the Town in *Post-Alms*, *Post-bills*, *Daily-Courants*, *Reviews*, *Medleys* and *Excursions*. Men, Women and Children contend who shall be the first Bearers of them, and get their daily Satiety by spreading them. In short, when I trace in my Mind a bundle of Rags to a Quire of *Spectators*, I find so many Hands employ'd in every Step they take thro' their whole Progress, that while I am writing a *Spectator*, I fancy my self providing Bread for a Multitude.

If I do not take care to obviate some of my worthy Readers, they will be apt to tell me, that my Pa-

per, after it is thus Printed and Published, is still beneficial to the Publick on several Occasions. I must confess, I have lighted my Pipe with my own Works for this Twelve-month past: My Landlady often sends up her little Daughter to deliver some of my old *Spectators*, and has told me, more than once, the Paper they are printed on is the best in the World to wrap Spice in. They likewise make a good Foundation for a Mutton-eye, as I have more than once experienced, and were very much fought for, last *Chrysolari*, by the whole Neighbourhood.

It is pleasant enough to consider the Changes that a Linnen-fragment undergoes, by passing through the several Hands above-mentioned. The finest Pieces of Holland, when worn to tatters, assume a new Whiteness more beautiful than their first, and often return in the shape of Letters to their Native Country. A Lady's Shift may be metamorphos'd into Billet-doux, and come into her Possession a second time. A *Beau* may prove his Gravat after it is worn out, with greater Pleasure and Advantage than ever he did in a Glass. In a word, a piece of Cloth, after having officiated for some Years as a Towel or a Napkin, may by this means be raised from a Dung-hill, and become the most valuable piece of Furniture in a Prince's Cabinet.

The politest Nations of *Europe* have endeavoured to vie with one another for the Reputation of the finest Printing; Absolute Governments, as well as Republicks, have encouraged an Art which seems to be the noblest and most beneficial that was ever invented among the Sons of Men. The Present King of *France*, in his Pursuits after Glory, has particularly distinguished himself by the promoting of this useful Art, inasmuch that several Books have been printed in the *Louvre* at his own Expence, upon which he sets so great a value, that he considers them as the noblest Pretensions he can make to Foreign Princes and Ambassadors. If we look into the Commonwealths of *Holland* and *Genoa*, we shall find that in this Particular they have made themselves the Envy of the greatest Monarchs. *Eleonor* and *Alain* are more frequently mentioned than any Pensioner of the one, or Duke of the other.

The

The several Prefaces which are now in England, and the great Encouragement which has been given to Learning for so long a time, all path, has made our Country so glorious upon this Account, as to be its late Triumph and Conquest. The new Edition which is now of *Keble's Commentaries* has already been taken notice of in Foreign Gazette, and is a Work that does Honour to the *English Press*. It is no wonder that an Edition should be very scarce, which has passed through the Hands of one of the most Accurate, Learned and Judicious Writers this Age has produced. The Beauty of the Paper, of the Character, and of the several Cuts with which this noble Work is Illustrated, makes it the finest Book that I have ever seen; and is a true Instance of the *English Genius*, which, though it does not come the first into any Art, generally carries it to greater heights than any other Country in the World. I am particularly glad that this Author comes from a *British Printing-house* in so great a Magnitude, as he is the first who has given us any tolerable Account of our Country.

My Illiterate Readers, if any such there are, will be surprised to hear me talk of Learning as the Glory of a Nation, and of Printing as an Art that gains a Reputation to a People among whom it flourishes. When Mens Thoughts are taken up with Avarice and Ambition, they cannot look upon any thing as great or valuable, which does not bring with it an extraordinary Power or Interest to the Person who is concerned in it. But as I shall never sink this Paper so far as to engage with *Goats and Pansies*, I shall only regard such kind of Reasoners with that Pity which is due to so deplorable a degree of Stupidity and Ignorance.

ADVERTISEMENT.

At the Desire of several Ladies of Quality,

By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians.

At the Theatre Royal in Coventry-Lane, this preference is given to the 18th May, will be received a *Play* called, *The Royal Queen*; with the Death of Alexander the Great, All the Part of Comedy in both Advantage. By Mr. May's Command no Favour was admitted behind the Scenes: And no Man will be so forward as to deny it. The Program: With Dancing by Miss. Legend, and Mrs. Sedgwick her own details.

AT the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, on Sunday next, being the 24th of May, will be performed a new Opera called *Il Pastor*. To begin at half an hour after seven, the Evening next being clear.

[illegible][illegible]

Test Public'd.

An Historical Geography of the Old Testament:
 by Steve Voth, Ph.D. (1999) and Larry W. Hurtado, Ph.D. (1999).
 This book is a study of the Old Testament's geographical setting. It is a study of the land of Israel, its people, and its history. The book is written for students of the Bible and for those who are interested in the history of the land of Israel. The book is written in a clear and concise style, and it is easy to read. The book is a valuable resource for anyone who is interested in the history of the land of Israel.

[illegible]

To be Sold, the Manors of Southcote and Blay-fleet in Southwark, in the East Walling of York, amounting to a space of ground per A = 100. Enquire of Mr. John Gwynnolds, Attorney at Law, in Strand, London, or Mr. Peter Langley in York.

In George Street in York Buildings in the Strand, the third house is the Right Honourable, standing over the door may be had many fine spots, fine and few, in comfortable style.

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LONDON: Printed for Sam. Buckley, at the 'Dolphin' in Little-Britain; and Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane; where Advertisements are taken in; as also by Charles Little, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beauford-Buildings in the Strand.

The SPECTATOR.

Nos decebat

*Lugere ubi esset aliquis in Lucem editus**Humane vitæ varia reputantes mala**At qui Labores morte finisset graves**Omnes amicos laude & lætitia exequi.*

Euripides apud Tull.

Friday, May 2. 1712.

As the *Spectator* is in a Kind a Paper of News from the natural World, as others are from the busy and politick Part of Mankind, I shall translate the following Letter written to an eminent French Gentleman in this Town from *Paris*; which gives us the Exit of an Heroine who is a Pattern of Patience and Generosity.

S I R,

Paris, April 18. 1712.

IT is so many Years since you left your native Country, that I am to tell you the Characters of your nearest Relations as much as if you were an utter Stranger to them. The Occasion of this is to give you an Account of the Death of Madam de Villars, whose Departure out of this Life I know not whether a Man of your Philosophy will call unfortunate or not, since it was attended with some Circumstances as much to be desired as to be lamented: She was her whole Life happy in an uninterrupted Health, and was always honored for an Example of Temper and Greatness of Mind. On the 10th Instant that Lady was taken with an Indisposition which confined her to her Chamber, but was such as was too slight to make her take a sick Bed, and yet too grievous to admit of any Satisfaction in being out of it. It is notoriously known that some Years ago Monsieur *Fyffan*, one of the most considerable Surgeons in *Paris*, was desperately in love with this Lady: Her Quality placed her above any application to her, on the Account of his Passion; but as a Woman always has some regard to the Person whom she believes to be her real Admirer, she now took it in her Head (upon advice of her Physicians, to loose some of her Blood,) to send for Monsieur *Fyffan* on that occasion. It happened to be there at that time, and my dear Relation gave me the privilege to be present. As soon as her Arm was stripped bare, he began to press it, in order to raise the Vein, his Colour changed, and I observed him seized with a sudden Tremor, which

made me take the Liberty to speak of it to my Cousin with some Apprehension: She Smiled and said she knew Mr. *Fyffan* had no Inclination to do her Injury. He seemed to recover himself and Smiling also, proceeded in his Work: Immediately after the Operation, he cried out, that he was the most unfortunate of all Men, for that he had opened an Artery instead of a Vein: It is impossible to express the Artist's Distraction, as the Patients Composure. I will not dwell on little Circumstances, but go on to inform you, that within Three Days Time it was thought necessary to take of her Arm. She was so far from using *Fyffan*, as it would be natural to one of a lower Spirit to treat him, that she would not let him be absent from any Consultation about her present Condition, and on every Occasion asked whether he was fairly'd in the Measures were taken about her. Before this last Operation she ordered her Will to be drawn, and after having been about a Quarter of an Hour alone, she bid the Surgeons, of whom poor *Fyffan* was one, go on in their Work. I know not how to give you the Terms of Art; but there appeared such Symptoms after the Amputation of her Arm, that it was visible she could not live four and twenty Hours. Her behaviour was so Magnanimous throughout this whole Affair, that I was particularly Curious in taking Notice of what passed as her Fate approached nearer and nearer, and took Notes of what she said to all about her, particularly Word for Word what she spoke to Mr. *Fyffan*, which was as follows.

S I R,

YOU give me inexpressible Sorrow for the Anguish with which I see you overwhelmed. I am removed to all Intents and Purposes from the Interests of humane Life, therefore I am to begin to think like one wholly unconcerned in it. I do not consider you as one by whose Honour I have lost my Life. No, you

The SPECTATOR.

Totus mundus agit Histrionem.

Monday, May 5. 1712.

MAny of my fair Readers, as well as very gay and well-received Persons, of the other Sex, are extremely perplexed at the Latin Sentences at the Head of my Speculations; I do not know whether I ought not to indulge them with Translations of each of them: However, I have to Day taken down from the Top of the Stage in *Duery-Lane* a Bit of Latin which often stands in their View, and signifies that *the whole World acts the Player*. It is certain that if we look all round us and behold the different Employments of Mankind, you hardly see one who is not, as the Player is, in an assumed Character. The Lawyer who is vehement and loud in a Cause wherein he knows he has not the Truth of the Question on his Side, is a Player, as to the personated Part, but incomparably meaner than he as to the Prostitution of himself for Hire; because the Pleader's Faithfulness introduces Injustice, the Player feigns for no other End but to divert or instruct you. The Divine whose Passions transport him to say any thing with any View but promoting the Interests of true Piety and Religion, is a Player with a still greater Imputation of Guilt in Proportion to his deprecating a Character more sacred. Consider all the different Pursuits and Employments of Men, and you will find half their Actions tend to nothing else but Disguise and Imposture; and all that is done which proceeds not from a Man's very self is the Action of a Player. For this Reason it is that I make so frequent mention of the Stage: It is, with me, a Matter of the highest Consideration what Parts are well or ill performed, what Passions or Sentiments are indulged or cultivated, and consequently what Manners and Customs are transfused from the Stage to the World, which reciprocally imitate each other. As the Writers of Epick Poems introduce shadowy Persons, and represent Vices and Virtues under the Characters of Men and Women; so I, who am a SPECTATOR in the World, may perhaps sometimes make use of the Names of the Actors on the Stage, to represent or admonish those who transact Affairs in the World. When I am commending Wits

for representing the Tenderness of a Husband and a Father in *Macbeth*, the Contrition of a reformed Prodigal in *Harry the Fourth*, the winning Emptiness of a young Man of Good-nature and Wealth in *the Tely to the Jubilee*, the Officiousness of an artful Servant in *the Fox*: When I thus celebrate *Wits*, I talk to all the World who are engaged in any of those Circumstances. If I were to speak of Merit neglected, misapplied or misunderstood, might not I say *Eschewer* has a great Capacity, but it is not the Interest of others who bear a Figure on the Stage, that his Talents were unemploy'd; it is their Business to impose upon him what cannot become him, or keep out of his Hands any thing in which he would shine. Were one to raise a suspicion of himself in a Man who passes upon the World for a fine Thing, in order to alarm him, one might say, if *Lord Bappagone* were not on the Stage, (*Cobler* acts the false Pretensions to a genteel Behaviour so very justly) he would have in the generality of Mankind more that would admire than deride him. When we come to Characters directly comical, it is not to be imagined what Effect a well regulated Stage would have upon Men's Manners. The craft of an Usurer, the Abundance of a rich Fool, the awkward Roughness of a Fellow of half Courage, the ungraceful Mirth of a Creature of half Wit, might be for ever put out of Countenance by proper Parts for *Dapper*, *Jakes*, by acting *Carabasses* the other Night, must have given all who saw him a thorough Detestation of aged Avarice. The Penulency of a peevish old Fellow who loves and hates he know not why, is very excellently performed by the Ingenious Mr. *William Parkin* in the *Fop's Entrance*; where, in the Character of *Don Cholowick*, *Quap Short* de *Telly*, he answers no Questions but to those whom he likes, and wants no Account of any thing from those he approves. Mr. *Parkin* is also Master of as many Faces in the Dumb-Scene, as can be expected from a Man in the Circumstances of being ready to perish out of Fear and Hunger: He wanders throughout the whole Scene very masterly without neglecting his Visuals: If it be, as I have heard

The SPECTATOR.

*Jamne igitur laudas quod de sapientibus unus
Ridebat ?* _____

Juv.

Tuesday, May 6. 1712.

I Shall communicate to my Reader the following
Letter for the Entertainment of this Day.

SIR,

YOU know very well that our Nation is more
famous for that sort of Men who are called
Whims and *Humours*, than any other Country in
the World, for which reason it is observ'd that
our *English* Comedy excels that of all other Na-
tions in the Novelty and Variety of its Char-
acters.

Among those innumerable Sets of *Whims* which
our Country produces, there are some whom I
have regarded with more Curiosity than those who
have invented any particular kind of Diversion
for the Entertainment of themselves or their Friends.
My Letter shall single out those who take delight
in setting a Company that has something of Bar-
lesque and Ridiculous in its appearance. I shall make
my self understood by the following Example.
One of the *Whims* of the last Age, who was a Man
of a good Estate, thought he never laid out his
Money better than in a Jest. As he was one Year
at the Bath, observing that in the great Confluence
of fine People there were several among them
with long Chins, a part of the Village by which
he himself was very much distinguished, he invited
to Dinner half a Dozen of these remarkable Persons
who had their Mouths in the middle of their
Faces. They had no sooner placed themselves a-
bout the Table, but they began to stare upon one
another, not being able to imagine who had brought
them together. Our *English* Proverb says,

*'Tis merry in the Hall,
When Beards wag all.*

It proved so in the Assembly I am now speaking
of, who being so many Peaks of Faces agitated
with Eating, Drinking, and Discourse, and obser-
ving all the Chins that were present meeting to-
gether very often over the Center of the Table;
every one grew terrible of the Jest, and came into
it with so much good Humour, that they lived in
strict Friendship and Alliance from that Day for-
ward.

The same Gentleman some time after packed to-
gether a Set of Officers, as he called them, con-
sisting of such as had an unlucky Oul in their Eyes :

His Diversion on this occasion was to set the cross
Bows, mistaken Signs, and wrong Continuances
that passed amidst so many broken and confused
Rays of Sight.

The third Feast which this merry Gentleman
exhibited was to the Strammerers, whom he got
together in a sufficient Body to fill his Table. He
had order'd one of his Servants, who was placed
behind a Screen, to write down their Taste-Talk,
which was very easy to be done, without the help
of Short-hand. It appears by the Notes which
were taken, that tho' their Conversation never
fell, there were not above twenty Words spoken
during the first Course; that upon serving up the
second, one of the Company was a quarter of an
Hour in telling them, that the Duck and Spar-
row-grass were very good; and that another took
up the same time in declaring himself of the same
Opinion. This Jest did not, however, go off so
well as either of the former; for one of the Guests
being a brave Man, and full of Refinement
tho' he knew how to express, went out of the
Room, and sent the factious Inviter a Challenge
in Writing, which tho' it was afterwards drop'd
by the Interposition of Friends, put a Stop to these
Indecorous Entertainments.

Now, Sir, I dare say you will agree with me,
that as there is no Moral in these Jests they ought
to be discouraged, and looked upon rather as Pieces
of Unluckiness, than Wit. However, as it is natural
for one Man to refine upon the Thought of ano-
ther, and impossible for any single Person
how great soever his Parts may be, to invent an
Art, and bring it to its utmost Perfection, I shall
here give you an Account of an honest Gentle-
man of my Acquaintance, who upon hearing the
Character of the Wit above-mentioned has him-
self assumed it, and endeavoured to convert it to
the Benefit of Mankind. He invited half a dozen
of his Friends one day to Dinner, who were each
of them famous for inferring several redundant
Phrases in their Discourse, as *'Tis dear me, 'Tis
dear that is, and so Sir.* Each of the Guests mak-
ing frequent use of his particular Elegance ap-
peared so ridiculous to his Neighbour, that he
could not but reflect upon himself as appearing
coarsely ridiculous to the rest of the Company; by
this means, before they had sat long together, e-
very one talking with the greatest Circumspection

The SPECTATOR.

*Quid enim ratione timemus,
Aut Cupimus?*

JUVEN.

FRIDAY, March 18. 1715.

AMONGST the Variety of Benefits given to *Human Nature*, that thing call'd *Hope* is one of the most necessary, for without it we should be unfinish'd, and the Machine of a *Man* must be as Useless as a *Watch* without a Spring, because the Loss of one as well as the other, destroys the *Primum Mobile* of *Motion*. But I am perswaded there are such Degrees, that some Persons (from what Cause I know not) possess a much larger Share than others; one Sort, which is of the greatest Bulk, proceeds from vain Desires, and it is not hard to observe that *Covetousness* and *Opinion* are the Parents of such *Hopes*; however either of them are bred, each nourishes the Possessor, and those who abound in that *voluptuous Spirit*, distinguish themselves, by a Cheerfulness peculiar to their Countenance. In that part which relates to the pleasing our Inclinations, *Old Cynthia* is an Instance, that creates Admiration in People who are acquainted with her *Age* and *Person*, and really to find that exuberant Fancy in a Woman quite decay'd, yet daily expediting an Address from some Admirer, when she has not the shadow of one *Advantage*; and see how she builds a pyramid of *Hopes*, without the least *Reason* or *Foundation*, is preposterously Comical, and yet violently Entertaining. They say ever since she began to *wrinkle*, which is twenty Years ago, her *Town* about the Town admit of no Abatement, and she continues *springy* enough still to expect a *Letter*. This *Romantic Creature*, extracts a Happiness to her self out of the most preposterous Oscillancy in Nature; for she can apply the passionate Letters in a *Novel* as meant to her, and the reading of one, will frequently engender a Delight to pen the Answer, which as her Humour happens, shall be either to *Disdain* or *Appraise* her fictions Hero; She has a thousand *Amorous Verses* by Heart, that by often repeating in a mournful Accent, puts her a dreaming 'tis her own *Worshipper* in *Despair*, and continues all that day transported with this Delusion; but upon every interval, in which she is reduced to the unwelcome task of Considering her want of *Merit*, Impatience brightens her to have Recourse to any Invention, that may insatiate or supply a *Vacancy* from *Hope*, and she had rather flatter her self with an imaginary Performance of her *Desires*, than yield to Truth,

or any thing Repugnant to her Inclinations. One of her own Sex, a *Strong-Water* Confidant, reported to some, who brought the Tale round to my Acquaintance, a merry Intrigue of hers, which was, That this exorbitant Old Lady *Cynthia*, not many Months since, enter'd into some verbal Articles with a *decay'd School-Master* to invent and pen Three Letters a week, whose Subject was to be Addressee of Courtship to her as from a *Noble-Man*. The Man's Poverty wrought upon him to comply to every particular; he was likewise to personate the Messenger, to which end she provided him a second-hand *Livery*, to appear before her when he was sent upon his suppos'd Errand: The Pay was to be Quarterly, at the rate of something more than *Eighteen-pence* a week. Thus was this indolent Indigent to exercise alternately the Labours of Mind and Body, for that wretched Stipend. I can but guess at the Pangs of so unusual a Labour of the Brain, as was necessary on these Occasions to feed the Old Lady's Humour, and himself with Bread. But the Fellow that liv'd at *Streepey*, and was to walk Three times a Week to the farther end of *St. Giles's in the Fields*, which were certainly no small Journeys, was to find the brunt of all *Rains* and *Contrivances* upon *Visiting-days*, at which times he would frequently find something at his Head, and tell him his *Lord* wanted Respect, alter the had given him an absolute Refusal, to trouble her so often with two Impertinences, his superannuated *Footman*, and his odious Declaration.

This *sign'd* anger became at last a *real Misfortune*, through a full Discovery of the whole Project; for it happen'd, as this poor Proteus was upon one of his accusom'd Perambulations, he was taken Sick at *St. Catherine's*, and weary'd and lagg'd out of his Life, expir'd and dyed a Martyr to her Humour, upon *Tower-Hill*; some Persons who own'd him, found the following Bill in his Pocket, inscrib'd Thus;

Madam Cynthia, her Quarterly Bill due to me Isaac-Ferrula.

Imprimis, for *Composing and Writing Six* 4 s. d.
and thirty Love-Letters in a New
and Passionate Style, directed to Ma- 10 s. 6
dam Cynthia, at 6d per Letter, a s
amounts to

Item,



Item, For carrying every single Letter my
own self at Three pence each. } 30 9 0
Allowed me for Contingencies viz. Shew'd
Sealing and Heel-picing; ditto Allowed
a Pint once a Fortnight } 4 7 1/2
Total. 1 14 7 1/2

I have been inform'd since, that the Widow of the deceased was forc'd to Procure Madam Cynthia, for Non-Payment, and her Council having advis'd her to take new Measures to discover the Fraud, it being not under Black and White; and it is now seriously thought it will come to be a Chancery Business.

With as strong a Power as Hope Operates in the Mind of a Person, Fear on the other hand, where it has the Mastery, shews as great an Authority, and exercises its Dominion so Tyrannical here, that any Body under this latter Calamity of Passion, ought most to be the Object of our Pity, especially when it comes by Education; for then, it is hardly to be Rooted out; for having been mingled with the tender Sentiments of Childhood, and receiv'd an Impression, it sometimes grows so long, till it comes at length to be part of the Constitution. I am Sorry, when I behold the untoward Dissembler, that Passion has rais'd in my Friend *Claudio*; he poor Man, although he has been always Master of a Placid Fortune, and of sufficient Prudence also to preserve it, has not been able these Fifty Years, to obtain an entire Conquest over that Slavish Companion, which is the only Cause why he is subject to Continual Suspensions: Thus not an Accident can ever come to pass in his Family, but he takes it all for Design, and obstinately Avers it was done on Purpose, in that seeming Accidental way, by the Artifice of an Enemy. He never had a Horse Lame, but he Accus'd his Groom of Bribery, and thought that a Neighbour Tamper'd with the Fellow in a Conspiracy to get him a new one for himself: He has several times Chang'd his Servants all round, and still they are all Rogues, as they ever were, and I am afraid will and must be.

Once he told me, he was resolv'd to Pull down his Old Country Seat, and Build a New one up in it's Room, and did carry it so far as to Consult with a Master Builder. As soon as the Undertaker had Sum'd up the Charges according to the Draught; *Claudio* would have flung in an Additional part to the nominal Price, which the Builder rejected, unless he would have it done *Silb*, which unlucky word rais'd a Conjecture in my Friend, that he was a Mercenary Fellow, who to save Stuff, would contrive a House that might knock his Brains out when he was asleep. Many times People have Advis'd him to Marry, but none could ever gain so much of him, as to hearken to the most Advantageous Proposals, for fear, I suppose, of

several other Fears, and this in my Judgment, is the wisest thing that a Man of Temper could do. A great part of the Gentleman's Life, has been Engag'd in the Study of Physick, that when he may have occasion for a Galenical Preparation, he may be able to Compound the Drugs himself, not run the Risk of being sent out of the World either Experimentally, or by Doctor Your Barber: he looks upon as a Bloody Set of Fellows, and will have no Acquaintance, upon any Terms, with any of that *tem* Corporation.

Thus this poor Man is in a worse Condition, than a Common Beggar; for his *Suspensions* prevent his Enjoyment of the most innocent Diversions, and what the *French* call *l'ennui* at he dares not Purchase; so in reality the Vagrant is the Happier Creature of the two, for he has learn'd to be Content without; what the other is not satisfied with, and with Poor Old Man! I pity him, but I know 'tis a Malady in him, which I am sure, he himself cannot Cure, and which I am sorely afraid, I try in vain to perform.

This Imbecility of the Mind, makes a Person the most Unfeeling of the Human Species, living always in an Intrenchment carry'd out of his own Fears, and defended against his Fellow Creatures, as if they were join'd in a Confederacy, and were resolv'd to try every Stratagem to Destroy him. All the Talents he might be Master of for the Improvement of Mankind, are Buried in him, and he is of less use to the World, than an Animal.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PART of the Library of the Honourable Sir William Gifford, Bart. and his son's, consisting of a Choice Collection of Books, in Greek, Latin, French, and English, in small Facsimiles, of the best Editions, with several Large Paper, Gilt Binds, which will begin to be sold the first week of the Winter next, at each Book, the following *Blackleg* (and without Temple Bar, this Friday the 15th of this instant April 1755, beginning at 10 o'clock in the Morning, till 5 o'clock in the Evening, and on the 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 1st May, at 10 o'clock in the Morning, till 5 o'clock in the Evening, and on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 1st June, at 10 o'clock in the Morning, till 5 o'clock in the Evening, and on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 1st July, at 10 o'clock in the Morning, till 5 o'clock in the Evening, and on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 1st August, at 10 o'clock in the Morning, till 5 o'clock in the Evening, and on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 1st September, at 10 o'clock in the Morning, till 5 o'clock in the Evening, and on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 1st October, at 10 o'clock in the Morning, till 5 o'clock in the Evening, and on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 1st November, at 10 o'clock in the Morning, till 5 o'clock in the Evening, and on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 1st December, at 10 o'clock in the Morning, till 5 o'clock in the Evening, and on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 1st January, at 10 o'clock in the Morning, till 5 o'clock in the Evening, and on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 1st February, at 10 o'clock in the Morning, till 5 o'clock in the Evening, and on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 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The SPECTATOR.

— *Minus aptus acutis*
Naribus horum hominum — Hor.

Friday, March 21: 1712.

Dear third Party,

IN your Speculation of *Wednesday* last, you have given as true Account of that worthy Society of Brutes the *Black*; wherein you have particularly specified the ingenious Performances of the Lion-Tamers, the Dancing-Masters, and the Tumbler; But as you acknowledge you had not then a perfect History of the whole Club, you might very easily omit one of the most notable Species of it, the Swaters, which may be reckon'd a sort of Dancing-Masters too. It is, it seems, the Custom for Half a Dozen, or more, of these well-dispos'd Savages, as soon as they have inclin'd the Person upon whom they design the Favour of a Swat, to whip out their Swords, and holding them parallel to the Horizon, they describe a sort of Magic Circle round him with the Points. As soon as this Piece of Conjunction is perform'd, and the Patient without Doubt already beginning to wax warm, to forward the Operation, that Member of the Circle towards whom he is to ride as to run his Back still, runs his Sword directly into that Part of the Patient wherein School-boys are punish'd; and, as it is very natural to imagine, this will soon make him rack about so farre other Point, every Gentleman does himself the same Justice as often as he receives the Assault. After this Gig has gone two or three times round, and the Patient is thought to have sweat sufficient, he is very handsomely ribb'd down by some Attendants, who carry with them Instruments for that Purpose, and so discharg'd. This Relation had from a Friend of mine, who has lately been under this Discipline. He tells me he had the Honour to dance before the Emperor himself, not without the Applause and Acclamations both of his Imperial Majesty and the whole Rings, tho', I dare say, neither he or any of his Acquaintance ever dreamt he would have merited any Reputation on his Activity.

I can assure you, Mr. SEAN, I was very sore being oblig'd to have given you a faithful and plain Account of this walking Bagnio, if I may so call it, my self: For going the other Night to King-Street, and having got of Curiosity, just enter'd into discourse with a wandering Female who was travelling the same Way, a Couple of Fellows advanced towards us, drew their Swords, and cry'd unto each other, *A Swat!* Whereupon, supposing they were some of the Ring-leaders of the Bagnio, I also drew my Sword, and demand'd a Party: but finding none would be granted me, and perceiving others behind them fling off with great Diligence to take me in flank, I began to fear for fear of being forced to act, but very luckily breaking my self to a Pair of Horsemens I had good Reason

to believe would do me Justice, I instantly got Possession of a very fine Corner in a neighbouring Alley that lay in my Rear; which Post I maintained for above Half an Hour with great Firmness and Resolution, tho' not letting this Success so far overcome me, as to make me undisturb'd of the Circumpection that was necessary to be observ'd upon my advancing again toward the Street; by which Prudence and good Management I made a handsome and orderly Retreat, having suffer'd no other Damage in this Assault than the Loss of my Baggage, and the Discomfort of one of my Shoes-heels, which last I am just now inform'd is in a fair way of Recovery. These Swaters, by what I can learn from my Friends, and by as near a View as I was able to take of them my self seem to me to have at present but a rude kind of Discipline amongst them. It is probable, if you would take a little Pains with them, they might be brought into better Order. But I'll leave this to your own Discretion; and will only add, that if you think it worth while to infer this by way of Caution to those who have a Mind to preserve their Skins whole from this sort of Capping, and tell them at the same Time the Hazard of treating with Night-Walkers, you will perhaps oblige others, as well as

Your very humble Servant,
 Jack Lintfort.

P. S. My Friend will have me acquaint you, that tho' he would not willingly detract from the Merit of that extraordinary Stroke-Man Mr. *Spangley*, yet it is his real Opinion, that some of these Fellows who are employ'd as Rubbers to this new-fash'd Bagnio, have struck as bold Strokes at over head in his Life.

I had sent this four or five days sooner, if I had not had the Misfortune of being in a great Doubt about the Orthography of the Word *Bagnio*. I consult'd several Dictionaries, but found no Relief; at last having Recourse both to the *Bagnio* in *Nomophylax* and to that in *Chambers's*, and finding the original Manuscript upon the Sign-Posts of each to agree literally with my own Spelling, I reserved none full of Satisfaction in order to dispatch this Epistle.

Mr. SEAN, I have taken great notice of the Circumstances

of humane Life and your Considerations; we, the under-writing, thought it not improper for us also to represent to you our Condition. We are three Ladies who live in the Country, and the greatest Improvements we make is by reading. We have taken a small Journal of our Lives, and find it extremely agreeable to your last *Tuesday's* Speculation. We sit by Green, and

posits the Beginning of each Day in Devotion and looking into those Affairs that fall within the Occurrences of a retired Life; in the Afternoon, we sometimes enjoy the good Company of some Friend or Neighbour, or else work or read; at Night, we retire to our Chambers, and take Leave of each other for the whole Night at Ten of Clock. We take particular Care never to be sick of a Sunday. Mr. SEXTON, We are all very good Maids; but are ambitious of Characters which we think more laudable, that of being very good Wives. If any of your Correspondents enquire for a Spouse for an honest Country Gentleman, whose Estate is not dissipated, and wants a Wife that can save half his Revenue, and yet make a better Figure than any of his Neighbours of the same Estate with finer hired Women, you shall have further Notice from,

S I R,

Your obedient Reader,

Martha Butler,
Deborah Thrift,
Alice Early.

ADVERTISEMENT.

There being a small Number left of the LUCRATIVE EDITION of ISAAC BICKERS TAFF, Esq; printed upon Royal and Medium Paper, in 4 Vols. 8vo. they are now to be sold by J. Toulton, W. Taylor, J. Round, R. Knapplock, N. Cliff, R. Smith, G. Suraham, R. Parker, D. Midwinter, B. Tooke, J. Wray, D. Reynolds, E. Sanger, H. Clements, O. Lloyd, C. Lillie, and J. Morehouse.

The Reading School for young Gentlemen, which was formerly kept on Mile-End Green, being laid down, there is now one set up almost opposite to it at the two Golden-Bells, and much more convenient in every Respect; where, beside the common Latin-Grammar to young Gentlemen, they will be taught the whole Art of Penmanship and Preferring, with whatever may render them accomplished.

Never asked half price.

By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, on Monday, being Tuesday, the 22d of March, will be presented a new Comedy called, The Black Merchant. By Mr. Addison's Command to Perform as to be admitted behind the Scenes.

AT the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, on Wednesday Evening, the 23d of March, will be presented the Entertainment of Ladies, which was performed by a Society upon her birthday. To which will be added, the Immortal Battle of Theophrastus, composed by Signor Scipione, and sung by Signor Cavallone Nicolo Glusiani, for his Sonnets With Vocal Exercises of Singing by Miss Sams, Anna and Miss to be set together, and so on. To be admitted without Tickets, which will be 4d. seated at the Theatre, at the Middle-Church door, and at St. James's Coffee-house at half a Guinea each. The first Gallery at 6d. 1797. Gallies at 6d. By her Majesty's Command to Perform as to be admitted behind the Scenes.

At the Golden Sugar-Loaf, right against the Clock at Charing-Cross, is to be sold, made up, a Full Dress of Men's Gown or Coat and Waistcoat, of London Silk, with Black Satins and Colours, with Gold and Silver, the Goods being bought of Persons that will, and are well qualified to charge them any job can afford to give; and the work is esteemed good. Terms, N. B. Several persons to call upon the same Night, but not half the Value, such as find good money.

To be Lett,

Two new brick Houses, situate in the upper End of Allington-Street, completely fitted and furnished, convenient for a Bachelor, with Stables, Coach-house, Yard, and Wagon-house (or without) inquire at Mr. William Smith in the said Street.

At Richmond in Surrey, the House of the late Lord Mansfield is to be Lett, furnished or unfurnished, on the Lease to be had, with or without Furniture, the Office is very convenient, there is a garden Garden well planted with Well-Arranged, a Coach-house, and Stables for a stable, situated at Mr. Appleby's Chancery Lane, or at Mr. Johnson in the Black Lion in St. Ch. near York, or at Mr. Johnson in Richmond.

Dr. Bentley's Harace is to be sold by Sir. B. Baker, at 1797. 1798. 1799. 1800. 1801. 1802. 1803. 1804. 1805. 1806. 1807. 1808. 1809. 1810. 1811. 1812. 1813. 1814. 1815. 1816. 1817. 1818. 1819. 1820. 1821. 1822. 1823. 1824. 1825. 1826. 1827. 1828. 1829. 1830. 1831. 1832. 1833. 1834. 1835. 1836. 1837. 1838. 1839. 1840. 1841. 1842. 1843. 1844. 1845. 1846. 1847. 1848. 1849. 1850. 1851. 1852. 1853. 1854. 1855. 1856. 1857. 1858. 1859. 1860. 1861. 1862. 1863. 1864. 1865. 1866. 1867. 1868. 1869. 1870. 1871. 1872. 1873. 1874. 1875. 1876. 1877. 1878. 1879. 1880. 1881. 1882. 1883. 1884. 1885. 1886. 1887. 1888. 1889. 1890. 1891. 1892. 1893. 1894. 1895. 1896. 1897. 1898. 1899. 1900. 1901. 1902. 1903. 1904. 1905. 1906. 1907. 1908. 1909. 1910. 1911. 1912. 1913. 1914. 1915. 1916. 1917. 1918. 1919. 1920. 1921. 1922. 1923. 1924. 1925. 1926. 1927. 1928. 1929. 1930. 1931. 1932. 1933. 1934. 1935. 1936. 1937. 1938. 1939. 1940. 1941. 1942. 1943. 1944. 1945. 1946. 1947. 1948. 1949. 1950. 1951. 1952. 1953. 1954. 1955. 1956. 1957. 1958. 1959. 1960. 1961. 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The SPECTATOR.

Voluisti, in suo Genere, unumquemque nostrum quasi quendam esse Roscium, dixisti que non tam ea quæ recta essent probari, quam quæ præva sunt fastidius adherescere. Cicero de Gestu.

Monday, March 24. 1712.

IT is very natural to take for our whole Lives a light Impression of a thing which at first fell into Contempt with us for want of Consideration. The real Use of a certain Qualification (which the wiser part of Mankind look upon as at best an indifferent thing, and generally a frivolous Circumstance) shews the ill Consequence of such Prepossessions. What I mean is the Art, Skill, Accomplishment, or whatever you will call it, of Dancing. I knew a Gentleman of great Abilitie, who bewailed the Want of this part of his Education to the End of a very honourable Life. He observed that there was not occasion for the common Use of great Talents; that they are but seldom in Demand; and that these very great Talents were often rendered useless to a Man for want of small Attainments. A good Mein (a becoming Motion, Gesture and Aspect) is natural to some Men; but even these would be highly more graceful in their Carriage, if what they do from the Force of Nature were confirmed and brighten'd from the Force of Reason. To one who has not at all considered it, to mention the Force of Reason on a Subject, will appear fantastical; but when you have a little attended to it, an Assembly of Men will have quite another View; and they will tell you, it is evident from plain and infallible Rules, why this Man with those beautiful Features, and well-furnished Person, is not so agreeable as he who sits by him without any of those Advantages. When we read we do it without any exerted Act of Memory that presents the Shape of the Letters; but *Habit* makes us do it mechanically without staying, like Children, to recollect and join those Letters. A Man who has not had the Regard of his Gestures in any part of his Education, will find himself unable to act with Freedom before new Company, as a Child that is but now learning would be to read without Habituation. It is for the Advancement of the Pleasure we receive in being agreeable to each other in ordinary Life, that one would wish Dancing were generally understood as conducive; as it really is to a proper Deportment in Matters that appear the most remote from it. A Man of Learning and Sense is distinguished from others as he is such, tho' he never runs upon Points too difficult for the rest of the World; in like Manner the reaching out of the Arm, and the most ordinary Motion, discovers whether a Man ever learnt to know what is the true Harmony and Composure of his Limbs and Countenance. Whoever has seen *Born* in the Character of *Pyrrhus* march to his Throne, to receive *Orestes*, is convinced that majestick and great Conceptions are expressed in the very Step; but perhaps, tho' no other Man could perform that Indecore as well as he does, he himself would do it with a yet greater Elevation were he a Dancer.

This is so dangerous a Subject to treat with Gravity, that I shall not at present enter into it any further: But the Author of the following Letter has treated it in the Essay he speaks of in such a Manner, that I am beholden to him for a Resolution, that I will never hereafter think meanly of any thing, till I have heard what they who have another Opinion of it have to say in its Defence.

MR. SPECTATOR.

Since there are scarce any of the Arts or Sciences that have not been recommended to the World by the Pens of some of the Professors, Masters, or Lovers of them, whereby the Usefulness, Excellence, and Benefit arising from them, both as to the speculative and practical Part, have been made publick, to the great Advantage and Improvement of such Arts and Sciences; why should Dancing, an Art celebrated by the Ancients in so extraordinary a Manner, be totally neglected by the Moderns, and left destitute of any Pen so recommend its various Excellencies and substantial Merit to Mankind?

The low Ebb to which Dancing is now fallen, is altogether owing to this Silence. The Art is esteem'd only as an amusing Trifle; it lies altogether uncultivated, and is unhappily fall'n under the Imputation of Illiterate and Mechanic: And as *Trojan*, in one of his Prologues, complains of the Rope-dancers drawing all the Spectators from his Play, so may we well say, that Capering and Tumbling, is now preferred to, and supplies the Place of, just and regular Dancing on our Theatres. It is therefore, in my Opinion, high Time, that some one should come in to its Assistance, and relieve it from the many gross and growing Errors that have crept into it, and over-cast its real Beauties; and set Dancing in its true Light, would shew the Usefulness and Elegancy of it, with the Pleasure and Instruction produc'd from it; and also lay down some fundamental Rules, that might be trad'd to the Improvement of its Profession and Satisfaction of the Spectators, that the first might be the better enabled to perform, and the latter rendered more capable of judging, in what (if there be any thing) valuable in this Art.

To encourage therefore some ingenious Pen capable of so generous an Undertaking, and in some Measure to relieve Dancing from the Disadvantages it at present lies under, I who teach to dance have attempted a small Treatise as an Essay towards an History of Dancing; in which I have enquired into its Antiquity, Original, and Use, and shewn what Esteem the Ancients had for it: I have likewise considered the Nature and Perfection of all its several Parts, and how beneficial and delightful it is, both as a *Q. d. d. scilicet*

The SPECTATOR.

*Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatore, & veras hinc ducere voces.* Hor.

Tuesday, March 25. 1712

MY Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLY, when we last met together at the Club, told me, that he had a great mind to see the new Tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time, that he had not been at a Play these twenty Years. The last I saw, says Sir ROGER, was the *Commissar*, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told before-hand that it was a good Caricature of *English Comedy*. He then proceeded to enquire of me who this Difficult Master was, and upon hearing that he was *Heller's Widow*, he told me that her Husband was a brave Man, and that when he was a School-Boy he had read his Life at the end of the Dictionary. My Friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the *Attack* should be abroad. I assure you, says he, I thought I had fallen into their Hands last Night, for I observed two or three rusty black Men that followed me half way up *Fleetstreet*, and minded their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know, continued the Knight with a Smile, I fancied they had a mind to seize me; for I remember an honest Gentleman in my Neighbourhood, who was fired such a Trick in King *Charles the Second's* time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in Town ever since. I might have shown them very good Sport, had this been their Design, for as I am an old Fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand Tricks, they had never seen in their Lives before. Sir ROGER added, that if these Gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it, for I threw them out, says he, at the end of *Twelfth-street*, where I doubled the Corner and got shelter in my Lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However, says the Knight, if Captain *SENTRY* will make one with us to Morrow Night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'Clock, that we may be at the House before it is full, I will have my own Coach in readiness to attend you, for *Jehu* tells me he has got the new-Wheels mended.

The Captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed Hour, bid Sir ROGER fear nothing, for that he had put on the Game Sword which he made use of at the Battle of *Stenhook*. Sir ROGER's Servants, and among the rest my old Friend, the Butler, had I found provided themselves with good Oaken Plates, to attend their Master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his Coach, with my feet at his Left Hand, the Captain before him, and his Butler at the head of his Footmen, in the Rear, we convey'd him in safety to the Play-house; where after having marched up the Entry in good Order, the Captain and I went in with him,

and seated him betwixt us in the Pit. As soon as the House was full, and the Candles lighted, my old Friend stood up and looked about him with that Pleasure, which a Mind seasoned with Humanity naturally feels in it self, at the sight of a multitude of People who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common Entertainment. I could not but pay fancy to myself, as the old Man stood up in the middle of the Pit, that he made a very proper Cameo to a Tragick Audience. Upon the entering of *Pyrrhus*, the Knight told me, that he did not believe the King of *France* himself had a better Stratagem. I was indeed very attentive to my old Friend's Remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of Natural Criticism, and was well pleased to hear him at the conclusion of almost every Scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the Play would end. One while he appeared very much concerned for *Andromache*; and a little while after as much for *Hermione*; and was extremely pained to think what would become of *Pyrrhus*.

When Sir ROGER saw *Andromache's* obstinate Refusal to her Lover's Importunities, he whispered me in the Ear, that he was sure he would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary Vehemence, You can't imagine, Sir, what 'tis to have to do with a Widow. Upon *Pyrrhus's* his threatening afterwards to leave her, the Knight shook his Head, and muttered to himself, Ay, do if you can. This Part dwelt so much upon my Friend's imagination, that at the close of the Third Act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my Ear, These Widows, Sir, are the most perverse Creatures in the World. But pray, says he, you that are a Quicks, is this Play according to your Dramatick Rules, as you call them; Should your People in Tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single Sentence in this Play, that I do not know the Meaning of.

The Fourth Act very luckily began before I had time to give the old Gentleman an Answer; Well, says the Knight, sitting down with great Satisfaction, I suppose we are now to see *Heller's Ghost*. He then renewed his Attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the Widow. He made, indeed, a little Mistake as to one of her Pages, whom, at his first entering, he took for *Adriana*; but he quickly set himself right in that Particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the White Boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine Child by the Account, that is given of him. Upon *Hermione's* going off with a Menace to *Pyrrhus*, the Audience gave a loud Clap, to which Sir ROGER added, On my Word, a notable young Beggar.

The SPECTATOR.

— *Clamant perisse pudorem*
Cuncti pene patres: ea cum reprehendere conor,
Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit:
Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt;
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, & quæ
Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda sateri. Hor. Lib. 2. Epist. 1. v. 80.

Wednesday, March 26. 1712.

MR. SPECTATOR,

AS you are the daily Encourager to promote Learning and good Sense, I think my self obliged to suggest to your Consideration whatever may promote or prejudice them. There is an Evil which has prevailed from Generation to Generation, when grey Hairs and tyrannical Custom continue to support; I hope your Spectatorial Authority will give a reasonable Check to the Spread of the Ignorance; Linceas old Men's overbearing the strongest Sense of their Juniors by the meer Force of Seniority; so that for a young Man in the Blossom of Life and Vigour of Age to give a reasonable Contradiction to his Elders, is esteemed an unpardonable Insolence, and regarded as a revetting the Decrees of Nature. I am a young Man I confess, yet I honour the grey Head as much as any one; however, when in Company with old Men I hear them speak obscurely or reason preposterously (into which Absurdities Prejudice, Pride, or Interest will sometimes throw the wisest) I count it no Crime to rectify their Reasonings, unless Conscience will truckle to Ceremony, and Truth fill a Sacrifice to Complaisance. The strongest Arguments are overrated, and the brightest Evidence disappears, before those tremendous Reasonings and dazzling Discoveries of venerable old Age. You are young giddy headed Fellows, you have not yet had Experience of the World. Thus we young Folks find our Ambition cramped and our Lusts indulg'd, since, while you give us little Room to display our selves, and, when old, the Weakness of Nature makes us for Strength of Sense, and we hope that heavy Heads will raise us above this Attacks of Contradiction. Now, Sir, as you would enlarge our Activity in the Pursuit of Learning, take our Case into Consideration; and with a Glass on brave Elihu's Sentiments, assert the Rights of Youth, and prevent the pernicious Inroads of Age. The generous Reasonings of that gallant Youth would adorn your Paper; and I beg you would insert them, notwithstanding that they will give good Entertainment to the most intelligent of your Readers.

So these three Men came to advise Job, because he was righteous in his own eyes. Thus was kindled the Wrath of Elihu the son of Barachel the Buzite, of the Kindred of Ruma. Now Elihu was young, kindled, because he suffered himself rather than speak. Also among his three Friends was his Friend kindled, because they had found no Answer, and yet had condemned Job. Now Elihu had waited till Job had

speak, because they were older than he. When Elihu saw that there was no Answer in the Mouth of these three Men, then his Wrath was kindled. And Elihu the Son of Barachel the Buzite answered and said, I am young, and ye are very old, wherefore I was afraid, and durst not shew you mine Opinion. I fear, I durst not speak, and Misdeeds of Years should reach Wisdom. But there is a Spirit in Man: And the Inspiration of the Almighty shall show Understanding. Great Men are not always wise: Neither do the aged understand Judgment. Therefore I speak, I hearken to me, I will not shew mine Opinion. Behold, I waited for your Word, I gave Ear to your Reasoning, whereby you feared not what to say. Now, I answered you: And behold, there was none of you that answered Job, as that answered his Words: Left ye should say, we have found our Wisdom: God thought us him down, we have. Now he hath not directed his Words against me: Neither will I answer him with your Speeches. They were answered, they answered us none: They live off speaking. When I had minded, (for they spake me, but stood still and answered me none.) I said, I will answer also my Part. I will shew mine Opinion. For I am full of Matter, the Spirit within me is constrained me. Behold, my Belly is as Wine which hath no Vent, it is ready to burst like new Bottles. I will speak then I may be refreshed: I will open my Lips, and answer. Let me see, I pray you, accept any Man's Person, number let me give flattering Titles unto Man, for I know not to give flattering Titles, in so doing my Maker would from take me away.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE formerly read with great Satisfaction, your Papers about Idols, and the Behaviour of Gentlemen in these Coffee Houses where Women officiate, and impenitently waited to see you take India and China Shops into Consideration. But since you have pass'd in over in Silence, either that you have not as yet thought it worth your Notice, or that the Grievances we lie under have eclips'd your discerning Eye, I must make my Complaints to you, and am encourag'd to do it because you from a little Leisure at this present Writing. I am, dear Sir, one of the top China-Women about Town; and though I say it, keep as good things, and receive as fine Company as any of this end of the Town, let the other be who she will: In short, I am in a fine way to be easy, were it not for a Club of Female Rakes, who under Pretence of taking their innocent Rambles forthwith, and diverting the Spectator, fall to plague the twice or thrice a Day, to cheapen Tea or buy a Screen, what if I should

The SPECTATOR.

*Fingit equum tenerâ docilem servitice Magister
Ire viam quam monstrat equus*

Hor.

Thursday, March 27. 1712.

I have lately received a third Letter from the Gentlemen, who have already given the Publick two Essays upon Education. As his Thoughts seem to be wholly new upon this Subject, I shall communicate them to the Reader.

SIR,

I had not been hindered by some extraordinary business, I should have sent you sooner my further Thoughts upon Education. You may please to remember, that in my last Letter I endeavoured to give the best Reasons that could be urged in favour of a Private or Publick Education. Upon the whole it may perhaps be thought that I seemed rather inclin'd to the latter, tho' at the same time I confessed that Virtue, which ought to be our first and principal Care, was more usually acquir'd in the former.

I intend, therefore in this Letter, to offer at Methods, by which I conceive Boys might be made to improve in Virtue as they advance in Letters.

I know that in most of our Publick Schools Vice is punish'd and discouraged whenever it is found out; but this is far from being sufficient, unless our Youth are at the same time taught to form a right Judgment of Things, and to know what is properly Virtue.

To this end, whenever they read the Lives and Actions of such Men as have been famous in their Generation, it should not be thought enough to make them barely understand in many Greek or Latin Sentences, but they should be asked their Opinion of such an Action or Saying, and oblig'd to give their Reasons why they take it to be good or bad. By this means they would infallibly acquire at proper Notices of Courage, Temperance, Honour and Justice.

There must be great Care taken how the Example of any particular Person is recommended to them in good, instead of which they ought to be taught wherein such a Man, tho' great in some Respect, was weak and faulty in others. For want of this Caution, a Boy is often so dazzled with the Lustre of a great Character, that he confounds his Beauties with his Blemishes, and looks even upon the sinny parts of it with an Eye of Admiration.

I have often wonder'd how Alexander, who was naturally of a generous and merciful Disposition, came to be guilty of so barbarous an Action as that of dragging the Governor of a Town after his Chariot. I know this is generally ascribed to his Passion for *Bromus*; but I lately met with a Passage in *Plutarch*, which, if I am not very much mistaken, still gives us a clearer light into the Motives of this Action. *Plutarch* tells us, that Alexander in his Youth had a Master named *Ephesus*, who though he was a Man destitute of all Politicks, ingratul'd himself both with *Ptolemy* and his Papa, and became the second Man at Court, by calling the King *Ptolemy*, the Prince *Agathus*, and himself *Pharaz*. It is no wonder if Alexander, having been thus used not only to admire, but to persecute *Agathus*, should think it glorious to imitate him in this Piece of Cruelty and Extravagance.

To carry this Thought yet further, I shall therefore submit it to your Consideration, whether instead of a Theatrical Copy of Virtue, which are the usual Exercises, as they are called in the School-house, it would not be more proper that a Boy should be task'd once or twice a Week to write down his Opinion of such Persons and Things as occur to him in his Reading; that he should debate upon the Actions of *Tyrannus* or *Alexander*, how wherein they excelled or were defective, censure or approve any particular Action, and observe how it might have been carried to a greater degree of Perfection; how it exceeded or fell short of another. He might at the same time mark what was moral in any Speech, and how far it agreed with the Character of the Person speaking. This Exercise would soon strengthen his Judgment in what is plausible or praise-worthy, and give him an early Sensibility of Morality.

Next to those Examples which may be met with in Books, I very much approve *Horace's* way of setting before Youth the infamous or honourable Characters of their Contemporaries; that Poet tells us this was the Method his Father made use of to incline him to any particular Virtue, or give him an Aversion to any particular Vice. If, says *Horace*, my Father advis'd me to live within Bounds, and be contented with the Fortune he should leave me; Do not you see (says he) the miserable Condition of *Barrus*, and the Son of *Albius*? Let the Misfortunes of those two Wretches teach you to avoid Luxury and Extravagance. If he would inspire me with an Abhorrence to Debauchery, Do not (says he) make your self like *Sellanus*, when you may be happy in the Enjoyment of lawful Pleasures. How Scandalous, says he, is the Character of *Trochilus*, who was lately caught in bed with another Man's Wife? To illustrate the Force of this Method, the Poet adds, that as a headstrong Patient, who will not at all follow his Physician's Prescriptions, grows orderly when he hears that his Neighbours dye all about him, so Youth is often frighten'd from Vice by hearing the ill Report it brings upon others.

Xenophon's Schools of Equity, in his Life of *Cyrus the Great*, are sufficiently famous; he tells us that the Persian Children went to School, and employ'd their time as diligently in learning the Principles of Justice and Sobriety, as the Youth in other Countries did, to acquire the most difficult Arts and Sciences; their Governors spent most part of the Day in hearing their mutual Accusations one against the other, whether for Violence, Cheating, Slander, or Ingratitude, and taught them how to give Judgment against those who were found to be any ways guilty of these Crimes. I omit the Story of the long and short Coat, for which *Cyrus* himself was punish'd; as a Case equally known with any in *Laetitia*.

The Method which *Apollonius* tells us the *Indians* *Gymnosophists* took to educate their Disciples is still more curious and remarkable. His Words are as follow. When their Dinner is ready, before it is served up, the Masters inquire of every particular Scholar, how he has employ'd his Time since

The SPECTATOR.

— *Servetur ad imum*
Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet. Hor.

Friday, March 28. 1712.

I Find the Tragedy of the *Distress Mother* is publish'd to Day: The Author of the Prologue, I suppose, pleads an old Excuse I have read somewhere, of being *ill with grief*; and the Gentleman who wrote the Epilogue, has, to my Knowledge, so much of greater Moments to value himself upon, that he will easily forgive me for publishing the Exceptions made against Gayety at the end of serious Entertainments, in the following Letter: I should be more unwilling to pardon him than any body, a *Frailty* which cannot have any ill Consequence, but from the Abilities of the Person who is guilty of it.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Had the Happiness the other Night of sitting very near you, and your worthy Friend Sir ROGER, at the Acting of the new Tragedy, which you have in a late Paper or two so justly recommended. I was highly pleas'd with the advantageous Situation Fortune had given me, in placing me so near two Gentlemen, from one of which I was sure to hear such Reflections on the several Incidents of the Play as pure Nature suggested, and from the other such as flow'd from the exactest Art and Judgment: Tho' I must confess that my Curiosity led me so much to observe the Knight's Reflections, that I was not so well as I might to improve my self by yours. Nature I found play'd her Part in the Knight pretty well, till at the last concluding Lines the intirely forsook him. You must know, Sir, that it is always my Custom, when I have been well entertained at a new Tragedy, to make my Retreat before the facetious Epilogue enters; not but that those Pieces are often very well writ, but having paid down my Half-Crown, and made a fair Purchase of as much of the pleasing Melancholy as the Poet's Art can afford me, or my own Nature admit of, I am willing to carry home of it home with me, and can't endure to be at once trick'd out of all, tho' by the wittiest Dexterity in the World. However, I kept my Seat 'till the other Night, in hopes of finding my own Sentiments of this Matter favour'd by your Friends; when, to my great Surprise, I found the Knight entering with equal

Pleasure into both Parts, and as much satisfied with Mrs. GILFORD's Gaiety, as he had been before with *Andromache's* Griefs. Whether this were no other than an Effect of the Knight's peculiar Humanity, pleas'd to find at last, that after all the Tragical Doings, every thing was safe and well, I don't know. But for my own part, I must confess, I was so dissatisfied, that I was sorry the Poet had sav'd *Andromache*, and could hardly have wish'd that he had left her *stomach* dead upon the Stage. For you cannot imagine, Mr. SPECTATOR, the Mischief this was reserv'd to do me. I found my Soul, during the Action, gradually work'd up to the highest Pitch; and felt the exalted Passion which all generous Minds conceive at the Sight of Virtue in Distress. The Impression, believe me Sir, was so strong upon me, that I am persuas'd, if I had been left alone in it, I could at an Extremity have ventured to defend your self, and Sir ROGER, against half a Score of the fiercest Mobsterly: But the tedious Epilogue in the Clofe, extinguish'd all my Ardour, and made me look upon all such noble Achievements as downright silly and romantic. What the rest of the Audience felt, I can't so well tell: For my self I must declare, that at the end of the Play I found my Soul uniform, and all of a Piece; but at the end of the Epilogue it was so jumbled together, and divided between Jest and Earnest, that if you will forgive me an extravagant Fancy, I will here let it down. I could not but fancy, if my Soul had at that Moment quitted my Body, and descended to the Poetical Shades, in the Posture it was then in, what a strange Figure it would have made amongst them. They would not have known what to have made of my moody Spectre, half Comic and half Tragical; over resembling a ridiculous Face, that at the same Time laughs on one side, and cries o' the other. The only Defence, I think, I have ever heard made for this, as it seems to me, most unnatural Tack of the Comic Tail to the Tragical Head, is this, that the Minds of the Audience must be refresh'd, and Gentlemen and Ladies not sent away to their own Homes with too dismal and melancholy Thoughts about them.

For

For who knows the Consequence of this? We are much obliged indeed to the Poets for their great Tenderness they express for the Safety of our Person, and heartily thank them for it. But if that be all pray, good Sir, assure them, that we are none of us like to come to any great Harm; and that, let them do their best, we shall in all Probability live out the Length of our Days; and frequent the Theatres more than ever. What makes me more desirous to have some Reformation of this Matter, is because of an ill Consequence or two attending it: For a great many of our Church-Musicians being related to the Theatre, they have, in Imitation of these Epilogues, introduc'd in their farwell Voluntaries a sort of Musick quite foreign to the Design of Church-Services, so the great Prejudice of well-dispos'd People. Those fingering Gentlemen should be inform'd, that they ought to suit their Aids to the Place and Business; and that the Musician is oblig'd to keep to the Text as much as the Preacher. For want of this, I have found by Experience a great deal of Mischief: For when the Preacher has often, with great Piety and Art enough, handled his Subject, and the judicious Clerk has with utmost Diligence call'd out two Strays proper to the Discourse, and I have found in my self, and in the rest of the Pew, good Thoughts and Dispositions, they have been all in a Moment dissipated by a merry Jigg from the Organ-Loft. One knows not what sinister ill Effects the Epilogues I have been speaking of may in Time produce: But this I am credibly inform'd of, that said Lord has his refolv'd upon a very sudden Reformation in his tragical Dramas; and that at the next monthly Performance, he designs, instead of a Persecution Psalm, to dismiss his Audience with an excellent new Ballad of his own composing. Pray Sir do what you can to put a Stop to this growing Evil, and you will very much oblige

Your humble Servant,
Phylarchus.

The Boarding-School for young Gentlemen, which was formerly kept on Mile-End Green, being laid down, there is now set up a small opposite to it at the new Golden-Bell; and much more convenient in every Respect; where, beside the common Instructions given to young Gentlemen, they will be taught the whole Art of Poetry and Prose, with whatever may render them accomplished.

At the Desire of several Ladies of Quality, By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians,

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, As Mowse, being Murderer, the 24th of March, will be presented a new Tragedy call'd, The Disturb'd Mind. By her Majesty's Comedians, to prevent any to be disturbed about the same. And on Monday next, as performed a Play call'd, Phidias, or Love in a Workshop. Written by Beaumont and Fletcher. For the Benefit of Mr. Morda.

A Collection of extraordinary original Pictures by Michael Angelo, Guido Reni, Salvator Rosa, F. Lanzi, Carlo Maratta, Verelst, and several other excellent Masters, will be sold by Auction at Mr. George's Dining-Room, at the Golden Head in the Little Piazza in Covent Garden, on Wednesday next, before the 10th of April, where the Catalogue may be had, and the Pictures view'd on Monday and Tuesday next.

At the Crown in Wine-Office Court the sd Doce on the Left hand from Black-Francis, on Saturday the 24th of February, left was open'd a Book for the SALE of NUMBERS, which have now with very good Success and Encouragement, passing by Great Cries Advancing in a Return of no longer Time, than a Week for the 4th Instant, 24th March, and now call'd Ray, having sold 4 Works from the Title of this Notice before they receive the proposed Advantage. Attendance is given daily from 9 o'clock, till 1 o'clock.

Lost on Tuesday Last about five or six in the Evening, in a Hackney Coach the sum from the White Lion and Star on Ludgate-Hill to Bowchurch in it. A double-Brown, silver-stamped, a Parcel of Silk. Whoever shall find or find the same to deliver of these Papers, shall have a Reward.

At the Sign of the Golden Head in Chancery-Lane, on Wednesday the 24th of this instant Month, was opened an Office for improving of Money; wherein the only Prospectors will receive great Advantages. Proposals are here made to be had gratis at the Office above said.

Whereas a Case was some time since left at Smith's Coffee-house in Strand by a Person unknown, The Owner intending it, and applying for the Charge of this Advertisement, may here be traced.

At East-Achton in Middlesex, is to be Lett, a good House & Rooms in a Park, with Coach-House, Stables, Orchard and Garden, all in very good Repair. Enquire at Mr. Lamb's at Adlam, or at his Agent in London-Town.

Seventeen Miles from London, and within three Miles of the Albans near with Chertsey Road, is a very fine & new built, the House newly furnished with Goodness, Park-Land, Dove-House, Coach-House, Stables, New-Barn, and all other Conveniences for a Person of Quality, as glassed Walks, Flower-beds, &c. Enquire of Mr. Collyer, at his House in West-Chester Street near Leaden Wall.

At Whiston in Middlesex, is to be Lett (with Land or without) a very good fashionable House of 8 Rooms on a Floor, with 10th Windows and Closets and very good Office, Landry, Dressing-Room and Dove-house, Coach-house and Stables, and very beautiful Gardens well covered and planted with the best Trees, a garden with a Summer, two Groves, and a Wilderness, and Kitchen-Garden, a killing compound. It is between Bowchurch and Twickenham, about 10 Miles from London, a Room Burroughs, a Room King-Room, a Room Richmond, and between a 1/2 from Hampton Court. Enquire of Mr. Thomas Jackson Surgeon Twickenham, or at Mr. Collyer's in West-Chester Street near the Tower, London.

This Day is publish'd,

The Disturb'd Mother. A Tragedy. As it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane by the King's Company. Written by Mr. Haffiz. Printed by S. Buckley at the Dolphin in Little Britain, and T. Smith at Shakespeare's Head against Catherine-Street in the Strand.

The First Volume of the Memoirs of Literature, for the Year 1710 and 1711, containing a weekly Account of the State of Learning both at home and abroad, in new, complete, with a large Index. Sold by A. Millar in Water-Street, where may be had the Sheets of the sd Volume, as they come out weekly.

For A most incomparable Powder to prevent and cure Concoction and Myxoma. As it is made, and the Method of using it, is fully explained by MR. MARY COOKE, and is to be had at her Shop over-against the first Gate of DOCTOR'S Commons, and so wherever.

A Set of the Coats of the City of London, containing 74 Prints, taken off from six in every Copper Plate cut into engraving, each Figure drawn after the Life by the famous M. Le Sueur, in which the several Emblems and devices, with figures in crests and shields, mottoes, and other Particulars, are fully set forth by Henry Overton, of the City Hall with Robert Stedman, and by the said most Excellent of Great Britain and Ireland. Price 2s. 6d.

The History of France from the Origin of that Nation to the Year 1710. Containing all the material Transactions in Peace and War, with a particular Account of the Steps taken by that illustrious Prince to govern their own Liberty, and to compass the Reformation Religion. To which is added, The extent and present State of France, as to its Constitution and Government, the Royal Family, the Nobility, Civil and Military Officers, &c. With the Description of each of her Kingdoms, and her Government. In a Vol. Sold by John Dooly in St. Dunstons Church.

Lately publish'd,

A Companion for the Ladies Closets; or, the Little and Dark of the most curious the Ladies. Price 2s. A New and Curious: Being a Collection of Proverbs for Civil Conversation, acted in the Days of the Week, with a particular Office for the Successors. The sd Edition enlarged. Collected by a Gentleman for her own private Use. Price 1s. 6d. Sold by (formerly in St. Dunstons Church) where may be had the sd Edition enlarged. Printed with the Title, Price 2s. 6d. also the sd Office of St. Dunstons Church of the Church-Cathedral.

The Vapours in Women infallibly Cured in an Instant, in a new and more easy, by an admirable Chymical Secret, a few Drops of which taken off a Pin is a most difficult Secret, drive the Wind, taken away off Swelling, Goldsmith, Throat of Sight, Stomach in the Face, &c. 100 Years old, and with the usual, prevent the Venereal disease, as well as for the young who are very Chaste. It perfectly Cures all Humors have experienced it in the most difficult Stomach and Nausea, and causes little Effort and Great Health. Is sold only at Mr. O'Brien's, The Ship, at the New and Crown under St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-Street, in a P.A.

LONDON: Printed for Sam. Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little-Britain; and Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane; where Advertisements are taken in; as also by Charles Lillie, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beauford-Buildings in the Strand.

*Ut his exordia primis
Omnia & ipse tener Mundi concieverit orbis.
Tum durare solum. & diffundere Nereæ ponto
Cuperit, & terram parvulatim sumere formas.*

Ovid.

Saturday, March 29. 1712.

LONGINUS has observed, that there may be a Loftiness in Sentiments, where there is no Poision, and brings Instances out of ancient Authors to support this his Opinion. The Poet-book, in that point Critick observes, may increase and inflame the Sublime, but is not essential to it. Accordingly, as he further remarks, we very often find that those who most skill in stirring up the Poision, very scarce want the Talent of Writing in the Great and Sublime manner; and is on the contrary. Milton has shown himself a Master in both these ways of Writing. The Seventh Book, which we are now entering upon, is an Instance of that Sublime, which is not mixt and would up with Poision. The Author appears in a kind of composed and stately Majesty; and tho' the Sentiments do not give us great Elevation as those in the former Book, they abound with as magnificent Ideas. The Sixth Book, like a troubled Ocean, represents Greatness in Confusion; the Seventh affords the Imagination like the Ocean in a Calm, and fills the Mind of the Reader without producing in it any thing like Tumult or Agitation.

The Critick is recommended, among the Rules which he lays down for succeeding in the Sublime way of Writing, propounds to his Reader, that he should imitate the most celebrated Authors who have gone before him, and have been engaged in Works of the same nature; as in particular that if he writes on a Political Subject, he should consider how Homer would have spoken of such an Occasion. By this means our great Geniuses often catch the Flame from another, and write in Majesty, without copying slavishly after him. There are a thousand striking Passages in Virgil, which have been imitated by Homer.

Milton, though his own natural Strength of Genius was capable of furnishing out a perfect Work, has doubtless very much raised and enabled his Conceptions, by such an Imitation in that which Demetrius has recommended.

In this Book, which goes in as Account of the Six Days Works, the Poet received but very few Assistance from Heavens Writers, who were Strangers as the Workers of Creation. But in there are many glorious Strokes of Poetry upon this Subject in Holy Writ, the Author has numberless allusions to those through the whole Course of this Book. The great Critick, I have before mentioned, tho' as Heracles has taken notice of the Sublime manner in which the Law-giver of the Jews has described the Creation in the First Chapter of Genesis, and there are many other Passages in Scripture, which rise up to the same Majesty, where this Subject is touch'd upon. Moreover the same Judgment very remarkable, in making use of such of these as were proper for his Poem, and in only modifying those high Sentiments of Sacred Poetry, which were fitted to Readers whose Imagination were set to an higher pitch than that of other Geniuses.

Milton's Speech to the Angel, wherein he doings an Account of what had happen'd within the Regions of Nature before his Creation, is very great and sublime. The following Lines, in which he tells him that the Day is now near spent for him to enter upon such a Subject, are stupendous in their kind.

*And the Great Light of Day still wait'd upon
Mankind of his rest longer kept, impatient since to
Held by thy voice, thy silent words to
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His Creation, &c.*

The Angel's encouraging our first Poem in a modest perfect offer Knowledge, with the Carus which he assigns for the Creation of the World, are very just and beautiful. The Messiah, by whom, as we are told in Scripture, the Heavens were made, comes forth in the Power of his Father, surrounded with an Host of Angels, and clothed with such a Majesty as becomes his entering upon a Work, which, according to our Conception, looks like the utmost exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful Description has our Author rais'd upon that Host in one of the Prophets. And behold there came four Chariots, one from between two Mountains, and the Mountains were Mountains of Bees.

*And his Chariot number'd with a pair of
Cherubs and Serpents, Dragons and Thrones,
And various, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,
From the Armory of God, where stand of old
Myriads, beyond two brass mountains kept;
Against a given day, burst'd at hand,
Celestial Armies, and now came forth
Spontaneous, for whom then stood the
Attendants on their Lord: Man's soul's side
The ever-during Gaze, Harpocrates found
On golden Thrones waiting—*

I have before taken notice of these Chariots of God, and of these Gates of Heaven, and shall here only add, that Homer gives us the same Idea of the Gates in opening of themselves, tho' he afterwards takes off from it, by telling us, that the Hosts first of all retraced those youthful heaps of Clouds which lay at a Barrier before them.

I do not know anything in the whole Poem more Sublime than the Description which follows, where the Messiah is represented at the head of his Angels, as looking down into the Chaos, striking it in Confusion, and rising into the midst of it, and drawing the first Out-Line of the Creation.

*On Heaven's ground they stood, and from the fove
They view'd the vast immensity, deep
Outragious as a Sea, dark, manifold, wild,
By from the bottom torn'd & by furrows mov'd,
And ferying waves, as Mountains to assault
Trem'd to sight, and with the Center mix'd the Pole.
Eden's so troubled waves, and thus Deep, Chaos,
Said then to Chaos work, your Disorder end:
You stand, but on the wings of Chaos;
By effort, or External Glory rais'd
For no Cause, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train
Follow'd in triple Procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then said the ferying waves, and to his hand
He set the golden Compass, prepar'd
In Gods eternal Store, to circumscribe
This Universe, and all created things:
One firm he Center'd, and the other round,
Round through the vast profundity bottom'd,
And first, thus form'd, thus fix'd his bounds,
Then he the deep Circumfused, O World.*

The Thought of the Golden Compass is certainly altogether in Homer's Spirit, and is a very noble Incident in this wonderful Description. Hence, when he speaks of the Gods, alludes to their former Arms and Instruments with the same greatness of Imagination. Let the Reader only peruse the Description of Minerva's Arms, or Buckler, in the Fifth Book, with her Spear, which could overcome whole Squadrons, and her Helmet, that was sufficient to cover an Army, draws out of an hundred Cities: The Golden Compass, in the above-mentioned Passage appears a very singular Instrument in the Hand of him, whom Homer somewhere calls the Divine Geometrician. As Poetry delights in courting abstracted Ideas in Allegories and Emblematic Images, we find a singular Description of the Creation form'd after the same manner in one of the Prophets, wherein he describes the Almighty Architect as measuring the Waters in the hollow of his Hand, measuring out the Heavens with his Span, comprehending the Dust of the Earth in a Measure, weighing the Mountains in Scales, and the Hills in a Balance. Another of them describing the Supreme Being in this great Work of Creation, represents him as laying the Foundation of the Earth, and stretching a Line upon it. And in another place as spanning the Heavens, stretching out the North over the empty pace, and hanging the Earth upon nothing. This last noble Thought Milton has express'd in the following Verse.

And Earth self-bas'd on her Center hung.

The Beauty of Description in this Book lies so very thick, that it is impossible to enumerate them in this Paper. The

For his employment on the whole Energy of our
Poetage. The several great Scenes of the Creation rise up
to view one after another, in such a manner that the Reader
derives pleasure at this wonderful Work, and to lift up
among the Quiver of Angels, who are the Spectators of it.
How glorious is the Conclusion of the Fifth Day.

— Thus was the first day's Day and Night.

Not half understood, nor ending
By the Creation, when Great Light
Ere long from Darkness first burst forth;
Birth-day of Heaven and Earth, with joy and peace
The whole world's first Day.

We have the late elevation of Thought in the third
Day, when the Mountains were brought forth, and the
Deep was made.

Immediately the mountains began to rise
And they began their tops to show
Just as the Clouds, their tops above the Sky,
So high as Angels' feet could reach, so low
Down laid a hollow between heaven and earth,
Capacious bed of Waters.

We have also the rising of the whole vegetable World de-
scribed in this Day's Work, which is filled with all the
Grasses that other Poets have lavished on their Delicacies of
the Spring, and leads the Reader's Imagination into a
Theatre equally surprising and beautiful.

The several Glories of the How's make their appearance
on the Fourth Day.

First in his light the glorious Lamp was seen
Regent of Day, and all the Heaven round
Infinite with bright eyes, joined to run
His Luminous course; 'Till in high noon, the Great
Day, and the Planets before him danced
Shining in various places; till bright the moon,
Her optics in world's light was seen,
His Mirror, with full face returning her light
From him, for other light she needed none
In that aspect, and still that distance kept
Till night, when in the East her rays the Signs
Revealed in Heaven's great Ark, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights adorned held,
Which shined through fogs, that then appear'd
Sweeping the Mountains.

One would wonder how the Poet could be so ready in
his Description of the Six Days Works, as to compass them
within the bounds of an Epistle, and at the same
time so particular, as to give us a lively idea of them.
This is still more remarkable in his Account of the Fifth
and Sixth Day, in which he has drawn out to our view the
whole Animal Creation, from the Reptile to the Richman.
At the Lion and the Leviathan are two of the noblest Pro-
ductions in this World of living Creatures, the Reader will
find a most exquisite Spirit of Poetry, in the Account
which our Author gives us of them. The Sixth Day con-
cludes with the Formation of Man, upon which the Angel
takes occasion, as he did after the Fall in Heaven, to re-
mind Adam of his Obedience, which was the principal De-
sign of this his Visit.

The Poet afterwards expresses the Messiah returning into
Heaven, and taking a Survey of his great Work. There is
something remarkably sublime in this Part of the Poem,
where the Author describes that great Period of Time, filled
with so many Glorious Circumstances; when the Heavens
and the Earth were finished, when the Messiah appeared up
in Triumph through the Everlasting Gates, when he looked
down with pleasure upon his new Creation, when every
Part of Nature seemed to rejoice in its Sublimity, when the
Shining Stars hung together, and all the Sons of God bowed
for joy.

So He and Man accomplish'd the Sixth day:
Yet not till the Creator from his Work
Praising, that's unending, as reward,
Up to his Throne, he rose in his high abode,
Thence he beheld his new created world
The addition of his angels how it shew'd
He peep'd from his throne, how good, how fair
Admiring his great Work, up to his
Palace with adoration and the sound
Synchrodes of his eternal keeps that soul
Angels Harmonies; the earth, the sea
Rejoiced; (then remember'd, for then heard it)
The Heavens and all the Constellations sang,
The Hosts in their Stations glorifying.

While the bright sun, as if he had
Upon yearning galls, they sang,
O yes, ye Heavens, your living Lord, he is
The great Creator from his work returned
Majesty, he his days past, a World.

I cannot conclude this book upon the Creation, without
mentioning a Poem which has lately appeared under that
Title. The Work was undertaken with so good an In-
tention, and it extended with so great a Maturity, that it de-
serves to be looked upon as one of the most useful and
valuable Productions in our English Verse. The Reader cannot
but be pleased to find the Doctrine of Philosophy mixed
with all the Charm of Poetry, and to see to great a Strength
of Reason, united to a Sensibility of Imagination.
The Author has shown us that Design in all the Works
of Nature, which necessarily leads us to the Knowledge of its
first Cause. In fact, he has illustrated, by numberless and
incomparable instances, that Divine Wisdom, which the Son
of God has so nobly ascribed to the Supreme Being as the
Formation of the World, when he tells us, that its crea-
tor, and form her, and numbered her, and found her out-
step on all his Works.

ADVERTISEMENT.

At the Desire of several Ladies of Quality.

By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians,

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, this pre-
sent Sunday, the 22nd Day of March, will be performed a
new Tragedy call'd, The Lullaby. By Her Majesty's Com-
pany of Comedians. The Lullaby will be performed at the Theatre
Royal on Monday the 23rd Day of March, and on Tuesday the 24th
Day of March, at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, at the Theatre
Royal in Drury-Lane, at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

AT the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, this
present Sunday, the 22nd Day of March, will be performed an
Opera call'd The Lullaby, in two Acts, by the Lullaby Com-
pany of Comedians. The Lullaby will be performed at the Theatre
Royal on Monday the 23rd Day of March, and on Tuesday the 24th
Day of March, at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, at the Theatre
Royal in Drury-Lane, at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

By the Desire of several Ladies.

AT the Theatre in the Little Piazza, Covent-
Garden, this present Sunday, will be performed a new Tragedy
call'd The Lullaby, in two Acts, by the Lullaby Com-
pany of Comedians. The Lullaby will be performed at the Theatre
Royal on Monday the 23rd Day of March, and on Tuesday the 24th
Day of March, at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, at the Theatre
Royal in Drury-Lane, at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

Lately Published,

Creation. A Philosophical Poem. Demonstrating the
Existence and Providence of God. In Seven Books. By Sir Richard
Blackmore, Knt. M. D. and Fellow of the College of Physicians
London. Printed for S. Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little Britain
and J. Tuckey, at Shakespeare's Head over against Catherine-Street
in the Strand.

Just Published,
The Discreet Mother. A Tragedy. As it is acted
at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, by Her Majesty's Com-
pany of Comedians. The Discreet Mother will be performed at the
Theatre Royal on Monday the 23rd Day of March, and on Tuesday
the 24th Day of March, at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, at the
Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

This Day is Published,

The Reasonableness of Conformity to the Church
of England, in respect to the Doctrine of it, and the Testimony
to its Constitution, the third Edition. To which is added, the First
Dissent of Episcopal Conformity together with the Reply to the In-
terim of the Second Part, and a Postscript relating to the third
Part of Mr. Chubb's Works. By the Rev. Mr. John Chubb, of
St. Paul's Church-yard. Printed for James Knapton at the Crown
in St. Paul's Church-yard. N. B. That the two former Editions were
sold for 12s. 6d. each now for 6s. Where also may be had Mr.
Chubb's Treatise concerning the Truth of Accompanying with God
as they are propounded in Christianity in the New Testament, and
the Reasons of the Conditions of the same.

Mr. Paul Girard, at the 3 Flower de Luces, at
Chesham, near Hammersmith-Bridge, has lately received from a
Friend of his in Italy, a small Quantity of very rich Dried Wax,
made by Trunka Elmer, Duke of the Holy Roman Empire, the
Duke of Savoy. Every Ck. containing 25. Pounds (15. of which is
a full Quire) and a small quantity of a small white Wax (7. 6. of which is
a full Quire). Orange, Rosemary, and Perfume, and use all in a double
Quire, and from all in the same manner as the other. Where of
Ink-balls, which they excel in every Quality, and may be seen every
Day in the House of the said Mr. Paul Girard, and are sold by him
in order for a quick sale only at 1 Quire per Ck. N. B. There
has been some of this in England, except in France, these 7 Years
past.

The SPECTATOR.

*Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus Hospes?
Quem seje Ore ferens! quam forti Pectore & Armis! Virg?*

Monday, March 31. 1712.

I Take it to be the highest Instance of a noble Mind, to bear great Qualities without discovering in a Man's Behaviour any Consciousness that he is superior to the rest of the World: Or, to say it otherwise, it is the Duty of a great Person so to demean himself, as that whatever Endowments he may have, he may appear to value himself upon no Qualities but such as any Man may arrive at: He ought to think no Man valuable but for his publick Spirit, Justice, and Integrity; and all other Endowments to be esteemed only as they contribute to the exerting those Virtues. Such a Man, if he is wise or valiant, knows it is of no Consideration to other Men that he is so, but as he employs those high Talents for their Use and Service. He who affects the Applauds and Adresses of a Multitude, or attaches to himself a Pre-eminence upon any other Consideration, must soon turn Admiration into Contempt. It is certain that there can be no Merit in any Man who is not conscious of it; but the Sense that it is valuable only according to the Application of it, makes that Superiority amiable which would otherwise be invidious. In this Light it is considered as a thing in which every Man bears a Share: It annexes the Ideas of Dignity, Power, and Fame in an agreeable and familiar Manner to him who is Possessor of it; and all Men who were Strangers to him are naturally incited to indulge a Curiosity in beholding the Person, Behaviour, Figure and Shape, of him in whose Character, perhaps, each Man had formed something in common with himself. Whether such, or any other, are the Causes, all Men have an earnest Curiosity to behold a Man of heroic Worth; and I have very many Letters from all Parts of this Kingdom, that request I would give them an exact Account of the Stature, the Mein, the Aspect, of the Prince who lately visited England, and has done such Wonders for the Liberty of Europe. It would puzzle the most Curious to form to himself the Sight of Man my several Correspondents expect to hear of by the Action mentioned, when they desire a Description of him: There is always something that concerns themselves, and

growing out of their own Circumstances, in all their Enquiries. A Friend of mine in Wales beseeches me to be very exact in my Account of that wonderful Man who had marched an Army and all its Baggage over the Alps; and, if possible, to learn whether the Peasant who showed him the Way, and is drawn in the Map, be yet living: A Gentleman from the University, who is deeply intent on the Study of Humanity, desires me to be as particular, if I had Opportunity, in observing the whole Interview between his Highness and our late General. Thus do Men's Fancies work according to their several Educations and Circumstances; but all pay a Respect, mixed with Admiration, to this illustrious Character. I have waited for his Arrival in Holland, before I would let my Correspondents know, that I have not been so anxious a Spectator, as not to have seen Prince Eugene. It would be very difficult, as I said just now, to answer every Expectation of those who have writ to me on that Head; nor is it possible for me to find Words to let one know, what an awful Glance there is in his Countenance who surprised *Crimona*; how daring he appears who forced the Trenches of *Turin*: But in general can say, that he who beholds him, will easily expect from him any thing that is to be imagined or executed by the Wit or Force of Man. The Prince is of that Stature which makes a Man most easily become all Parts of Exercise; has Height to be graceful on Occasions of State and Ceremony, and so less adapted for Agility and Dispatch: His Aspect is erect and composed; his Eye lively and thoughtful, yet rather vigilant than sparkling: His Action and Address the most easy imaginable, and his Behaviour in an Assembly peculiarly graceful in a certain Art of mixing inaccessibly with the rest, and becoming one of the Company; instead of receiving the Courtesy of it. The Shape of his Person, and Composure of his Limbs, are remarkably exact and beautiful. There is not a Look something sublime, which does not seem to arise from his Quality or Character, but the innate Disposition of his Mind. It is apparent that he suffers the Prejudice of much Company, instead of

liking

taking Delight in it; and he appeared in Publick while with us, rather to retain Good-will, or Envy a Cariciefy, more than to gratify any Taste he himself had of being popular. As his Thoughts are never tumultuous in Danger, they are as little discomposed on Occasions of Pomp and Magnificence: A great Soul is affected in either Case, no further than in considering the proper Methods to extricate it self from them. If this Heroe has the strong Incentives to uncommon Enterprizes that were remarkable in *Alexander*, he prosecutes and enjoys the Fame of them with the Justice, Propriety, and good Sense of *Cæsar*. It is easy to observe in him a Mind as capable of being entertained with Contemplation as Enterprize; a Mind ready for great Exploits, but not impatient for Occasions to exert it self. The Prince has Wisdom and Valour in as high Perfection as Man can enjoy; which noble Faculties in conjunction, banish all Vain-Glory, Obtrusion, Ambition, and all other Vices which might intrude upon his Mind to make it unequal. These Habits and Qualities of Soul and Body render this Personage Unextraordinary, that he appears to have nothing in him but what every Man should have in him. The Exertion of his very self, abstracted from the Circumstances in which Fortune has placed him. Thus were you to see Prince *Engow*, and were told he was a private Gentleman, you would say he is a Man of Modesty and Merit: Should you be told that was Prince *Engow*, he would be diminished no otherwise, than that Part of your distant Admiration would turn into familiar Good-will. This I thought fit to entertain my Reader with, concerning an Heroe who never was equalled but by one Man; over whom also he has this Advantage, that he has had an Opportunity to manifest an Effect for him in his Adversity.

ADVERTISEMENTS

The SPECTATOR.

*Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum: rectius occupas
Nomen beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet Pauperiem pati,
Pejusque Leto flagitium timet.*

Hor.

Saturday, May 10. 1712.

I Have more than once had occasion to mention a Noble Saying of *Socrates* the Philosopher, that a Virtuous Person struggling with Misfortune, and rising above them, is an Object on which the Gods themselves may look down with Delight. I shall therefore set before my Reader a Scene of this kind of Difficulties in private Life, for the Speculation of this Day.

An eminent Citizen, who had lived in good Fashion and Credit, was by a Train of Accidents, and by an unavoidable Perplexity in his Affairs, reduced to a low Condition. There is a Modesty usually attending faultless Poverty, which made him rather chafe to reduce his manner of Living to his present Circumstances, than follow his Friends in order to support the Shew of an Estate when the Substance was gone.

His Wife, who was a Woman of Sense and Virtue, behaved her self on this occasion with uncommon Decency, and never appeared so amiable in his Eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample Fortune he had brought, or the many great Offers she had refused for his Sake, she redoubled all the Influences of her Affection, while her Husband was continually pouring out his Heart to her in Complaints that he had ruined the best Woman in the World. His sometimes came Home at a time when she did not expect him, and surprised her in Tears, which she endeavored to conceal, and always put on an Air of Cheerfulness to receive him. To lessen their Expense, their eldest Daughter (whom I shall call *Amanda*) was sent into the Country, to the House of an honest Farmer who had married a Servant of the Family. This young Woman was apprehensive of the Ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a Friend in the Neighbourhood to give her an Account of what passed from time to time in her Father's Affairs. *Amanda* was in the Bloom of her Youth and Beauty, when the Lord of the Manor, who often called in at the Farmer's House as he follow'd his Country Sports, fell passionately in Love with her. He was a Man of great Generosity, but from a loose Education had contracted a hearty Aversion to Marriage. He therefore entertained a Design upon *Amanda's* Virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent Creature, who never suspected his Intentions, was pleased with his Person, and having observed his growing Passion for her, hoped by so advantageous a Match she might quickly be in a

Capacity of supporting her impoverished Relations One Day as he called to see her, he found her in Tears over a Letter she had just received from her Friends, which gave an Account that her Father had lately been stripped of every thing by an Execution. The Lover, who with some Difficulty found out the Cause of her Grief, took this occasion to make her a Proposal. It is impossible to express *Amanda's* Confusion when she found his Propositions were not honourable. She was now detested of all her kinsmen, and had no Power to speak; but raising from him in the utmost Disturbance, locked her self up in her Chamber. He immediately dispatched a Messenger to her Father with the following Letter.

S I R,

I Have heard of your Misfortune, and have offered your Daughter, if she will live with me, to settle on her Four hundred Pounds a Year, and to lay down the Sum for which you are now distressed. I will be so ingenious as to tell you that I do not intend Marriage: But if you are wife, you will use your Authority with her not to be too nice, when she has an opportunity of saving you and your Family, and of making her self happy.

I am, &c.

This Letter came to the Hands of *Amanda's* Mother; she opened and read it with great Surprise and Concern. She did not think it proper to explain her self to the Messenger, but desiring him to call again the next Morning, she wrote to her Daughter as follows.

Dearest Child,

YOUR Father and I have just now received a Letter from a Gentleman who pretends Love to you, with a Proposal that intitles our Misfortunes, and would throw us to a lower Degree of Misery than any thing which is come upon us. How could this barbarous Man think, that the tenderest of Parents would be tempted to supply their Want, by giving up the best of Children to Infamy and Ruin? It is a mean and cruel Artifice to make this Proposal at a time when he thinks our Necessities must compel us to any thing; but we will not eat the Bread of Shame; and therefore

we charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid the Snare which is laid for thy Virtue. Beware of playing us: It is not so bad as you have perhaps been told. All things will yet be well, and I shall write my Child better News.

I have been interrupted. I know no how I was moved to say things would mend. As I was going on, I was startled by a Noise of one that knocked at the Door, and hath brought up an unexpected supply of a Debt which had long been owing. O! I will now tell thee all. It is some Days I have lived almost without Support, having conveyed what little Money I could raise to your poor Father—Thou wilt weep to think where he is, yet be assured he will be soon at Liberty. That cruel Letter would have broke his Heart, but I have concealed it from him. I have no Companion at present besides little Fanny, who stands watching my Looks as I write, and is crying for her Sister. She says she is sure you are not well, having discovered that my present Trouble is about you. But do not think I would thus repeat my Sorrows, to grieve thee; No, it is to entreat thee not to make them insupportable, by adding what would be worse than all. Let us bear cheerfully an Affliction, which we have not brought on our selves, and remember there is a Power who can better deliver us out of it than by the Loss of thy Innocence. Heaven preserve my Dear Child.

Thy Affectionate Mother—

The Messenger, notwithstanding that he promised to deliver this Letter to *Amanda*, carried it first to his Master, who he imagined would be glad to have an Opportunity of giving it into her Hands himself. His Master was impatient to know the Success of his Proposal, and therefore broke open the Letter privately, to see the Contents. He was not a little moved at to find a Picture of Virtue in Distress. But at the same time was infinitely surprised to find his Office rejected. However, he refused not to suppress the Letter, but carefully sealed it up again, and carried it to *Amanda*. All his Endeavours to see her were in vain, till she was assured he brought a Letter from her Mother. He would not part with it, but upon Condition that she should read it without leaving the Room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his Eyes on her Face with the deepest Attention: Her Concern gave a new Softness to her Beauty, and when the burst into Tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her Sorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the Letter, and was resolved to make Reparation for having been the Occasion of it. My Reader will not be displeased to see this Second Epistle, which he now wrote to *Amanda's* Mother.

M A D A M,

I Am full of Shame, and will never forgive myself, if I have not your Pardon for what I lately wrote. It was far from my Intention to add Trouble to the Afflicted; nor could any thing, but my being a Stranger to you, have betrayed me into a Fault, for which if I live I shall endeavour to make you amends, as a Son. You can-

not be unhappy, while *Amanda* is your Daughter; nor shall be, if any thing can prevent it, which is in the power of,

M A D A M,

Your most Obedient

Humble Servant—

This Letter he sent by his Steward, and soon after went up to Town himself, to complete the generous Act he had now reflected on. By his Friendship and Assistance *Amanda's* Father was quickly in a Condition of restoring his perplexed Affairs. To conclude, he married *Amanda*, and enjoyed the double Satisfaction of having restored a worthy Family to their former Prosperity, and of making himself happy by an Alliance to their Virtues.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T S.

At the particular Desire of several Persons of Quality.

By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians, this

At the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, this presents *Amanda*, the each Day of May, will be performed a Play called *The Yampou*, or *The Islanded Island*. As it was altered from the original by Mr. William Davenant, and Charles Mr. Davenant, with new Scenes, Choruses, and all the Original Decorations proper to the Play. Being the last time of performing it this Season. By her Majesty's Command to Perform as above mentioned behind the Scenes. And on Monday next will be performed the History and Fall of Cain Murther, for the Benefit of Mrs. Blandford.

Never Performed but Twice.

At the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, this presents *Amanda*, the each Day of May, will be performed a new Opera called *Horace*. The Opera is in 3 Acts. First Overture at 4 o'clock. Upper Gallery 1s. 4d. Boxes 5s. 10s. 15s. 20s. 25s. 30s. 35s. 40s. 45s. 50s. 55s. 60s. 65s. 70s. 75s. 80s. 85s. 90s. 95s. 100s. 105s. 110s. 115s. 120s. 125s. 130s. 135s. 140s. 145s. 150s. 155s. 160s. 165s. 170s. 175s. 180s. 185s. 190s. 195s. 200s. 205s. 210s. 215s. 220s. 225s. 230s. 235s. 240s. 245s. 250s. 255s. 260s. 265s. 270s. 275s. 280s. 285s. 290s. 295s. 300s. 305s. 310s. 315s. 320s. 325s. 330s. 335s. 340s. 345s. 350s. 355s. 360s. 365s. 370s. 375s. 380s. 385s. 390s. 395s. 400s. 405s. 410s. 415s. 420s. 425s. 430s. 435s. 440s. 445s. 450s. 455s. 460s. 465s. 470s. 475s. 480s. 485s. 490s. 495s. 500s. 505s. 510s. 515s. 520s. 525s. 530s. 535s. 540s. 545s. 550s. 555s. 560s. 565s. 570s. 575s. 580s. 585s. 590s. 595s. 600s. 605s. 610s. 615s. 620s. 625s. 630s. 635s. 640s. 645s. 650s. 655s. 660s. 665s. 670s. 675s. 680s. 685s. 690s. 695s. 700s. 705s. 710s. 715s. 720s. 725s. 730s. 735s. 740s. 745s. 750s. 755s. 760s. 765s. 770s. 775s. 780s. 785s. 790s. 795s. 800s. 805s. 810s. 815s. 820s. 825s. 830s. 835s. 840s. 845s. 850s. 855s. 860s. 865s. 870s. 875s. 880s. 885s. 890s. 895s. 900s. 905s. 910s. 915s. 920s. 925s. 930s. 935s. 940s. 945s. 950s. 955s. 960s. 965s. 970s. 975s. 980s. 985s. 990s. 995s. 1000s. 1005s. 1010s. 1015s. 1020s. 1025s. 1030s. 1035s. 1040s. 1045s. 1050s. 1055s. 1060s. 1065s. 1070s. 1075s. 1080s. 1085s. 1090s. 1095s. 1100s. 1105s. 1110s. 1115s. 1120s. 1125s. 1130s. 1135s. 1140s. 1145s. 1150s. 1155s. 1160s. 1165s. 1170s. 1175s. 1180s. 1185s. 1190s. 1195s. 1200s. 1205s. 1210s. 1215s. 1220s. 1225s. 1230s. 1235s. 1240s. 1245s. 1250s. 1255s. 1260s. 1265s. 1270s. 1275s. 1280s. 1285s. 1290s. 1295s. 1300s. 1305s. 1310s. 1315s. 1320s. 1325s. 1330s. 1335s. 1340s. 1345s. 1350s. 1355s. 1360s. 1365s. 1370s. 1375s. 1380s. 1385s. 1390s. 1395s. 1400s. 1405s. 1410s. 1415s. 1420s. 1425s. 1430s. 1435s. 1440s. 1445s. 1450s. 1455s. 1460s. 1465s. 1470s. 1475s. 1480s. 1485s. 1490s. 1495s. 1500s. 1505s. 1510s. 1515s. 1520s. 1525s. 1530s. 1535s. 1540s. 1545s. 1550s. 1555s. 1560s. 1565s. 1570s. 1575s. 1580s. 1585s. 1590s. 1595s. 1600s. 1605s. 1610s. 1615s. 1620s. 1625s. 1630s. 1635s. 1640s. 1645s. 1650s. 1655s. 1660s. 1665s. 1670s. 1675s. 1680s. 1685s. 1690s. 1695s. 1700s. 1705s. 1710s. 1715s. 1720s. 1725s. 1730s. 1735s. 1740s. 1745s. 1750s. 1755s. 1760s. 1765s. 1770s. 1775s. 1780s. 1785s. 1790s. 1795s. 1800s. 1805s. 1810s. 1815s. 1820s. 1825s. 1830s. 1835s. 1840s. 1845s. 1850s. 1855s. 1860s. 1865s. 1870s. 1875s. 1880s. 1885s. 1890s. 1895s. 1900s. 1905s. 1910s. 1915s. 1920s. 1925s. 1930s. 1935s. 1940s. 1945s. 1950s. 1955s. 1960s. 1965s. 1970s. 1975s. 1980s. 1985s. 1990s. 1995s. 2000s. 2005s. 2010s. 2015s. 2020s. 2025s. 2030s. 2035s. 2040s. 2045s. 2050s. 2055s. 2060s. 2065s. 2070s. 2075s. 2080s. 2085s. 2090s. 2095s. 2100s. 2105s. 2110s. 2115s. 2120s. 2125s. 2130s. 2135s. 2140s. 2145s. 2150s. 2155s. 2160s. 2165s. 2170s. 2175s. 2180s. 2185s. 2190s. 2195s. 2200s. 2205s. 2210s. 2215s. 2220s. 2225s. 2230s. 2235s. 2240s. 2245s. 2250s. 2255s. 2260s. 2265s. 2270s. 2275s. 2280s. 2285s. 2290s. 2295s. 2300s. 2305s. 2310s. 2315s. 2320s. 2325s. 2330s. 2335s. 2340s. 2345s. 2350s. 2355s. 2360s. 2365s. 2370s. 2375s. 2380s. 2385s. 2390s. 2395s. 2400s. 2405s. 2410s. 2415s. 2420s. 2425s. 2430s. 2435s. 2440s. 2445s. 2450s. 2455s. 2460s. 2465s. 2470s. 2475s. 2480s. 2485s. 2490s. 2495s. 2500s. 2505s. 2510s. 2515s. 2520s. 2525s. 2530s. 2535s. 2540s. 2545s. 2550s. 2555s. 2560s. 2565s. 2570s. 2575s. 2580s. 2585s. 2590s. 2595s. 2600s. 2605s. 2610s. 2615s. 2620s. 2625s. 2630s. 2635s. 2640s. 2645s. 2650s. 2655s. 2660s. 2665s. 2670s. 2675s. 2680s. 2685s. 2690s. 2695s. 2700s. 2705s. 2710s. 2715s. 2720s. 2725s. 2730s. 2735s. 2740s. 2745s. 2750s. 2755s. 2760s. 2765s. 2770s. 2775s. 2780s. 2785s. 2790s. 2795s. 2800s. 2805s. 2810s. 2815s. 2820s. 2825s. 2830s. 2835s. 2840s. 2845s. 2850s. 2855s. 2860s. 2865s. 2870s. 2875s. 2880s. 2885s. 2890s. 2895s. 2900s. 2905s. 2910s. 2915s. 2920s. 2925s. 2930s. 2935s. 2940s. 2945s. 2950s. 2955s. 2960s. 2965s. 2970s. 2975s. 2980s. 2985s. 2990s. 2995s. 3000s. 3005s. 3010s. 3015s. 3020s. 3025s. 3030s. 3035s. 3040s. 3045s. 3050s. 3055s. 3060s. 3065s. 3070s. 3075s. 3080s. 3085s. 3090s. 3095s. 3100s. 3105s. 3110s. 3115s. 3120s. 3125s. 3130s. 3135s. 3140s. 3145s. 3150s. 3155s. 3160s. 3165s. 3170s. 3175s. 3180s. 3185s. 3190s. 3195s. 3200s. 3205s. 3210s. 3215s. 3220s. 3225s. 3230s. 3235s. 3240s. 3245s. 3250s. 3255s. 3260s. 3265s. 3270s. 3275s. 3280s. 3285s. 3290s. 3295s. 3300s. 3305s. 3310s. 3315s. 3320s. 3325s. 3330s. 3335s. 3340s. 3345s. 3350s. 3355s. 3360s. 3365s. 3370s. 3375s. 3380s. 3385s. 3390s. 3395s. 3400s. 3405s. 3410s. 3415s. 3420s. 3425s. 3430s. 3435s. 3440s. 3445s. 3450s. 3455s. 3460s. 3465s. 3470s. 3475s. 3480s. 3485s. 3490s. 3495s. 3500s. 3505s. 3510s. 3515s. 3520s. 3525s. 3530s. 3535s. 3540s. 3545s. 3550s. 3555s. 3560s. 3565s. 3570s. 3575s. 3580s. 3585s. 3590s. 3595s. 3600s. 3605s. 3610s. 3615s. 3620s. 3625s. 3630s. 3635s. 3640s. 3645s. 3650s. 3655s. 3660s. 3665s. 3670s. 3675s. 3680s. 3685s. 3690s. 3695s. 3700s. 3705s. 3710s. 3715s. 3720s. 3725s. 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The SPECTATOR.

Maenides Quintus Pavone ex Pythagoreo. Perfluus.

Monday, May 12, 1712.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Have not observed that the Officer you
 some time ago appointed as Inspector, of
 Signs, has done his Duty so well as to give
 you an Account of very many strange Oc-
 currences in the publick Streets, which are worthy
 of, but have escaped your Notice. Among all
 the Oddnesses which I have ever met with, that
 which I am now telling you of gave me most De-
 light. You must have observed that all the
 Cries in the Street attract the Attention of the
 Passengers, and of the Inhabitants as the several
 Parts by something very particular in their Tone is
 felt, in the dwelling upon a Note, or else making
 themselves wholly unrecognisable by a Scream.
 The Person I am so delighted with has nothing
 to tell, but very gravely receives the Bounty of
 the People, for no other Merit but the Homage
 they pay to his Manner of signifying to them
 that he wants a Subsidy. You must, I see, have
 heard speak of an old Man who walks about the
 City, and that Part of the Suburbs which lies
 beyond the Town, performing the Office of a
 Day Watchman, followed by a Goose which bears
 the Bob of his Duty, and confirms what he says
 with a Quack, Quack. I gave little Heed to
 the Mention of this known Circumstance, till
 being the other Day in those Quarters, I passed
 by a decrepid old Fellow with a Pole in his Hand,
 who just then was bawling out, Half an Hour
 after one a Clock, and immediately a dirty Goose
 behind him made her Responsive Quack, Quack.
 I could not forbear attending this grave Procession
 for the Length of half a Street, with no small
 Amusement to find the whole Place so familiarly
 acquainted with a melancholy Mid-night Voice
 at Noon day, giving them the Hour, and exhort-
 ing them to the Departure of Time, with a Bounce
 at their Doors. While I was full of this Novel-
 ty, I went into a Friend's House, and told him
 how I was diverted with their whimsical Monitor
 and his Equipage. My Friend gave me the Hi-
 story, and interrupted my Commendation of the
 Man, by telling me the Livelihood of these two

Animals is purchased rather by the good Parts of
 the Goose than of her Leader: For it seems the
 Peripatetic who walked before her was a Watch-
 man in that Neighbourhood; and the Goose of
 herself by frequent hearing his Tone, out of her
 natural Vigilance, not only observed but answer-
 ed it very regularly from Tune to Tune. The
 Watchman was so affected with it, that he bought
 her, and has taken her in Partner, only altering
 their Hours of Duty from Night to Day. The
 Town has come into it, and they live very com-
 fortably. This is the Master of Foll: Now
 I desire you, who are a profound Philosopher, to
 consider this Alliance of Instinct and Reason;
 your Speculation may run very naturally upon
 the Force the Ignorant Part of Mankind may
 have upon the Spirits of such as, like this Watch-
 man, may be very near the Standard of Grease.
 And you may add to this practical Observation,
 how in all Ages and Times the World has been
 carried away by odd unaccountable things, which
 one would think would pass upon no Creature
 which had Reason; and under the Symbol of
 this Goose, you may enter into the Manner and
 Method of leading Creatures, with their Eyes
 open, through thick and thin, for they know
 not what they know not why.

All which is humbly submitted to your specta-
 torial Wisdom, by

S I R,

Your most humble Servant,
 Michael Gaudier.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Have for several Years had under my Care the
 Government and Education of young Ladies,
 which Task I have endeavoured to discharge
 with due regard to their several Capacities and
 Fortunes: I have left nothing undone to imprint
 in every one of them an humble courteous Mind,
 accompanied with a graceful becoming Mien,
 and have made them pretty much acquainted with
 the Household part of Family Affairs; but still
 I find there is something very wanting in the Air
 of my Ladies, different from what I observe in
 those

L O N D O N: Printed for Sam. Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little-Britain; and Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane; where Advertisements are taken in; as also by Charles Lillie, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beauford-Buildings in the Strand.

The SPECTATOR.

*Quid quisque, vitet nunquam homini satis
Cantum est in boras*

Hor.

Tuesday, May 13. 1712.

LOVE was the Mother of Poetry, and still produces, among the most ignorant and barbarous, a thousand imaginary Distresses and Poetical Complaints. It makes a Footman talk like *Orientalists*, and converts a Brutal Ruffian into a gentle Swain. The most ordinary Plebeian or Mechanick in Love, bleeds and pines away with a certain Elegance and Tenderness of Sentiments which this Passion naturally inspires.

These inward Languishings of a Mind infected with this Softness, have given Birth to a Phrase which is made use of by all the melting Tribes, from the highest to the lowest, I mean that of *dying for Love*.

Romances, which owe their very Being to this Passion, are full of these metaphorical Deaths. Heroes and Heroines, Knights, Squires and Damselfs are all of them in a dying Condition. There is the same kind of Mortality in our Modern Tragedies, where every one gasps, faints, bleeds and dies. Many of the Poets, to describe the Execution which is done by this Passion, represent the fair Sex as *Bastards* that destroy with their Eyes; but I think Mr. Cowley has with greater Juifness of Thought compared a beautiful Woman to a *Percepsire*, that sends an Arrow from every part.

I have often thought that there is no way so effectual for the Cure of this general Infirmary, as a Man's reflecting upon the Motives that produce it. When the Passion proceeds from the Sense of any Virtue or Perfection in the Person beloved, I would by no means discourage it; but if a Man considers that all his heavy Complaints of Wounds and Deaths rise from some little Affections of Coyness, which are improved into Churns by his own fond Imagination, the very laying before himself the Cause of his Distemper, may be sufficient to effect the Cure of it.

It is in this view that I have looked over the several Bundles of Letters which I have received from Dying People, and composed out of them the following Bill

of Mortality, which I shall lay before my Reader without any further Preamble, as hoping that it may be useful to him in discovering those several Places where there is most Danger, and those fatal Arts which are made use of to destroy the Headless and Unwary.

Lysander, slain at a Puppet-Show on the 3d of September.

Thyris, shot from a Casement in *Pickadilly*.
T. S. wounded by *Zelinda's* Scarlet Stocking, as he was stepping out of a Coach.

Will. Simple, smitten at the Opera by the Glance of an Eye that was aimed at one who stood by him.

Thos. Fainlove lost his Life at a Ball.

Thos. Tattle, killed by the tap of a Fan on his Left Shoulder by *Copacabana*, as he was talking carelessly with her in a Bow-window.

Sir Souse Softly, murder'd at the Play-house in *Drury-lane* by a Frown.

Phisander, mortally wounded by *Cleora*, as she was adjusting her Tuckers.

Ralph Gageby, Efq; hit by a Random Shot at the Ring.

F. R. caught his Death upon the Water, April the 31st.

W. W. killed by an unknown Hand, that was playing with the Glove off, upon the side of the second Box in *Drury-lane*.

Sir Christopher Crazy, Bar. hurt by the brush of a Whalebone Petticoat.

Sylvius, shot through the Sticks of a Fan at St. James's Church.

Damon, struck through the Heart by a Diamond Necklace.

Thomas Traggy, *Francis Goosequill*, *William Measurwell*, *Edmond Callow Elges*; standing in a Row, fell all Four at the same time by an Ogle of the Widow *Tripland*.

Thos. Rattle chancing to tread upon a Lady's Tail, as he came out of the Play-House, she turned fall upon him, and laid him dead upon the Spot.

Dick Tagdown, slain by a Blush from the Queen's Box in the Third Act of the *Trip to the Jubilee*.

Sawm!

The SPECTATOR.

Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc sciat alter. Perf.

Thursday, May 15. 1712.

I Have often wonder'd at that ill-natur'd Position which has been sometimes maintained in the Schools, and is compris'd in an old Latin Verse, namely, that *A Man's Knowledge is worth nothing, if he communicates what he knows to any one besides.* There is certainly no more sensible Pleasure to a Good-natur'd Man, than if he can by any means gratify or inform the Mind of another. I might add, that this Virtue naturally carries its own Reward along with it, since it is almost impossible it should be exercised without the Improvement of the Person who practices it. The Reading of Books, and the daily Occurrences of Life, are commonly furnishing us with Matter for Thought and Reflection. It is extremely natural for us to desire to see such our Thoughts put into the Dress of Words, without which indeed we can scarce have a clear and distinct Idea of them our-selves: When they are thus clothed in Expressions, nothing so truly shows us whether they are Just or False, as those Effects which they produce in the Minds of others.

I am apt to flatter my self, that in the Course of these my Speculations, I have created of several Subjects, and laid down many such Rules for the Conduct of a Man's Life, which my Readers were either wholly ignorant of before, or which at least those few who were acquainted with them, looked upon as so many Secrets they had found out for the Comfort of themselves, but were resolv'd never to have made publick.

I am the more confirm'd in this Opinion from my having received several Letters, wherein I am censur'd for having prostituted Learning to the Embraces of the Vulgar; and made her, as one of my Correspondents phrases it, a Common Strumpet; I am charg'd by another with laying open the *Aranda*, or Secrets of Prudence to the Eyes of every Reader.

The narrow Spirit, which appears in the Letters of these my Correspondents, is the less surprising, as it has shewn it self in all Ages; there is still extant an Epistle written by *Alexander the Great*, to his Tutor *Aristotle*, upon that Philosopher's publishing some part of his Writings, in which the

Prince complains of his having made known, to all the World, those Secrets in Learning, which he had before communicated to him in private Lectures; concluding, *That he had rather excel in the rest of Mankind in Knowledge than in Power.*

Luisa de Padilla, a Lady of great Learning, and Countess of *Aranda*, was in like manner angry with the Famous *Gracias*, upon his publishing his Treatise of the *Diffrase*, wherein she fancied that he had laid open those Matters to common Readers, which ought only to have been reserved for the knowledge of the Great.

These Objections are thought by many of so much weight, that they often defend the above-mentioned Authors, by affirming they have affected such an Obscurity in their Style and Manner of Writing, that, tho' every one may read their Works, there will be but very few who can comprehend their Meaning.

Perfas, the Latin Satirist, affected Obscurity for another Reason; with which however Mr. *Cowley* is so offended, that writing to one of his Friends, *Yon*, says he, tell me, that you do not know whether *Perfas* be a good Poet or no, because you cannot understand him, for which very Reason I affirm that he is not so.

However, this Art of writing unintelligibly has been very much improved, and followed by several of the Moderns, who observing the general inclination of Mankind to dive into a Secret, and the Reputation many have acquired by concealing their Meaning under obscure Terms and Phrases, resolve, that they may be still more abstruse, to write without any Meaning at all; This Art, as it is at present predilic'd by many eminent Authors, consists in throwing so many Words at a venture into different Periods, and leaving the Curious Reader to find out the Meaning of them.

The *Egyptians*, who made use of Hieroglyphicks to signify several things, expressed a Man who confined his Knowledge and Discoveries altogether within himself, by the Figure of a Dark-Lantern closed on all sides, which, tho' it was illuminated within,

The SPECTATOR.

Rivalem patienter habe — Ovid.

Friday, May 16. 1712.

S I R,

Thursday, May the 8th, 1712.

THE Character you have in the World of being the Ladies Philosopher, and the pretty Advice I have seen you give to others in your Papers, makes me address my self to you in this about Manners; and do desire your Opinion what in this Age a Woman may call a Lover. I have lately had a Gentleman that I thought made Pretensions to me, inasmuch that most of my Friends took Notice of it, and thought we were really married; which I did not take much Pains to undeceive them, and especially a young Gentlewoman of my particular Acquaintance: which was then in the Country. She coming to Town, and seeing our Intimacy so great, she gave her self the liberty of taking me to task concerning it: I ingeniously told her we were not married, but I did not know what might be the Event. She soon got acquainted with the Gentleman, and was pleased to take upon her to examine him about it. Now whether a new Face had made a greater conquest than the old, I'll leave you to judge, but I am informed that he utterly denied all Pretensions to Courtship: But withal profess'd a sincere Friendship for me; but whether Marriages are proposed by way of Friendship or not, is what I desire to know, and what I may really call a Lover. There are so many who talk in a Language, fit only for that Character, and yet guard themselves against speaking in direct Terms to the Point, that it is impossible to distinguish between Courtship and Conversation. I hope you will do me Justice both upon my Lover and my Friend, if they provoke me further; in the mean time I carry it with so equal a Behaviour, that the Nymph and the Swain too are mightily at a loss; each believes, I who know them both well, think my self revenged in their Love to one another, which creates an irreconcilable Jealousy. If all comes right again you shall hear further from.

S I R,

Your most obedient Servant,
Mirtille.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

April 23. 1712.

YOUR Observations on Persons that have behaved themselves irreverently at Church, I doubt not has had a good Effect on some that have read them: But there is another Fault that has hitherto escaped your Notice. I mean of such Persons as are very zealous and punctual to perform an Ejaculation, that is only preparatory to the Service of the Church, and yet neglect to join in the Service it self. There is an Instance of this in a Friend of mine, whose Name is Combs, who sits opposite to me: He seldom comes in till the Prayers are about half over; and when he has entered his Seat (instead of joining with the Congregation) he devoutly holds his Hat before his Face for three or four Moments, then bows to all his Acquaintance, sits down, takes a Pinch of Snuff, (if it be Evening-Service, perhaps a Nap) and spends the remaining Time in surveying the Congregation. Now, Sir, what I would desire is, that you will animadvert a little on this Gentleman's Practice. In my Opinion, this Gentleman's Devotion, Cap in Hand, is only a Compliance to the Custom of the Place, and goes so further than a little ecclesiastical good Breeding. If you will not pretend to tell us the Motives that bring such Triflers to solemn Assemblies, yet let me desire that you will give this Letter a Place in your Paper; and I shall remain,

S I R,

Your obliged humble Servant,

J. S.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

May the 5th,

THE Conversation at a Club, of which I am a Member, last Night falling upon Vanity and the Desire of being admired, put me in Mind of relating how agreeably I was entertained at my own Door last Thursday by a clean fresh-coloured Girl, under the most elegant and the best furnished Milk-Pail I had ever observed. I was glad of such an Opportunity of seeing the Behaviour of a Coquet in Low Life, and how she received the extraordinary Notice that was taken of her; which

which I found had affected every Muscle of her Face in the same Manner as it does the Features of a Fifth Rate Toaft at a Play, or in an Assembly. This Hint of mine made the Discount turn upon the Sense of Pleasure, which ended in a general Refutation, that the Milk-Maid enjoys her Vanity as exquisitely as the Woman of Quality. I think it would not be an improper Subject for you to examine this Frailty, and trace it to all Conditions of Life; which is recommended to you as an Occasion of obliging many of your Readers, among the rest,

Your most humble Servant,

T. B.

S I R,

COMING last Week into a Coffee-house not far from the Exchange with my Basket under my Arm, a few of considerable Note, as I am informed, take half a Dozen Oranges of me; and at the same time slides a Guinea into my Hand. I made him a Courtey and went my Way. He followed me, and finding I was going about my Business, he came up with me and told me plainly, that he gave me the Guinea with no other Intention but to purchase my Perfum for an Hour. Did you so, Sir, says I? You gave it me than to make me be wick'd? I'll keep it to make me honest. However, not to be in the least ungrateful, I promise you I'll lay it out in a couple of Rings, and wear them for your Sake. I am to just, Sir, besides, as to give every Body that asks how I came by my Rings, this Account of my Benefactor: But to save me the Trouble of telling my Tale over and over again, I humbly beg the Favour of you to tell it once for all, and you will extremely oblige.

May 12. 1712.

Your humble Servant,
Bobby Ligon.

S I R,

St. Bride's, May 15. 1712.

THIS is a great deal of pleasure to me, and I dare say will be no less Satisfaction to you, that I have an Opportunity of informing you, that the Gentlemen and others of the Parish of St. Bride's have raised a Charity School of fifty Girls, as before of fifty Boys. You were so kind to recommend the Boys to the charitable World; and the other Sex hope you will do them the same Favour in Friday's Spectator for Sunday next; when they are to appear within their humble Ais, at the Parish Church of St. Bride's. Sir, the mention of this may possibly be serviceable to the Children; and sure no one will omit a good Action attended with no Expense.

I am,

S I R,

Your very humble Servant,
The Scurion.

At the Desire of several Persons of Quality.
For the Benefit of Mr. BOWEN.

By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians.
AT the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, this present Friday, being the 16th of May, will be revived, A Comedy just acted there (this Year) called, Duke, and no Duke. To which will be added, a short Comedy of two Acts only, called, The School-boy. With Dancing between the Acts. By Mr. May's's Consent to Perform as to be advertised behind the Scenes.

AT the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, to-morrow being Sunday, the 17th of May, and be performed our English Ove 1712, 1713, 1714, and 1715. By the Comedians. Tickets will be sold at one and two shillings. The Theatre, where Attendance will be given all this present Week, to the Attendance and to the next Week.

This Opera is sold by R. Sanger at the Middle Temple-Church in Fleet-Street.

THE famous Water- Theatre of the late Ingenious Mr. Wren's is again, after a long Interruption, to be performed. It is to be performed on the 17th of May, at 12 o'clock, and 6 o'clock. There is several new entertainments, as a new Opera, Sea-Gulls and Gold Fish, Symples, Comedies, and many, all of them playing water as usual. Tickets will be sold at one and two shillings. The Water, and the several things that shall be done in papers before the Spectators. There is a new Sea-Fight, containing Three Thousand, all played in 4 Acts, never before in the Strand, and other new Spectacles. Tickets will be sold at one and two shillings. Tickets will be sold at one and two shillings. Tickets will be sold at one and two shillings.

The only true Medley, Numb. 22, wrote by the Author of the best and most complete in the world, is now sold by J. Baker at the Black-Hill in Fleet-Street, and will continue to be published every Monday after the first of May. Price One Penny.

Lost Yesterday the 15th Instant, between 11 and 12 o'clock, between the Banqueting-House and Whitehall Gate, two silver Chains in the Locking 1712, 1713, 1714, 1715, 1716, 1717, 1718, 1719, 1720, 1721, 1722, 1723, 1724, 1725, 1726, 1727, 1728, 1729, 1730, 1731, 1732, 1733, 1734, 1735, 1736, 1737, 1738, 1739, 1740, 1741, 1742, 1743, 1744, 1745, 1746, 1747, 1748, 1749, 1750, 1751, 1752, 1753, 1754, 1755, 1756, 1757, 1758, 1759, 1760, 1761, 1762, 1763, 1764, 1765, 1766, 1767, 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772, 1773, 1774, 1775, 1776, 1777, 1778, 1779, 1780, 1781, 1782, 1783, 1784, 1785, 1786, 1787, 1788, 1789, 1790, 1791, 1792, 1793, 1794, 1795, 1796, 1797, 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805, 1806, 1807, 1808, 1809, 1810, 1811, 1812, 1813, 1814, 1815, 1816, 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820, 1821, 1822, 1823, 1824, 1825, 1826, 1827, 1828, 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1833, 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844, 1845, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853, 1854, 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The SPECTATOR.

Pudet hæc opprobria nobis. Ovid.

Wednesday, May 7. 1712.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

May 6, 1712.

I AM SEXTON of the Parish of *St. Andrew's*, and complained to you some time ago, that as I was tolling in to Prayers at Eleven in the Morning, Crowds of People of Quality hasten'd to assemble at a Puppet-Show on the other Side of the Garden. I had at the same time a very great Dislike for Mr. *Pewell* and his little thoughtless Common-wealth, as if they had invited the Gentry into those Wanderings: But let that be as it will, I now am convinced of the necessity of the said Mr. *Pewell* and Company, and send this to acquaint you, that he has given all the Profits which shall arise to Morrow Night by his Play to the Use of the poor Charity Children of this Parish. I have been informed, Sir, that in *England* all Persons who set up any Show, or act any Stage-Play, be the Actors either of Wood and Wire, or Flesh and Blood, are obliged to pay out of their Gain such a Proportion to the honest and industrious Poor in the Neighbourhood: By this Means they make Diversion and Pleasure pay a Tax to Labour and Industry. I have been told also, that all the Time of *Levee*, in *Roman-Catholic* Countries, the Persons of Condition admitted to the Necessities of the Poor, and attended the Beds of Lazars and distressed Persons. Our Protestant Ladies and Gentlemen are much to seek for proper Ways of passing Time; that they are obliged to *Pamphlets* for knowing what to do with themselves. Since the Case is so, I desire only you would entreat our People of Quality, who are not to be interrupted in their Pleasures to think of the Practice of any moral Duty, that they would at least fine for their Sins, and give something to their poor Children: A little out of their Luxury and Superfluity would amount, in some Measure, for the wretched Use of the rest of their Fortunes. It would not methinks be amiss, if the Ladies who haunt the Cloysters and Passages of the Play-houses were upon every Offence obliged to pay to this excellent Institution of Schools of Charity: This Method would make Offenders themselves

do Service to the Publick. But in the mean time I desire you would publish this voluntary Reparation which Mr. *Pewell* does our Parish, for the Noise he has made in it by the constant ranting of Coaches, Drums, Trumpets, Triumphs, and Battles. The Destruction of *Tray*, adorned with Highland Dances, are to make up the Emendation of all who are so well disposed as not to forbear a light Entertainment, for no other Reason but that it is to do a good Action.

I am,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant,
Ralph Belfry.

I am credibly informed that all the Insinuations which a certain Writer made against Mr. *Pewell* at the Bar, are false and groundless.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

MY Employment, which is that of a Broker; leading me often into Taverns about the Exchange, has given me Occasion to observe a certain Enormity, which I shall here submit to your Animadversion. In three or four of these Taverns, I have at different Times taken notice of a peevish Set of People, with grave Countenances, short Wigs, black Cloaths, or dark Canlet trimm'd with Black, and Mourning Gloves and Hairbands, who meet on certain Days at each Tavern successively, and keep a sort of moving Club. Having often met with their Faces and observ'd a certain sinking Way in their dropping in one after another, I had the Curiosity to enquire into their Characters, being the rather mov'd to it by their agreeing in the singularity of their Drefs; and I find upon due Examination they are a Knot of Parish-Clarks, who have taken a Fancy to one another, and perhaps settle the Bills of Mortality over their half Pints. I have so great a Veneration for any who have but even an assenting *Assent* in the Service of Religion, that I am afraid lest these Persons should incur some scandal by this Practice; and would therefore

The SPECTATOR.

Strabonem

*Appellat pætum pater; & pullum, male parvus
 Si cui filius est; ut abortivus fuit olim
 Sisyphus: hunc varum, distortis cruribus; illum
 Balbutit scaurum, prævis fultum malè talis.* Hor.

Thursday, May 8. 1712.

MR. LOCK, in his Treatise of Human Understanding, has spent two Chapters upon the Abuse of Words. The first and most palpable Abuse of Words, he says, is, when they are used without clear and distinct Ideas. The second, when we are so inconstant and unsteady in the Application of them, that we sometimes use them to signify one Idea, sometimes another. He adds, that the Result of our Contemplations and Reasonings, while we have no precise Ideas fixed to our Words, must needs be very confused and absurd. To avoid this Inconvenience, more especially in Moral Discourses, where the same Word should constantly be used in the same Sense, he earnestly recommends the use of Definitions. A Definition, says he, is the only way whereby the precise meaning of Moral Words can be known. He therefore accuses those of great Negligence who discourse of Moral things with the least Obscurity in the Terms they make use of, since upon the foremention'd Ground he does not scruple to say that he thinks *Morality is capable of Demonstration as well as the Mathematicks.*

I know no two Words which have been more abused by the different and wrong Interpretations which are put upon them, than those two, *Modesty* and *Affurance*. To say such an one is a *modest* Man, sometimes indeed passes for a good Character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish, awkward Fellow, who has neither Good-breeding, Politeness, nor any Knowledge of the World.

Again, *A Man of Affurance*, tho' at first it only denoted a Person of a free and open Carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate Wretch, who can break through all the Rules of Decency and Morality without a Blush.

I shall endeavour therefore in this Essay to restore these Words to their true Meaning, to prevent the Idea of *Modesty* from being confounded with that of *Sheepishness*, and to hinder *Impudence* from passing for *Affurance*.

If I was put to define *Modesty*, I would call it *The Reflection of an Ingenious Mind, either when a Man*

has committed an Action for which he Condemns himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the Conjure of others.

For this Reason a Man truly Modest is as much so when he is alone, as in Company; and as subject to a Blush in his Closet, as when the Eyes of Multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any Instance of Modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young Prince, whose Father being a Tributary King to the Romans, had several Complaints laid against him before the Senate, as a Tyrant and Oppressor of his Subjects. The Prince went to Rome to defend his Father; but coming into the Senate, and hearing a multitude of Crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a Word. The Story tells us, that the Fathers were more moved at this Instance of Modesty and Ingenuity, than they could have been by the most Pathetick Oration; and, in short, pardoned the Guilty Father for this early Promise of Virtue in the Son.

I take *Affurance* to be *The Faculty of possessing a Man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any Uncertainty or Emotion in the Mind.* That which generally gives a Man *Affurance* is a moderate Knowledge of the World, but above all a Mind fixed and determined in it self to do nothing against the Rules of Honour and Decency. An open and assured Behaviour is the natural Consequence of such a Resolution. A Man thus armed, if his Words or Actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a Confidant of his own Integrity assumes Force enough to despise the little Centinels of Ignorance or Malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the Modesty and *Affurance* I have here mentioned.

A Man without *Affurance* is liable to be made unbecomingly by the Folly or Ill-nature of every one he converses with. A Man without Modesty is lost to all Sense of Honour and Virtue.

The SPECTATOR.

Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum. Luc.

Friday, May 9. 1712.

THERE is a Fault, which tho' common, Wants a Name. It is the very contrary to Procrastination: As we lose the present Hour by delaying from Day to Day to execute what we ought to do immediately; so most of us take Occasion to sit still and throw away the Time in our Possession, by retrospect on what is past, imagining we have already acquired our selves and established our Characters in the sight of Mankind. But when we thus put a Value upon our selves for what we have already done, any further than to explain our selves in order to assist our future Conduct, that will give us an over-weening Opinion of our Merit to the prejudice of our present Industry. The great Rule, methinks, should be to manage the Instant in which we stand with Fortitude, Equanimity, and Moderation, according to Mens respective Circumstances. If our past Actions reproach us, they cannot be atoned for by our own severe Reflexions so effectually as by a contrary Behaviour: If they are praise-worthy, the memory of them is of no use but to allurably to them. Thus a good present Behaviour is an implicit Repentance for any misfortune in what is past; but perfect Slackness will not make up for past Activity. Time has swallowed up all that we Contemporaries did Yesterday, as irrevocably as it has the Actions of the Antediluvians: But we are again awake, and what shall we do to Day, to Day which passes while we are yet speaking? Shall we remember the Folly of last Night, or resolve upon the Exercise of Virtue to Morrow? Last Night is certainly gone, and to Morrow may never arrive: This Instant make use of. Can you oblige any Man of Honour and Virtue? Do it immediately. Can you visit a sick Friend? Will it revive him to see you enter and surpass your own Ease and Pleasure to comfort his Weakness, and hear the imperinencies of a Wretch in Pain? Don't stay to take Coach, but be gone. Your Mistress will bring Somew, and your Boote Madocks: Go to neither. Such Vertues and Diversions as these, are mentioned because they occur to all Men. But every Man is sufficiently convinced, that to suspend

the use of the present Moment, and resolve better for the future only, is an unpardonable Folly; what I attempted to Consider, was the Mischief of setting such a Value upon what is past, as to think we have done enough. Let a Man have filled all the Offices of Life with the highest Dignity till Yesterday, and begin to live only to himself to Day, he must expect he will in the Effects upon his Reputation, be considered as the Man who dyed Yesterday. The Man who distinguishes himself from the rest, stands in a Preff of People; those before him intercept his Progress, and those behind him, if he does not urge on, will tread him down. Caesar, of whom it was said, *that he thought nothing done while there was any thing left for him to do*, went on in performing the greatest Exploits, without assuming to himself a Privilege of taking Rest upon the Foundation of the Merit of his former Actions. It was the manner of this glorious Captain, to write down what Scenes he passed through, but it was rather to keep his Affairs in Method, and capable of a clear review in case they should be examined by others, than that he built a renown upon any thing which was past. I shall produce two Fragments of his to Demonstrate, that it was his rule of Life to support himself rather by what he should perform, than what he had done already. In the Tablet which he wore about him the same Year in which he obtained the Battle of Pharsala, there were found these loose Notes for his own Conduct. It is supposed by the Circumstances they alluded to, that they might be set down the Evening of the same Night.

My Part is now but begun, and my Glory must be sustained by the Use I make of this Victory; otherwise, my Loss will be greater than that of Pompey. Our personal Reputation will rise or fall as we beat our respective Enemies. All my private Enemities among the Prisoners shall be spared. I will forget this in order to obtain such another Day. Brutus is assured to see me. I will go to his Tent and be reconciled in private.

Give



The SPECTATOR.

— *Frustra retinacula tendens*
Fertur equis Auriga, neque audit curvus habenas.

Wednesday, October 1. 1712.

To the SPECTATOR GENERAL of Great Britain.

From the former End of the *Whig's* *Captivity* in
 Devonport Court, Monday Evening, 22 Minutes
 and a Half past Six.

Dear Dams,

I should tell you that I have seen a Hack-
 ury Coachman, when he has come to let
 down his Pass, which has consisted of
 two or three very fine Ladies, hand them out,
 and Glade every one of them with an Air of Es-
 timation, without giving the least Offence, you
 would perhaps think me guilty of a Gasconade.
 But to clear my self from that Imputation, and
 to explain this Matter to you, I assure you that
 there are many illustrious Youths within this Ci-
 ty, who frequently recreate themselves by driving
 of a Hackney Coach: But those who, above
 all others, I would recommend to you, are the
 young Gentlemen belonging to our Inn of Court.
 We have, I think, about a dozen Coachmen,
 who have Chambers here in the Temple; and as
 it is reasonable to believe others will follow their
 Example, we may perhaps in Time, (if it shall
 be thought convenient) be drove to Westminster
 by our own Fraternity, allowing every fifth Per-
 son to apply his Meditations this Way, which is
 but a modest Comparison as the Humour is now
 likely to take. It is to be hoped likewise, that
 there are in the other Nurseries of the Law to be
 found a proportionable Number of these hopeful
 Plants, (being) up to the everlasting Renown of
 their native Country. Of how long standing this
 Humour has been, I know not; the first Time I

had any particular Reason to take Notice of it
 was about this Time Twelve months, when be-
 ing upon ~~my~~ *myself* with some of these
 Hackneying Men, who went rather purely
 for the sake of Contemplation, nothing would
 serve them, but I must go through a Course of
 this Philosophy to, and being ever willing to
 embellish my self with any commendable Quali-
 fication, it was not long ere they persuaded me
 into the Coach-box; not indeed much longer
 before I undertook the Care of my Brother's
 son, for having drove about fifty Places with pre-
 tty good Success, through my own natural Siga-
 ry, together with the good Instructions of my
 Tutor, who, to give them their Due, were on all
 Hands encouraging and assisting me in this Ende-
 avour. Undertaking, I say, Sir, having drove about
 fifty Places with pretty good Success, I must needs
 be exercising the Lads, which the Horles selected
 to ill from my Hands, that they gave a sudden
 Start, and thereby pitched me directly upon my
 Head, as I very well remembered about Half an
 Hour afterwards, which not only deprived me of
 all the Knowledge I had gain'd for fifty Years
 before, but had like to have broken my Neck in-
 to the Bargain. After such a severe Reproach,
 you may imagine I was not very easily prevail'd
 with to make a second Attempt; and indeed, up-
 on mature Deliberation, the whole Science seem'd
 at least to me, to be surrounded with so many
 Difficulties, that notwithstanding the unknown Ad-
 vantages which might have accrue to me there-
 by, I gave over all Hopes of attaining it, and I
 believe had never thought of it more, but that
 my Memory has been lately refresh'd by seeing
 some of these ingenious Gentlemen ply in the

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

*These ranked with no known gas releases. Those ranked with some but not high levels are the worst of those known which cause no releases or the lowest levels.

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101	Smith	102	John Hughes	103	The Saturday Review on
102	Smith, T.	103	John Hughes	104	London, Nov. 17th, 1861
103	Smith	104	John Hughes	105	Smith, T.
104	Smith, T.	105	John Hughes	106	Smith
105	Smith	106	John Hughes	107	Smith
106	Smith, Budget	107	John Hughes	108	Smith, T. on the state of the
107	Smith, T.	108	John Hughes	109	and 1861
108	Smith	109	John Hughes	110	Smith, T.
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110	Smith	111	John Hughes	112	Smith, T.
111	Smith	112	John Hughes	113	Smith, T.
112	Smith	113	John Hughes	114	Smith, T.
113	Smith	114	John Hughes	115	Smith, T.
114	Smith	115	John Hughes	116	Smith, T.
115	Smith	116	John Hughes	117	Smith, T.
116	Smith	117	John Hughes	118	Smith, T.
117	Smith	118	John Hughes	119	Smith, T.
118	Smith	119	John Hughes	120	Smith, T.
119	Smith	120	John Hughes	121	Smith, T.
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129	Smith	130	John Hughes	131	Smith, T.
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147	Smith	148	John Hughes	149	Smith, T.
148	Smith	149	John Hughes	150	Smith, T.
149	Smith	150	John Hughes	151	Smith, T.
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185	Smith	186	John Hughes	187	Smith, T.
186	Smith	187	John Hughes	188	Smith, T.
187	Smith	188	John Hughes	189	Smith, T.
188	Smith	189	John Hughes	190	Smith, T.
189	Smith	190	John Hughes	191	Smith, T.
190	Smith	191	John Hughes	192	Smith, T.
191	Smith	192	John Hughes	193	Smith, T.
192	Smith	193	John Hughes	194	Smith, T.
193	Smith	194	John Hughes	195	Smith, T.
194	Smith	195	John Hughes	196	Smith, T.
195	Smith	196	John Hughes	197	Smith, T.
196	Smith	197	John Hughes	198	Smith, T.
197	Smith	198	John Hughes	199	Smith, T.
198	Smith	199	John Hughes	200	Smith, T.

140	Smith, T.	151	Dr. E. Pearce	162	"
141	John Taylor	152	"	163	Samuel Briggs
142	Adams	153	Adams	164	"
143	"	154	"	165	"
144	Price	155	"	166	"
145	"	156	"	167	"
146	"	157	"	168	"
147	Adams	158	Adams	169	"
148	"	159	"	170	"
149	Adams	160	"	171	"
150	"	161	Adams	172	"
151	"	162	"	173	"
152	Price, E.	163	"	174	"
153	"	164	"	175	"
154	John Taylor	165	John Taylor	176	"
155	Henry Adams	166	"	177	"
156	Adams	167	Henry Adams	178	The First, Third
157	"	168	"	179	"
158	"	169	Adams	180	"
159	"	170	Samuel Briggs	181	"
160	Adams, Jno. C. Adams	171	Adams	182	"
161	in the Netherlands	172	Adams	183	"
162	Adams	173	John Taylor	184	Henry Adams
163	"	174	"	185	"
164	"	175	"	186	"
165	"	176	John Taylor	187	"
166	Adams	177	Adams	188	"
167	"	178	"	189	"
168	Adams	179	Adams	190	"
169	"	180	Adams	191	"
170	"	181	John Taylor	192	Dr. E. Pearce
171	"	182	Henry Adams	193	"
172	"	183	Samuel Briggs	194	"
173	"	184	John Taylor	195	John Taylor
174	Adams	185	"		